POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

Written by the Reverend

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

Late Dean of St. PAUL's.

WITH

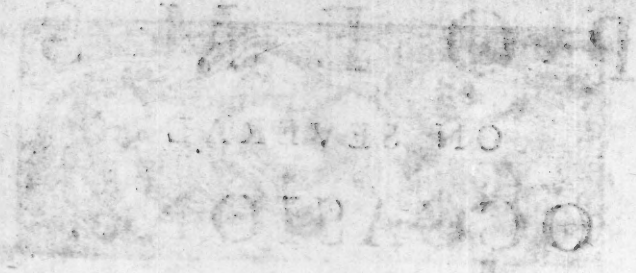
ELEGIES on the Author's Death.

To this Edition is added,

Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE of the AUTHOR.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, and Sold by WILLIAM. TAYLOR at the *Ship* in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1719.



To the Right Honourable

William Lord *Craven*,

Baron of *Hamſted-Marſham*.

My LORD,

MAny of theſe Poems have, for ſeveral impreſſions, wandred up and down, truſting (as well they might) upon the Author's Reputation: neither do they now complain of any Injury, but what may proceed either from the kindneſs of the Printer, or the courteſy of the Reader; the one, by adding

ſomething too much, leſt any ſpark of this ſacred fire might periſh undiſcerned; the other, by putting ſuch an eſtimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to uſe it as their own; as if a man ſhould dig out the ſtones of a royal Amphitheatre, to build a Stage for a country Show. Amongſt all the monſters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none ſo prodigious, as the Poets of theſe later times, wherein men, as if they would level underſtandings too, as well as eſtates, acknowledging no inequality of Parts and Judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of Wit as to the Pulpit, and conceive themſelves no leſs inſpired with the ſpirit of Poetry, than with that of Religion: ſo it is not only the noiſe

noiſe of Drums and Trumpets, which have drowned the Muſe's harmony, or the Fear that the Church's ruin will deſtroy the Prieſts likewiſe, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been ſo ingeniouſly received; but theſe rude pretenders to excellencies they unjuſtly own, who profanely ruſhing into *Minerva*'s Temple, with noiſome Airs blaſt the lawrel, which thunder cannot hurt. In this ſad condition theſe learned Siſters are fled over to beg Your Lordſhip's protection, who have been ſo certain a Patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confuſion, have ſo entirely preſerved Your Honour, that in Your Lordſhip we may ſtill read a moſt perfect character of what *England* was in all her

pomp and greatneſs. So that although theſe Poems were formerly written upon ſeveral occaſions to ſeveral perſons, they now unite themſelves, and are become one Pyramid to ſet Your Lordſhip's Statue upon; where You may ſtand, like armed *Apollo*, the Defender of the Muſes, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate Your great Acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems, that wanted only ſo noble a ſubject.

My LORD,

Your moſt humble Servant,

JOHN DONNE.

SOME ACCOUNT

Of the LIFE of Dr. *John Donne.*

DR. *John Donne*, the Son of an eminent Merchant, was born in *London*, in the Year 1572: By his Father deſcended from an ancient and worthy Family in *Wales*, and by his Mother from the famous and learned Sir *Thomas Moor*, Lord-Chancellour of *England*.

The firſt Part of his Education was under a private Tutor in his Father's Houſe, from whence, in the tenth Year of his Age, he was removed to *Hart*-Hall in *Oxford*; having already given many Proofs of his great Parts and Abilities. Here he continued for the Space of four Years with an unwearied Application to the Study of the ſeveral Sciences. In his four-

teenth Year he was by his Friends tranſplanted to *Trinity* College (as I take it) in *Cambridge*, and thence, after three Year's Stay, to *Lincoln*'s-Inn; in which honourable Society he ſoon gained much Eſteem and Repu'ation.

About this time his Studies were ſomewhat interrupted by the Death of an indulgent Father. Being by this Accident in a manner left to himſelf, and enabled withall by a handſome Fortune of three thouſand Pounds (a Sum in thoſe Days very conſiderable) to improve himſelf in what manner he pleaſed, he thought he could not do it better than by Travel. Accordingly he attended the Earl of *Eſſex* in the Expedition to *Cadiz*, and afterwards taking the Tour of *Italy* and *Spain*, and making himſelf a thorough Maſter of their Languages, he was at his Return into *England* promoted to be chief Secretary to the then Lord-Chancellour *Elſemere*.

'Twas here he paſſionately fell in Love with, and privately married a Niece of the Lady *Elſemere*'s, the Daughter of Sir *George Moor*, Chancellour of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower: which ſo much enraged Sir *George*, that he not only procured Mr. *Donne*'s Diſmiſſion from his Employment under the Lord-Chancellour, but never reſted till he had cauſed him likewiſe to be impriſoned.

Tho' it was not long before he was enlarged from his Confinement, yet his Troubles ſtill encreaſed upon him; for his Wife being detained from him, he was conſtrained to claim her by a troubleſome and expenſive Law-Suit, which, together with Travel, Books, and a too liberal Diſpoſition, contributed to reduce his Fortune to a very narrow Compaſs. Adverſity

Adverſity has its peculiar Virtues to exerciſe and work upon, as well as the moſt flouriſhing Condition of Life; and Mr. *Donne* had now an Opportunity of ſhewing his Patience and Submiſſion, which, together with the general Approbation he every where met with of Mr. *Donne*'s good Qualities, with an irreſiſtable kind of Perſuaſion ſo won upon Sir *George*, that he began now not wholly to diſapprove of his Daughter's Choice; and was at length ſo far reconciled as not to deny them his Bleſſing, tho' he could not yet be prevailed upon to lend them his aſſiſting Hand towards their Support.

In the midſt of theſe Mr. *Donne*'s Misfortunes he was happily relieved by his generous Kinſman Sir *Francis Woolley* of *Pirford* in *Surrey*, who entertained both him and his Wife at his Houſe for many Years with much Freedom, and as his Family encreaſed (for he had every Year a Child) proportionably enlarged his Bounty. Here they continued till Sir *Francis*'s Death; ſome time before which the good Knight had laboured and ſo far effected a Reconciliation with their Father Sir *George*, as to engage him under a Bond to pay to Mr. *Donne* eight hundred Pounds, or twenty Pounds quarterly till it was paid, as a Portion with his Daughter.

Mr. *Donne*, notwithſtanding the many Perplexities he was now involved in, was not hereby diverted from his beloved Studies; for during his Stay with Sir *Francis* he made himſelf perfectly acquainted with the Body of Civil and Canon Laws.

Upon the Loſs of his worthy Benefactor he hired a Houſe at *Mitcham* in *Surrey* for his Wife

and Family, placing them near ſome Friends, whoſe Bounty he had often experienced; but took Lodgings for himſelf in *London*, where his Occaſions often required him. The Reader will be beſt able to judge of the neceſſitous State Mr. *Donne* was now in, from an Extract of one of his Letters to a Friend; which whoever can read without being ſenſibly affected, muſt have retained but little of Compaſſion or common Humanity.

——*The Reaſon why I did not ſend an Anſwer to your laſt Week's Letter, was, becauſe it found me in too great a Sadneſs; and at preſent 'tis thus with me: There is not one Perſon but my ſelf well of my Family; I have already loſt half a Child, and with that Miſchance of hers my Wife is fallen into ſuch a Diſcompoſure, as would afflict her too extreamly, but that the Sickneſs of all her Children ſtupifies her; of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and theſe meet with a Fortune ſo ill provided for Phyſick and ſuch Relief, that if God ſhould eaſe us with Burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter my ſelf with this Hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waſte faſter than by ſuch Griefs.*——

Aug. 10. From my my Hoſpital at *Mitcham*,
JOHN DONNE.

The only Alleviation of theſe his Sorrows was his having Recourſe to Books, particularly his ſtudying with much Pains and Labour the Controverſy between the Reformed and the Roman Church (which before he had been no Stranger to, having but at the Age of nineteen carefully

carefully examined the Works of *Bellarmine* and other famous Writers of that time) eſpecially the two Points, then ſo remarkably controverted, of Supremacy and Allegiance.

And now, after this gloomy Seaſon of Affliction, did the Dawn of ſome better Fortune begin to appear; for upon the Advice of ſome of his Friends he removed himſelf and his Family from *Mitcham* to *London*; and there by Sir *Robert Drewry* was placed Rent-free in a handſome Houſe next his own in *Drewry-lane*. He had heretofore been well known to and much valued by many of the Nobility: by ſome of whom he was now introduced and recommended to the King. His Majeſty needed not much Solicitation in his Behalf, himſelf ſoon taking great Delight in his Company; inſomuch that one Day having talked with him on the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, he was much pleaſed with his Diſcourſe, and commanded him to draw up into ſome form the Arguments and Objections, that had been brought upon thoſe Points, with his Anſwers thereto. This he ſoon did, and delivered them to the King in the ſame Order they are now printed in his *Pſeudo-Martyr*.

The King upon reading this Book of Mr. *Donne*'s was ſo ſtruck with Admiration of his Learning and Abilities, that he immediately devoted him to the Miniſtry, and from that time with much Earneſtneſs perſuaded him to take Holy Orders. 'Tis here to be remembred, that ſome time before this Dr. *Morton* (afterwards Biſhop of *Durham*) upon his being made Dean of *Glouceſter*, had with the ſame pious Intentions ſolicited

ſolicited him to enter upon that ſacred Function, promiſing him to deliver up to him a very valuable Benefice himſelf was then poſſeſſed of; but thro' Mr. *Donne*'s exceſſive Modeſty (tho' his Circumſtances were then at the loweſt) he could not prevail. But to his Majeſty's Commands Mr. *Donne* (tho' not without ſome Unwillingneſs) did conſent; at the ſame time requeſting he might be allowed to deferr it, till he had made ſome further Advances in the Study of Divinity and the learned Languages.

This being granted, at the end of three Years he was by his learned Friend Dr. *King*, Biſhop of *London*, ordained with all convenient Speed both Deacon and Prieſt. Upon which the King immediately made him one of his Chaplains; and not long after this, the King being at *Cambridge*, the Univerſity, in obedience to his Majeſty's Command, conferr'd upon Mr. *Donne* the Degree of Doctor in Divinity.

The Lectureſhip of *Lincolns*-Inn about this time happening to be vacant, the Benchers preſently made choice of their old Fellow-Student Dr. *Donne* to be their Preacher, provided him with handſome Apartments, and expreſſed their Affection to him by ſundry other Acts of Liberality and Kindneſs.

In this Society he continued three Years, till the King ſending over the Earl of *Doncaſter* into *Germany* to compoſe the unhappy Buſineſs of *the Palſgrave*, was likewiſe pleaſed to appoint the Doctor his Aſſiſtant in that important Affair.

Within a Year after his Return into *England*, the Deanery of St. *Paul*'s becoming vacant (by the Removal of Dr. *Cary* to the See of *Exeter*) the

the King ordered him to attend him at Dinner the next Day. When his Majeſty was ſat down, he ſaid with his uſual Pleaſantneſs, *Dr.* Donne, *I have invited you to Dinner, and tho' you ſit not down with me, I will carve to you of a Diſh I know you love well; for knowing you love* London, *I do therefore make you Dean of* Paul's; *and when I have dined, then do take your beloved Diſh home to your Study; ſay Grace there to your ſelf, and much Good may it do you.* So much did the King eſteem Dr. *Donne*, that when he had been ſpeaking of him, he was heard more than once to ſay, *I always rejoyce, when I think that by my means he became a Divine.*

The firſt thing he ſet about, after his Admiſſion into the Deanery, was the repairing and beautifying the Chapel; he likewiſe frankly forgave his Father-in-law Sir *George Moor* the quarterly Payment of his Wife's Portion. Not long after fell to him the Vicarage of St. *Dunſtan's* in the Weſt, the Advowſon of which was given him by the Earl of *Dorſet*; as did ſoon after another Benefice formerly given him by the Earl of *Kent*; and in the next Parliament he was choſen Prolocutor of the Convocation; on which Occaſion the *Latin* Oration at the End of this Book was ſpoken, as his Inauguration Speech.

In his fifty fourth Year he fell into a lingring Conſumption, which grew at laſt ſo dangerous as to make his Friends deſpair of his Recovery: But it pleaſed God miraculouſly to reſtore him; nor was he unmindful of theſe great Mercies, having abundantly acknowledged his Thankfulneſs for them in that admirable Book of Devo-

tions

tions he wrote in his Sickneſs, and publiſhed at his Recovery.

The Reader will find the ſame Spirit of Religion I have been ſpeaking of in ſeveral of the following Pieces; eſpecially his *Hymn to God the Father*, and that which he wrote on his Death-bed, bearing this Title, *An Hymn to God my God in my Sickneſs*; the former of which he cauſed to be ſet to ſolemn Muſick, and performed before him in the Choir of St. *Paul's*

As to the more airy Part of his Poetical Compoſitions, they were only the innocent Amuſement and Diverſion of his Youth, being moſt of them writ before his twentieth Year; ſo happy at this Age was he in the Sprightlineſs of his Wit, and the Delicacy of his Fancy. His Poem called *the Autumnal* he wrote at *Oxford* upon the Lady *Herbert*, Mother of his dear Friend Mr. *George Herbert*, the Author of that excellent Book called *the Temple*.

Beſides his Books already mentioned, he left in writing under his own Hand many judicious Obſervations from 1400 Authors, beſides ſixſcore Sermons, and his famous Treatiſe named *Biathanatos*; all which are ample Teſtimonies as well of his prodigious Induſtry and Learning, as of his great Parts and exquiſite Judgment.

From this ſhort Account of the Doctor's Writings let us now return to himſelf; who, notwithſtanding his being recovered from his late Illneſs, did again relapſe into his old Diſtemper; and finding he began to decay ſenſibly, and haſten to his End, the Week before his Death he ſent for many of his intimate Friends, to take his laſt Leave of them. Having done this, and

ſettled

ſettled his private Affairs, with much Chearfulneſs and Reſignation he expected his Diſſolution; and having ſtedfaſtly fixed his Thoughts on the approaching Happineſs he was now in view of, he cloſed his laſt Breath with ſaying, *Thy Kingdom come*; *Thy Will be done*: And having ſaid this, he ſweetly fell aſleep, the 31ſt Day of *March*, 1631.

It muſt not here be omitted, that amongſt his other Preparations for Death he made uſe of this very remarkable one. He ordered an Urn to be cut in Wood, on which was to be placed a Board of the Heighth of his Body. This being done, he cauſed himſelf to be tied up in his Winding-ſheet in the ſame manner as dead Bodies are. Being thus ſhrouded, and ſtanding with his Eyes ſhut, with juſt ſo much of the Sheet put aſide, as might diſcover his thin, pale, and Death-like Face, he cauſed a curious Painter to take his Picture. This Piece being finiſhed was placed near his Bedſide, and there remained as his conſtant Remembrancer to the Hour of his Death: And from this his Executor Dr. *King*, Biſhop of *Chicheſter*, got a Monument carved in white Marble, and placed in St. *Paul*'s, where he was buried, with this Inſcription of the Doctor's own compoſing:

JOHANNES DONNE *S. T. P.*
Poſt varia Studia, quibus ab annis tenerrimis fideliter,
Nec infeliciter, incubuit,
Inſtinctu & impulſu Spiritûs ſancti, monitu & hortatu
Regis JACOBI *Ordines ſacros amplexus*
Anno ſui Jeſu 16 . 4, *& ſuæ ætatis* 42.
Decanatu hujus Eccleſiæ indutus 27 *Novembris* 1621.

Exutus

Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic, licèt in Occiduo Cinere, aſpicit Eum,
Cujus Nomen eſt Oriens.

I cannot better conclude this brief Account of Dr. *Donne*, than in that admirable Character of him drawn up by Mr. *Iſaac Walton*, which I ſhall preſent to the Reader entire, as I find it.

He was of Stature moderately tall, of a ſtrait and well-proportion'd Body; to which all his Words and Actions gave an unexpreſſible Addition of Comelineſs.

The melancholy and pleaſant Humour were in him ſo contemper'd, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his Company one of the Delights of Mankind.

His Fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great Wit; both being made uſeful by a commanding Judgment.

His Aſpect was chearful, and ſuch as gave a ſilent Teſtimony of a clear knowing Soul, and of a Conſcience at peace with it ſelf.

His melting Eye ſhewed, that he had a ſoft Heart, full of noble Compaſſion; of too brave a Soul to offer Injuries, and too much a Chriſtian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate (eſpecially after he had entered into his Sacred Calling) the Mercies of Almighty God, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Joys of Heaven; and would often ſay, Bleſſed be God, that he is God divinely like himſelf.

He was by nature highly paſſionate, but more apt to reluct at the Exceſſes of it; a great Lover of the Offices of Humanity, and of ſo merciful a Spirit, that he

he never beheld the Miſeries of Mankind without Pity and Relief.

He was earneſt and unwearied in the Search of Knowledge; with which his vigorous Soul is now ſatisfied, and employed in a continual Praiſe of that God, that firſt breathed it into his active Body; that Body, which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, and is now become a ſmall Quantity of Chriſtian Duſt:

But I ſhall ſee it reanimated.

J. W.

Hexaſticon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his laſt preach'd and printed Book,
His Picture in a ſheet; in Paul's *I look,*
And ſee his ſtatue in a ſheet of ſtone;
And ſure his body in the grave hath one:
Thoſe ſheets preſent him dead, theſe if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

Jo. Mar.

Hexaſticon ad Bibliopolam. Incerti.

IN thy Impreſſion of Donne's *Poems rare,*
For his Eternity thou haſt ta'en care:
'Twas well and pious; and for ever may
He live: Yet I ſhew thee a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if thoſe we buy,
He, We, and Thou ſhall live t'Eternity.

To JOHN DONNE.

DOne, the delight of Phœbus, *and each Muſe,*
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuſe;
Whoſe ev'ry work of thy moſt early wit,
Came forth example, and remain ſo yet:
Longer a knowing, than moſt wits do live;
And which no 'affection praiſe enough can give!
To it thy language, letters, arts, beſt life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a ſtrife;
All which I mean to praiſe, and yet I would;
But leave, becauſe I cannot as I ſhould!

Ben. Johnſon.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

Songs and Sonets.

The Flea,	pag. 1
The Good-morrow,	2
Song,	3
Woman's Conſtancy,	4
The Undertaking,	ib.
The Sun riſing,	5
The Indifferent,	6
Love's Uſury,	7
Canonization,	8
The triple Fool,	10
Lover's Infiniteneſs,	ib.
Song,	11
The Legacy,	13
A Fever,	ib.
Air and Angels,	14
Break of Day,	15
The Anniverſary,	16
A Valediction of my name, in the window,	17
Twicknam Garden,	19
Valediction to his Book,	20
Community,	22
Love's growth,	23
Love's Exchange,	24
Confined Love,	25
The Dream,	26

The CONTENTS.

A Valediction of Weeping, 27
Love's Alchymy, 28
The Curse, 29
The Message, 30
A Nocturnal upon S. Lucie's *day, being the shortest day*, 31
Witchcraft by a Picture, 32
The Bait, 33
The Apparition, 34
The broken Heart, ib.
A Valediction forbidding mourning, 35
The Ecstasie, 36
Love's Deity, 39
Love's Deity, 40
The Will, 41
The Funeral, 42
The Blossom, 43
The Primrose, being at Mountgomery *Castle, upon the hill, where it is situate*, 44
The Relique, 45
The Damp, 46
The Dissolution, 47
A Jeat Ring sent, 48
Negative Love, 49
The Prohibition, ib.
The Expiration, 50
The Computation, 51
The Paradox, ib.
Song, 52
Farewell to Love, 53
Song, 54
A Lecture upon the Shadow, 55

Epigrams, 57

Elegies.

The CONTENTS.

Elegies.

Elegy I. *Jealouſie*, 60
Elegy II. *The Anagram*, 61
Elegy III. *Change*, 62
Elegie IV. *The Perfume*, 64
Elegie V. *His Picture*, 66
Elegie VI, ib.
Elegie VII, 68
Elegie VIII. *The Compariſon*, 69
Elegie IX. *The Autumnal*, 70
Elegie X. *The Dream*, 72
Elegie XI. *Death*. 73
Elegie XII. *Upon the loſs of his Miſtreſſes Chain, for which he made Satisfaction*, 74
Elegie XIII, 78
Elegie XIV. *His parting from her*, 79
Elegie XV. Julia, 82
Elegie XVI. *A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife*, 83
Elegie XVII. *The Expoſtulation*, 85
Elegie XVIII, 87
To his Miſtreſs going to Bed, 90

Epithalamions, or Marriage Songs.

An Epithalamion on Frederick *Count Palatine of the* Rhyne, *and the Lady* Elizabeth, *being married on St.* Valentine's *Day*, 92
Eclogue on the Marriage of the Earl of Somerſet, 95
Epithalamion made at Lincoln's-Inn, 103

Satyres, 107

The CONTENTS.

Letters to ſeveral Perſonages.

The Storm, to Mr. Chriſtopher Brook, *from the Iſland Voyage with the Earl of* Eſſex, 127
The Calm, 129
To Sir Henry Wootton, 131
To Sir Henry Goodyere, 133
To Mr. Rowland Woodward, 134
To Sir Henry Wootton, 136
To the Counteſs of Bedford, 137
To the Counteſs of Bedford, 138
To Sir Edward Herbert, *ſince Lord* Herbert *of* Cherbury, *being at the Siege of* Julyers, 140
To the Counteſs of Bedford, 142
To the Counteſs of Bedford, *on New-year's Day,* 144
To the Counteſs of Huntingdon, 147
To Mr. J. W. 149
To Mr. T. W. 150
To Mr. T. W. 151
Incerto, ib.
To Mr. C. B. 152
To Mr. S. B. ib.
To Mr. B B. 153
To Mr. R. W. ib.
To Mr. J. L. 154
To Mr. J. P. 155
To E. of D. *with ſix holy Sonets,* 156
To Sir Henry Wootton, *at his going Ambaſſador to* Venice, ibid
To Mrs. M. H. 157
To the Counteſs of Bedford, 159
To the Counteſs of Huntingdon, 161
A Dialogue between Sir Henry Wootton *and Mr.* Donne, 165

To

To the Counteſs of Bedford, 166
A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs. Eſſex Riche, from Amyens, 167
To the Counteſs of Salisbury, Auguſt, 1614, 169
To the Lady Bedford, 172
Sappho to Philænis, 173
To Ben. Johnſon, Jan. 6, 1603, 175
To Ben. Johnſon, 9 Novembris, 1603, 176
To Sir Tho. Rowe, 1603, 177

Funeral Elegies.

Anatomie of the World. Wherein, by occaſion of the untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, *the frailty and the decay of this whole world is repreſented. The firſt Anniverſary,* 178
A Funeral Elegie, 192
Of the Progreſs of the Soul. Wherein, by occaſion of the religious death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, *the Incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated. The ſecond Anniverſary,* 196
An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparable Prince Henry, 211
Obſequies on the Lord Harrington, &c. *To the Counteſs of* Bedford, 215
An Elegie on the Lady Markham, 222
Elegie on Mrs. Boulſtred, 224
Elegie on his Miſtreſs, 216
On himſelf, 227
Elegie, 228
Elegie on Mrs. Boulſtred, ib.
Elegie on the Lord C. 230
Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's *Crudities,* 230
Sonet. The Token. 233

Letters

Letters to ſeveral Perſons, 234

The Progreſs of the Soul, 254

Holy Sonets, 272

On the bleſſed Virgin Mary, 282
The Croſs, 283
Pſalm 137, 284
Reſurrection, imperfect, 286
An Hymn to the Saints, and to the Marqueſs Hamilton, 288
The Annunciation and Paſſion, 289
Goodfriday, 1613, *riding Weſtward*, 290
The Litanie, 292
Upon the tranſlation of the Pſalms by Sir Philip Sydney, *and the Counteſs of* Pembrook *his Siſter*, 299
Ode, 301
To Mr. Tilman, *after he had taken Orders*, 302
A Hymn to Chriſt, at the Author's laſt going into Germany, 303
On the Sacrament, 304
The Lamentations of Jeremy, *for the moſt part according to* Tremellius, ib.
Hymn to God, my God, in my ſickneſs, 318
A Hymn to God the Father, 319

Elegies upon the Author, by ſeveral Perſons, 320

SONGS

SONGS AND SONETS.

The FLEA.

MARK but this Flea, and mark in this,
How little that, which thou deny'ſt me, is;
Me it ſuck'd firſt, and now ſucks thee,
And in this Flea our two blouds mingled be;
Confeſs it. This cannot be ſaid
A ſin, or ſhame, or loſs of Maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes, before it woo,

And pamper'd ſwells with one bloud made of two,
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh ſtay, three lives in one Flea ſpare,
Where we almoſt, nay more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though Parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloyſter'd in theſe living walls of Jet.
Though uſe make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that ſelf-murder added be,
And ſacrilege, three ſins in killing three.

Cruel and ſuddain, haſt thou ſince
Purpled thy Nayl in bloud of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that bloud, which it ſuck'd from thee?
yet thou triumph'ſt, and ſaiſt that thou
Find'ſt not thy ſelf, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true; then learn how falſe fears be:
Juſt ſo much honour, when thou yield'ſt to mee,
Will waſte, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

The GOOD-MORROW.

I Wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then,
But ſuck'd on childiſh pleaſures ſillyly?
Or ſlumbred we in the ſeven-ſleepers den?
'Twas ſo; but as all pleaſures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did ſee.
Which I deſir'd, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking ſouls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other ſights controuls,
And makes one little room an every-where.

Let ſea-diſcoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other worlds our world have ſhown,
Let us poſſeſs one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces reſt;
Where can we find two fitter hemiſphears
Without ſharp North, without declining Weſt?
What ever dies, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love juſt alike in all, none of theſe loves can die.

SONG.

GOE, and catch a falling ſtarre,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times paſt are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot.
Teach me to hear Mermaids ſinging,
Or to keep off envie's ſtinging,
And find,
What wind
Serves to advance an honeſt mind.

If thou be'ſt born to ſtrange ſights,
Things inviſible go ſee,
Ride ten thouſand dayes and nights,
Till age ſnow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell me
All ſtrange wonders, that befell thee,
And ſwear,
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'ſt one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were ſweet;

Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though ſhe were true when you met her,
And laſt, till you write your letter,
Yet ſhe
Will be
Falſe, ere I come, to two or three.

Woman's Conſtancy.

NOW thou haſt lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'ſt, what wilt thou ſay?
Wilt thou then Antedate ſome new-made vow?
Or ſay, that now
We are not juſt thoſe perſons, which we were?
Or, that oaths, made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forſwear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So Lovers contracts, images of thoſe,
Bind but till ſleep, death's image, them unlooſe?
Or, your own end to juſtifie
For having purpos'd change and falſehood, you
Can have no way but falſehood to be true?
Vain lunatique, againſt theſe ſcapes I could
Diſpute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abſtain to doe,
For by to-morrow I may think ſo too.

The UNDERTAKING.

I Have done one braver thing,
Than all the *Worthies* did;
And yet a braver thence doth ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madneſs now t'impart
The skill of ſpecular ſtone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now ſhould utter this,
Others (becauſe no more
Such ſtuffe, to work upon, there is)
Would love but as before:

Be he, who lovelineſs within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he, who colour loves and skin,
Loves but their oldeſt clothes.

If, as I have, you alſo do
Virtue in woman ſee,
And dare love that, and ſay ſo too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placed ſo,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this beſtow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing,
Than all the *Worthies* did,
And a braver thence will ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The SUN RISING.

BUſie old fool, unruly Sun,
Why doſt thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains look on us?
Muſt to thy motions Lovers ſeaſons run?

Sawcy pedantique wreteh, goe, chide
Late School-boyes, or ſowre 'Prentices,
Go tell Court-huntſmen, that the King will ride,
Call Country Ants to harveſt offices;
Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knows nor clime,
Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams ſo reverend and ſtrong,
Doſt thou not think
I could eclipſe and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' *India's* of Spice and Myne
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me;
Ask for thoſe Kings, whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
And thou ſhalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all States, and all Princes I,
Nothing elſe is.
Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour's Mimique; All wealth Alchymy;
Thou Sun art half as happy'as we,
In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age asks eaſe, and ſince thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, theſe walls thy ſphear.

The INDIFFERENT.

I Can love both fair and brown; [betrayes;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
Her who loves loneneſs beſt, and her who ſports and playes;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;

Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry Cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not ſerve your turn to do, as did your Mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you ſo;
Let me; and do you twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go;
Muſt I, who came to travail thorow you,
Grow your fixt ſubject, becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by Love's ſweeteſt ſweet, Variety, ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now; it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And ſaid, Alas! Some two or three
Poor Heretiques in love there be,
Which think to ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancy,
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them, who're falſe to you.

Love's USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt ſpare me now,
I will allow,
Uſurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, ſojourn, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,

Reſume my laſt years Relict: think that yet
We'had never met.

Let me think any Rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promiſe; miſtake by the way
The Maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no not the ſport,
From Country graſs to comefitures of Court,
Or Citie's Quelque-choſes, let not report
My mind tranſport.

This bargain's good; if when I'am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my ſhame or pain,
Thou covet moſt, at that age thou ſhalt gain;
Do thy will then, then ſubject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love, I ſubmit to thee;
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, though ſhe be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

FOR God's ſake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palſie, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortunes flout;
With wealth your ſtate, your mind with Arts im-
Take you a courſe, get you a place, [prove,
Obſerve his Honour or his Grace,
Or the King's real, or his ſtamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What Merchant's ſhips have my ſighs drown'd?
Who ſaies my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward ſpring remove?

When did the heats, which my reynes fill;
Adde one more to the plaguy Bill?
Souldiers find wars, and Lawyers find out ſtill
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
Though ſhe and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made ſuch by love;
Call her one, me another Flie;
W'are Tapers too, and at our own coſt die;
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove;
The Phœnix Riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it:
So to one neutral thing both ſexes fit.
We dye and riſe the ſame, and prove
Myſterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearſe
Our Legend be, it will be fit for verſe;
And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,
We'll build in ſonets pretty roomes.
As well a well-wrought urne becomes
The greateſt aſhes, as half-acre tombes;
And by thoſe hymnes all ſhall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's ſoul contract, and drove
Into the glaſſes of your eyes,
So made ſuch mirrours, and ſuch ſpies,
That they did all to you epitomize;
Countries, Towns, Courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love

The TRIPLE FOOL.

I Am two fool's, I know,
For loving, and for ſaying ſo
In whining Poetry;
But where's that wiſe man, That would not be I,
If ſhe would not deny?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge ſea waters fretful ſalt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines
Through Rhime's vexation, I ſhould them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be ſo fierce,
For He tames it, that fetters it in verſe.
But when I have done ſo,
Some man, his art or voice to ſhow,
Doth Set and Sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which Verſe did reſtrain.
To Love and Grief tribute of Verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes, when 'tis read,
Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs:
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fools, do ſo grow three:
Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fools be.

Lover's Infiniteneſs.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I ſhall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other ſigh, to move;
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treaſure, which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have ſpent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant:

If then thy gift of love was partial,
That ſome for me, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Dear, I ſhall never have it All.

Or, if then thou giv'ſt me All,
All was but All, which thou hadſt then:
But if in thy heart ſince there be, or ſhall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in tears,
In ſighs, in oathes, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine, what ever ſhall
Grow there, dear, I ſhould have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And ſince my love doth every day admit [ſtore;
New growth, thou ſhould'ſt have new rewards in
Thou canſt not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canſt give it, then thou never gav'ſt it:
Lovers riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It ſtayes at home, and thou with loſing ſav'ſt it:
But we will love a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to joyn us, ſo we ſhall
Be one, and one another's All.

SONG.

SWeeteſt Love, I doe not goe,
For wearineſs of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhow
A fitter Love for me;
But ſince that I
Muſt dye at laſt, 'tis beſt,

Thus to uſe my ſelf in jeſt
By feigned death to dye;

Yeſternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no deſire nor ſenſe,
Nor half ſo ſhort a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I ſhall make
Haſtier journeys, ſince I take
More wings and ſpurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good Fortune fall,
Cannot adde another hour,
Nor a loſt hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we joyn to 't our ſtrength,
And we teach it art and length,
It ſelf o'er us t' advance.

When thou ſigh'ſt, thou ſigh'ſt no wind,
But ſigh'ſt my ſoul away;
When thou weep'ſt unkindly kind,
My Life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'ſt me, as thou ſay'ſt,
If in thine my life thou waſte,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Deſtiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill;
But think that we
Are but laid aſide to ſleep:
They, who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

The LEGACY.

WHen laſt I dy'd (and, Dear, I die
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an hour agoe,
And Lover's hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet, that I
Something did ſay, and ſomething did beſtow;
Though I be dead, which ſent me, I might be
Mine own Executor, and Legacy.

I heard me ſay, Tell her anon,
That my ſelf, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me dy,
I bid me ſend my Heart, when I was gone,
But I, alas! could find there none.
When I had ripp'd, and ſearch'd where hearts ſhould ly
It kill'd me again, that I, who ſtill was true
In life, in my laſt Will ſhould cozen you.

Yet I found ſomething like a heart,
For colours it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part:
As good, as could be made by art,
It ſeem'd, and therefore for our loſs be ſad,
I meant to ſend that heart in ſtead of mine,
But oh! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A FEVER.

OH do not die, for I ſhall hate
All women ſo, when thou art gone,
That thee I ſhall not celebrate,
When I remember thou waſt one.

But yet thou canſt not die, I know;
To leave this world behind, is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's ſoul, goeſt,
It ſtay, 'tis but thy Carcaſs then,
The faireſt woman, but thy Ghoſt;
But corrupt wormes, the worthieſt men.

O wrangling Schools, that ſearch what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aſpire,
That this her Fever might be it!

And yet ſhe cannot waſte by this,
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is,
To fuel ſuch a Fever long.

Theſe burning fits but meteors be,
Whoſe matter in thee ſoon is ſpent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable Firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, ſeiſing thee,
Though it in thee cannot perſever;
For I had rather Owner be
Of thee one hour, than all elſe ever.

AIR *and* ANGELS.

TWice or thrice had I lov'd thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, ſo in a ſhapeleſs flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worſhip'd be:

Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I ſee;
But ſince my ſoul, whoſe child love is,
Takes limbs of fleſh, and elſe could nothing do,
More ſubtile than the parent is,
Love muſt not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now,
That it aſſume thy body, I allow,
And fix it ſelf in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilſt thus to ballaſt love, I thought,
And ſo more ſteddily t' have gone,
With wares which would ſink admiration
I ſaw, I had Love's Pinnace overfraught;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, ſome fitter muſt be ſought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extream, and ſcattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my loves ſphear;
Juſt ſuch diſparitie
As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's puritie,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

Break of Day.

STay, O Sweet, and do not riſe,
The Light, that ſhines, comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Becauſe that you and I muſt part.
Stay, or elſe my joys will die,
And periſh in their infancie.

II.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore riſe from me?

Why ſhould we riſe, becauſe 'tis Light?
Did we lie down, becauſe 'twas Night?
Love, which in ſpight of darkneſs brought us hither,
Should in deſpight of light keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could ſpeak as well as ſpie,
This were the worſt that it could ſay,
That being well, I fain would ſtay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour ſo,
That I would not from her, that had them, goe.

IV.

Muſt buſineſs thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worſt diſeaſe of love;
The poor, the foul, the falſe Love can
Admit, but not the buſied man.
He which hath buſineſs, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man doth wooe.

The ANNIVERSARY.

ALL Kings, and all their Favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it ſelf (which makes times, as they paſs)
Is elder by a year now, than it was,
When thou and I firſt one another ſaw:
All other things to their deſtruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yeſterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his firſt-laſt-everlaſting day.

Two graves muſt hide thine and my coarſe:
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas! as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)

Muſt leave at laſt in death theſe eyes, and ears,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with ſweet ſalt tears:
But ſouls where nothing dwells but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then ſhall prove
This, or a love increaſed there above, [remove.
When bodies to their graves, ſouls from their graves

And then we ſhall be throughly bleſt:
But now no more than all the reſt.
Here upon earth we'are Kings, and none but we
Can be ſuch Kings, nor of ſuch ſubjects be;
Who is ſo ſafe as we? where none can do
Treaſon to us, except one of us two.
True and falſe fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threeſcore, this is the ſecond of our reign.

A Valediction of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmneſs to this glaſs,
Which ever ſince that charm hath been
As hard as that, which grav'd it, was;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glaſs ſhould be
As all confeſſing and through-ſhine as I,
'Tis more that it ſhews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all ſuch rules Love's Magique can undoe,
Here you ſee me, and I ſee you.

III.

As no one point nor daſh,
Which are but acceſſaries to this name,

The ſhow'rs and tempeſts can outwaſh,
So ſhall all times find me the ſame;
You this intireneſs better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you ſtill.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a ſcratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's-head keep,
Lover's mortality to preach;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous Anatomy.

V.

Then as all my ſouls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I underſtand, and grow, and ſee)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being ſtill with you, the Muſcle, Sinew, and Vein,
Which tile this houſe, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repaire
And recompact my ſcatter'd body ſo,
As all the virtuous powers, which are
Fix'd in the ſtars, are ſaid to flow
Into ſuch characters as graved be,
When thoſe ſtars had ſupremacie.

VII.

So ſince this name was cut,
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No door 'gainſt this Name's influence ſhut;
As much more loving, as more ſad,
'Twill make thee; and thou ſhould'ſt, till I return,
Since I die dayly, dayly mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconſiderate hand
Flings ope this caſement, with my trembling name,
To look on one, whoſe wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'ſt my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy Lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow' hath laid,
Diſpute thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him begin'ſt to thaw for this,
May my name ſtep in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treaſon go
To an overt act, and that thou write again:
In ſuperſcribing, my name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So in forgetting thou remembreſt right,
And unaware to me ſhalt write.

XI.

But glaſs and lines muſt be
No means our firm ſubſtantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargie,
And thus I murmur in my ſleep;
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often ſo.

Twicknam GARDEN.

BLaſted with ſighs, and ſurrounded with tears,
Hither I come to ſeek the ſpring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears
Receive ſuch balm as elſe cures every thing:
But O, Self-traitor, I do bring
The Spider Love, which tranſubſtantiates all,
And can convert Manna to Gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradiſe, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholeſomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,

And that a grave froſt did forbid
Theſe trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
But ſince I cannot this diſgrace
Indure, nor leave this garden, Love, let me
Some ſenſeleſs piece of this place be;
Make me a Mandrake, ſo I may grow here,
Or a ſtone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with Chryſtal Vials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are Love's wine,
And try your Miſtreſs' tears at home,
For all are falſe, that taſte not juſt like mine;
Alas! hearts do not in eyes ſhine,
Nor can you more judge Woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her ſhadow, what ſhe wears.
O perverſe Sex, where none is true but ſhe,
Who's therefore true, becauſe her truth kills me.

Valediction to his BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear Love) what thou ſhalt do
To anger deſtiny, as ſhe doth us;
How I ſhall ſtay, though ſhe eloigne me thus,
And how poſterity ſhall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obſcure
Her, who from *Pindar* could allure,
And her, through whoſe help *Lucan* is not lame,
And her, whoſe book (they ſay) *Homer* did find and [name,

Study our manuſcripts, thoſe Myriads
Of Letters, which have paſt 'twixt thee and me,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will be
To aſt, whom love's ſubliming fire invades,

Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No Schiſmatique will dare to wound,
That ſees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to uſe, to be theſe his Records.

This book as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the World's form, this all-graved Tomb,
In Cypher writ, or new-made Idiom;
We for Love's Clergy only' are inſtruments;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and *Goths* invade us,
Learning were ſafe in this our Univerſe, [Verſe.
Schools might learn Sciences, Sphears Muſick, Angels

Here Love's Divine, (ſince all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they ſeek,
Whether abſtracted ſpiritual love they like,
Their ſouls exhal'd with what they do not ſee;
Or loath ſo to amuſe
Faith's infirmities, they chuſe
Something, which they may ſee and uſe;
For though Mind be the heaven, where Love doth ſit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may Lawyers find,
Both by what titles Miſtreſſes are ours,
And how Prerogative theſe ſtates devours,
Transferr'd from Love himſelf to womankind:
Who, though from heart and eyes
They exact great Subſidies,
Forſake him, who on them relies;
And for the cauſe honour or conſcience give;
Chimeras, vain as they, or their Prerogative.

Here Stateſmen (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,

Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to conſider, what 'tis, one proceed,
In both they do excell,
Who the preſent govern well,
Whoſe weakneſs none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy book ſuch will there ſomething ſee,
As in the Bible ſome can find out Alchymie.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll ſtudy thee,
As he removes far off, that great heights takes:
How great love is, preſence beſt tryal makes,
But abſence tries, how long this love will be;
To take a latitude,
Sun, or ſtars, are fitlieſt view'd
At their brighteſt; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when, and where the dark Eclipſes be?

COMMUNITY.

GOOD we muſt love, and muſt hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good ſtill;
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we ſhall find our fancy bent.

If then at firſt wiſe Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then ſome we might hate, and ſome chuſe,
But ſince ſhe did them ſo create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Onely this reſts, All all may uſe.

If they were good, it would beſeen,
Good is as viſible as green,

And to all eyes it ſelf betrayes:
If they were bad, they could not laſt,
Bad doth it ſelf and others waſte,
So they deſerve nor blame nor praiſe,

But they are ours, as fruits are ours,
He that but taſtes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well;
Chang'd loves are but chang'd ſorts of meat;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
Who doth not fling away the ſhell?

Love's growth.

I Scarce believe my love to be ſo pure
As I had thought it was,
Becauſe it doth endure
Viciſſitude and ſeaſon, as the graſs;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I ſwore
My love was infinite, if ſpring make't more.

But if this medicine Love, which cures all ſorrow
With more, not only be no quinteſſence,
But mixt of all ſtuffs, vexing ſoul or ſenſe,
And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not ſo pure an abſtract, as they uſe
To ſay, which have no Miſtreſs but their Muſe;
But, as all elſe, being elemented too,
Love ſometimes would contemplate, ſometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent
Love by the ſpring is grown;
As in the Firmament
Stars by the Sun are not inlarg'd, but ſhown.
Gentle love-deeds, as bloſſoms on a bough,
From Love's awakened root doe bud out now.

If, as in water ſtirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love ſuch additions take,
Thoſe, like ſo many ſpheares, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentrique unto thee;
And though each ſpring do adde to love new heat,
As Princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter ſhall abate this ſpring's encreaſe.

Love's EXCHANGE.

Love, any devil elſe but you
Would for a giv'n ſoul give ſomething too;
At Court your fellows every day
Give th' art of Rhyming, Huntmanſhip or Play
For them, which were their own before;
Onely I 've nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no diſpenſation now
To falſifie a tear, a ſigh, a vow,
I do not ſue from thee to draw
A *Non obſtante* on nature's law;
Theſe are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none ſhould forſwear,
Except that he *Love's* Minion were.

Give me thy weakneſs, make me blind
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childiſh is.
Let me not know that others know
That ſhe knows my paines, leaſt that ſo
A tender ſhame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt juſt,
Becauſe I would not thy firſt motions truſt: Small

Small towns which ſtand ſtiff, till great ſhot
Enforce them, by war's law *condition* not;
Such in love's warfare is my caſe,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at laſt to ſhew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any Land;
This face, which, whereſoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloyſters, dead from tombs,
And melt both Poles at once, and ſtore
Deſerts with Cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For this love is inrag'd with me,
Yet kills not: if I muſt example be
To future Rebels; if th' unborn
Muſt learn, by my being cut up and torn;
Kill and diſſect me, Love; for this
Torture againſt thine own end is,
Rackt carcaſſes make ill Anatomies.

Confined L O V E.

SOme man unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Of old or new love, himſelf being falſe or weak,
Thought his pain and ſhame would be leſſer
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures ſo?

Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by law forbidden
To ſmile where they liſt, or lend away their light?
Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?

Beasts do no joyntures loſe,
Though they new lovers chooſe,
But we are made worſe than thoſe.

Who e'er rigg'd fair ſhips to lie in harbours,
And not to ſeek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houſes, ſet trees and arbours,
Only to lock up, or elſe to let them fall?
Good is not good, unleſs
A thouſand it poſſeſs,
But doth waſte with greedineſs.

The DREAM.

DEar Love, for nothing leſs than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theam
For reaſon, much too ſtrong for phantaſie,
Therefore thou wak'dſt me wiſely; yet
My dream thou brok'ſt not, but continued'ſt it:
Thou art ſo true, that thoughts of thee ſuffice
To make dreams truths, and fables hiſtories;
Enter theſe arms, for ſince thou thought'ſt it beſt
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the reſt.

As Lightning or a Taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noiſe wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'ſt truth) an Angel at firſt ſight,
But when I ſaw thou ſaw'ſt my heart,
And knew'ſt my thoughts beyond an Angel's art,
When thou knew'ſt what I dreamt, then thou knew'ſt [when
Exceſs of joy would wake me, and cam'ſt then;
I muſt confeſs, it could not chuſe but be
Prophane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and ſtaying ſhew'd thee thee,
But riſing makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That Love is weak, where Fear's as ſtrong as he;
'Tis not all ſpirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of *Fear*, *Shame*, *Honor* have.
Perchance as torches, which muſt ready be,
Men light and put out, ſo thou deal'ſt with me,
Thou cam'ſt to kindle, goeſt to come: Then I
Will dream that hope again, but elſe would die.

A Valediction of Weeping.

LET me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy ſtamp they bear:
And by this Mintage they are ſomething worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'ſt, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers ſhore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An *Europe*, *Afrique*, and an *Aſia*,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world by that impreſſion grow,
Till thy Tears mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters ſent from thee, my heav'n diſ-
[ſolved ſo.

O more than Moon,
Draw not up ſeas to drown me in thy ſphear;
Weep me not dead in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the ſea, what it may do too ſoon;
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm, than it purpoſeth:
Since thou and I ſigh one another's breath,
Who e'er ſighs moſt, is cruelleſt, and haſts the other's death.

Love's ALCHYMY.

SOme that have deeper digg'd Love's Myne than I,
Say, where his centrique happineſs doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told,
But ſhould I love, get, tell till, I were old,
I ſhould not find that hidden myſtery;
Oh, 'tis impoſture all:
And as no chymique yet th' Elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-ſeeming ſummer's night.

Our eaſe, our thrift, our honour and our day
Shall we for this vain Bubble's ſhadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can; if he can
Endure the ſhort ſcorn of a Bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that ſwears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her Angelique finds,
Would ſwear as juſtly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarſe minſtrelſey, the Sp hear

Hope not for mind in women; at their beſt
Sweetneſs and Wit, they're but *Mumm*, poſſeſt.

The CURSE.

WHO ever gueſſes, thinks, or dreams he knows
Who is my Miſtreſs, wither by this Curſe;
Him only for his Purſe
May ſome dull whore to love diſpoſe,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be ſcorn'd by one, whom all elſe ſcorn,
Forſwear to others, what to her h' hath ſworn,
With fear of miſſing, ſhame of getting torn.

Madneſs his ſorrow, gout his cramp may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them ſuch:
And may he feel no touch
Of conſcience, but of fame, and be
Anguiſh'd, not that 'twas ſin, but that 'twas ſhe:
Or may he for her virtue reverence,
One, that hates him only for impotence,
And equal Traitors be ſhe and his ſenſe.

May he dream Treaſon, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confeſs, and die,
And no Record tell why:
His ſons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he ſo long Paraſites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the laſt be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all ſtepdames, gameſter's gall,
What Tyrants and their ſubjects interwiſh,
What Plants, Myne, Beaſts, Fowl, Fiſh
Can contribute, all ill, which all

Prophets or Poets ſpake; And all, which ſhall
B' annex'd in Schedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man; For if it be a ſhe,
Nature before-hand hath out-curſed me.

The MESSAGE.

SEnd home my long ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd ſuch ill,
Such forc'd faſhions
And falſe paſſions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good ſight, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jeſtings
Of proteſtings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it ſtill, 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and ſee thy Lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguiſh,
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one,
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou doſt now.

A Nocturnal upon S. LUCIE'S *day, being the ſhorteſt day.*

'TIS the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who ſcarce ſeven hours her ſelf unmasks;
The Sun is ſpent, and now his flasks
Send forth light ſquibs, no conſtant rays;
The world's whole ſap is ſunk:
The general balm th' hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is ſhrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all theſe ſeem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who ſhall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new Alchymy.
For his art did expreſs
A quinteſſence even from nothingneſs,
From dull privations, and lean emptineſs:
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of abſence, darkneſs, death; things which art not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
Life, ſoul, form, ſpirit, whence they being have;
I, by Love's Limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and ſo
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaos's, when he did ſhow
Care to ought elſe; and often abſences
Withdrew our ſouls, and made us carcaſſes.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the firſt nothing the Elixir grown;

Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs muſt know; I ſhould prefer,
If I were any Beaſt, [teſt,
Some ends, ſome means; Yea plants, yea ſtones de-
And love, all, all ſome properties inveſt.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As ſhadow, a light, and body muſt be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sun renew:
You lovers, for whoſe ſake the leſſer Sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new luſt, and give it you,
Enjoy your Summer all,
Since ſhe enjoys her long night's feſtival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, ſince this
Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

Witchcraft by a Picture.

I Fix mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a tranſparent tear,
When I look lower, I eſpy;
Hadſt thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill;
How many wayes might'ſt thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy ſweet ſalt tears,
And though thou pour more, I'll depart:
My picture vaniſhed, vaniſh all fears,
That I can be endamag'd by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

The BAIT.

COme live with me, and be my love,
And we will ſome new pleaſures prove
Of golden ſands, and cryſtal brookes;
With ſilken lines and ſilver hookes.

There will the river whiſp'ring run
Warm'd by thine eyes, more than the Sun.
And there th' inamour'd fiſh will play,
Begging themſelves they may betray.

When thou wilt ſwim in that live bath,
Each fiſh, which every channel hath,
Will amorouſly to thee ſwim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be ſo ſeen art loth
By Sun or Moon, thou darkneſt both;
And if my ſelf have leave to ſee,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with ſhells and weeds,
Or treacherouſly poor fiſh beſet,
With ſtrangling ſnare, or winding net:

Let coarſe bold hands from ſlimy neſt
The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
Or curious traitors, ſleave ſilk flies,
Bewitch poor fiſhe's wandring eyes:

For thee, thou need'ſt no ſuch deceit,
For thou thy ſelf art thine own bait;
That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiſer far than I.

The APPARITION.

When by thy ſcorn, O murd'reſs, I am dead,
And thou ſhalt think thee free
Of all ſolicitation from me,
Then ſhall my ghoſt come to thy bed,
And thee feign'd Veſtal in worſe arms ſhall ſee;
Then thy ſick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whoſe thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou ſtir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'ſt for more,
And in a falſe ſleep even from thee ſhrink.
And then, poor Aſpen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quickſilver ſweat wilt lie
A veryer ghoſt than I;
What I will ſay, I will not tell thee now,
Leſt that preſerve thee: and ſince my love is ſpent,
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt painfully repent,
Than by my threatnings reſt ſtill innocent.

The broken HEART.

He is ſtark mad, who ever ſays,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love ſo ſoon decays,
But that it can ten in leſs ſpace devour;
Who will believe me, if I ſwear
That I have had the Plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I ſhould ſay,
I ſaw a flaſh of *Powder burn a day?*

Ah! what a trifle is a heart,
If once into Love's hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themſelves but ſome,

They come to us, but us love draws,
He ſwallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd ſhot, whole ranks do die;
He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frie.

If 'twere not ſo, what did become
Of my heart, when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to ſhow
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as glaſs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breaſt hath all
Thoſe pieces ſtill, though they do not unite:
And now as broken glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer faces, ſo
My raggs of heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch Love can love no more.

A Valediction forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men paſs mildly away,
And whiſper to their ſouls to go,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends do ſay,
Now his breath goes, and ſome ſay, No;

So let us melt, and make no noiſe,
No tear-flouds, nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
'Twere prophanation of our joys
To tell the Laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;

But trepidation of the ſphears,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull Sublunary Lover's love
(Whoſe ſoul is ſenſe) cannot admit
Of abſence, 'cauſe it doth remove
The thing, which elemented it.

But we by a love ſo far refin'd,
That our ſelves know not what it is,
Inter-aſſured of the mind,
Careleſs eyes, lips and hands to miſs.

Our two ſouls therefore, which are one,
Though I muſt go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
Like gold to airy thinneſs beat.

If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiff twin Compaſſes are two,
Thy ſoul, the fixt foot, makes no ſhow
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center ſit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who muſt,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmneſs makes my circle juſt,
And makes me end where I begun.

The ECSTASIE.

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank ſwell'd up, to reſt

The violet's declining head,
Sate we on one another's breaſt.
Our hands were firmly cemented
By a faſt Balm, which thence did ſpring,
Our eye-beams twiſted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double ſtring,
So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal Armies Fate
Suſpends uncertain victory,
Our ſouls (which, to advance our ſtate,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilſt our ſouls negotiate there,
We like ſepulchral ſtatues lay,
All day the ſame our poſtures were,
And we ſaid nothing all the day.
If any, ſo by love refin'd,
That he ſoul's language underſtood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient diſtance ſtood,
He (though he knew not which ſoul ſpake,
Becauſe both meant, both ſpake the ſame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecſtaſie doth unperplex
(We ſaid) and tell us what we love,
We ſee by this, it was not ſex,
We ſee, we ſaw not what did move:
But as all ſeveral ſouls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love theſe mixt ſouls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A ſingle violet tranſplant,
The ſtrength, the colour and the ſize
(All which before was poor and ſcant,)
Redoubles ſtill and multiplies.

When love with one another ſo
Interanimates two ſouls,
That abler ſoul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lovelineſs controuls.
We then, who are this new ſoul, know,
Of what we are compos'd and made:
For the Atomes, of which we grow,
Are ſoul, whom no change can invade.
But, O alas! ſo long, ſo far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we, We are
Th' Intelligences, they the Sphears,
We owe them thanks, becauſe they thus
Did us to us at firſt convey,
Yielded their ſenſe's force to us,
Nor are droſs to us, but Allay.
On man heaven's influence works not ſo.
But that it firſt imprints the Air,
For ſoul into the ſoul may flow,
Though it to body firſt repair.
As our bloud labours to beget
Spirits, as like ſouls as it can,
Becauſe ſuch fingers need to knit
That ſubtile knot, which makes us man:
So muſt pure Lover's ſouls deſcend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which ſenſe may reach and apprehend,
Elſe a great Prince in priſon lies;
T' our bodies turn we then, and ſo
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's myſteries in Souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book;
And if ſome lover, ſuch as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him ſtill mark us, he ſhall ſee
Small change, when we're to bodies grown.

Love's DEITY.

I Long to talk with ſome old lover's ghoſt,
Who dy'd before the God of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd moſt,
Sunk ſo low, as to love one which did ſcorn.
But ſince this God produc'd a deſtiny,
And that Vice-nature cuſtom lets it be;
I muſt love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him God, meant not ſo much,
Nor he in his young Godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His Office was indulgently to fit
Actives to Paſſives, Correſpondency
Only his *Subject* was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern God will now extend
His vaſt prerogative as far as *Jove*,
To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,
All is the Purlewe of the God of Love.
Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I ſhould love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheiſt too, why murmur I
As though I felt the worſt that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I'm loth to ſee;
Falſhood is worſe than hate; and that muſt be,
If ſhe whom I love, ſhould love me.

Love's DIET.

TO what a cumberſom unwieldineſs
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown;
But that I did, to make it leſs,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon,
That which love worſt endures, *diſcretion.*

Above one ſigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got
A ſhe ſigh from my miſtreſs' heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very ſound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a Tear, I brin'd it ſo
With ſcorn or ſhame, that him it nouriſh'd not;
If he ſuck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a tear, which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which rowl towards all, weep not, but ſweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters, which ſhe writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,
I ſaid, If any title be
Convey'd by this, Ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I choſe;
Now negligent of ſport I lie,
And now, as other Fawkners uſe,
I ſpring a miſtreſs, ſwear, write, ſigh and weep
And the game kill'd, or loſt, go talk or ſleep.

The WILL.

BEfore I ſigh my laſt gaſp, let me breath,
Great Love, ſome Legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can ſee;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; t' embaſſadours mine eares;
To women, or the ſea, my tears;
Thou, Love, haſt taught me heretofore
By making me love her who 'had twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none, but ſuch as had too much before.

My conſtancy I to the Planets give;
My truth to them, who at the Court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openneſs
To Jeſuits; to Buffoons my penſiveneſs;
My ſilence t' any, who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught'ſt me, by 'appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to ſuch, as have no good Capacity.

My faith I give to *Roman* Catholiques;
All my good works unto the Schiſmaticks
Of *Amſterdam*; my beſt civility
And courtſhip to an Univerſity:
My modeſty I give to Soldiers bare.
My Patience let Gameſters ſhare.
Thou Love taught'ſt me, by making me
Love her, that holds my love diſparity,
Only to give to thoſe, that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thoſe,
Which were my friends; Mine induſtry to foes:
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulneſs;
My ſickneſs to Phyſicians, or exceſs;

To Nature all, that I in Rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'ſt me to make, as though I gave, when I do
[but reſtore.

To him, for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls,
I give my phyſick Books; my written rolls
Of Moral counſels I to Bedlam give:
My Brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them, which paſs among
All foreigners, mine Engliſh tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one,
Who thinks her friendſhip a fit portion
For younger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying; becauſe Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in Mynes, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have,
Than a Sun-dyal in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'ſt me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practiſe this one way, t' annihilate
[all three.

The FUNERAL.

WHO ever comes to ſhroud me, do not harm
Nor queſtion much
That ſubtile wreath of hair about mine arm;
The myſtery, the ſign you muſt not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heav'n being gone,

Will leave this to controul, [tion.
And keep these limbs, her Provinces, from dissolu-

For if the sinewie thread, my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye those parts, and make me one of all;
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacl'd, when they're con-
[demn'd to die,

What e'er she meant by't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed Idolatry,
If into other hands these Reliques came.
As 'twas humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery, [of you.
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some

The Blossom.

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven dayes,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this heighth to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fain, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor Heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,

And hop'ſt her ſtiffneſs by long ſiege to bow:)
Little think'ſt thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
Muſt with this Sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'ſt to be
Subtile to plague thy ſelf, will ſay,
Alas! if you muſt go, what's that to me?
Here lies my buſineſs, and here I will ſtay:
You go to friends, whoſe love and means preſent
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taſte, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then ſtay here: but know,
When thou haſt ſtaid and done thy moſt,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no ſhow,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghoſt;
How ſhall ſhe know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practiſe may make her know ſome other part,
But take my word, ſhe doth not know a heart.

Meet me at *London* then
Twenty dayes hence, and thou ſhalt ſee
Me freſher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had ſtaid ſtill with her and thee.
For God's ſake, if you can, be you ſo too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we ſhall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

The Primroſe, being at Mountgomery *Caſtle, upon the hill, on which it is ſituate.*

UPon this Primroſe hill,
(Where, if Heav'n would diſtill

A ſhower of rain, each ſeveral drop might go
To his own Primroſe, and grow Manna ſo;
And where their form and their infinitie
Make a terreſtrial Gallaxie,
As the ſmall ſtars do in the skie)
I walk to find a true Love; and I ſee
That 'tis not a meer woman, that is ſhe,
But muſt or more or leſs than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wiſh; a ſix, or four;
For ſhould my true-Love leſs than woman be,
She were ſcarce any thing; and then ſhould ſhe
Be more than woman, ſhe would get above
All thought of ſex, and think to move
My heart to ſtudy her, and not to love;
Both theſe were Monſters; Since there muſt reſide
Falſhood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falſify'd.

Live, Primroſe, then and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth repreſent,
With this myſterious number be content;
Ten is the fartheſt number, if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not ſerve their turn, ſince all
Numbers are odd or even, ſince they fall
Firſt into five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

WHen my grave is broke up again
Some ſecond gueſt to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a Bed)

And he, that digs it, ſpies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies?
Who thought that this device might be ſome way
To make their ſouls, at the laſt buſie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little ſtay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where Maſs-devotion doth command,
Then he, that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Biſhop or the King,
To make us Reliques; then
Thou ſhalt be a *Mary Magdalen*, and I
A ſomething elſe thereby;
All women ſhall adore us, and ſome men;
And ſince at ſuch time miracles are ſought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmleſs Lovers wrought.

Firſt we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Diff'rence of Sex we never knew,
No more than Guardian Angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiſs, but yet between thoſe meales
Our hands ne'er toucht the ſeales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, ſet free:
Theſe miracles we did; but now, alas!
All meaſure and all language I ſhould paſs,
~~Should I tell what a miracle~~ ſhe was.

The D A M P.

When I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curioſity
Will have me cut up, to ſurvey each part,
And they ſhall find your Picture in mine heart;

You think a ſuddain damp of Love
Will through all their ſenſes move,
And work on them as me, and ſo prefer
Your murder to the name of maſſacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleaſure in the conqueſt have,
Firſt kill th' enormous Gyant, your *Diſdain*,
And let th' enchantreſs *Honour* next be ſlain;
And like a *Goth* or *Vandal* riſe,
Deface Records and Hiſtories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men;
And without ſuch advantage kill me then.

For I could muſter up, as well as you,
My Gyants and my Witches too,
Which are vaſt *Conſtancy*, and *Secretneſs*,
But theſe I neither look for nor profeſs.
Kill me as Woman, let me die
As a meer man; do you but try
Your paſſive valour, and you ſhall find then,
Naked you've odds enough of any man.

The Diſſolution.

SHe's dead, and all, which die,
To their firſt Elements reſolve;
And we were mutual Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And thoſe things, whereof I conſiſt, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous,
And nouriſh not, but ſmother.
My fire of Paſſion, ſighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy ſad deſpair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's ſecuritie)

She, to my loſs, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched ſo,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as thoſe Active Kings,
Whoſe foreign conqueſt treaſure brings,
Receive more, and ſpend more, and ſooneſt break;
This (which I'm amaz'd that I can ſpeak)
This death hath with my ſtore
My uſe increas'd.
And ſo my ſoul, more earneſtly releas'd,
Will outſtrip hers: As bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A ſeat Ring ſent.

THou art not ſo black as my heart,
Nor half ſo brittle as her heart thou art;
What wouldſt thou ſay? ſhall both our properties
[by thee be ſpoke?
Nothing more endleſs, nothing ſooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this ſtuff;
Oh! Why ſhould ought leſs precious, or leſs tough
Figure our Loves? except in thy name thou have bid
[it ſay,
I'm cheap and nought but faſhion, fling m'away.

Yet ſtay with me, ſince thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didſt her thumb:
Be juſtly proud, and gladly ſafe, that thou doſt
[dwell with me;
She that, oh! broke her faith, would ſoon break
[thee.

Negative

Negative Love.

I Never ſtoop'd ſo low as they,
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them, which ſoar no higher
Than virtue or the Mind t' admire;
For ſenſe and underſtanding may
Know, what gives fuel to their fire:
My Love, though ſilly, is more brave,
For may I miſs, when e'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be ſimply perfecteſt,
Which can by no means be expreſt
But *Negatives*, my love is ſo.
To all, which all love, I ſay no.
If any, who deciphers beſt,
What we know not (our ſelves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my eaſe and comfort is,
Though I ſpeed not, I cannot miſs.

The Prohibition.

TAke heed of loving me,
At leaſt remember, I forbad it thee;
Not that I ſhall repair my' unthrifty waſte
Of Breath and Bloud, upon thy ſighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou waſt;
But ſo great Joy our Life at once outwears:
Then leſt thy love by my death fruſtrate be
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the Victory

Not that I ſhall be mine own Officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate:
But thou wilt loſe the ſtile of Conquerour,
If I, thy conqueſt, periſh by thy hate:
Then, leſt my being nothing leſſen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So theſe extreams ſhall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way:
Hate me, becauſe thy Love's too great for me:
Or let theſe two themſelves, not me, decay;
So ſhall I live thy Stage, not Triumph be:
Then leſt thy Love thou hate, and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

SO, go break off this laſt lamenting kiſs,
Which ſucks two ſouls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, Ghoſt, that way, and let me turn this,
And let our ſelves benight our happieſt day;
As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any ſo cheap a death, as ſaying, Go;

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Eaſe me with death, by bidding me go too.
Or if it have, let my word work on me,
And a juſt office on a murd'rer do.
Except it be too late to kill me ſo,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, Go.

The Computation.

FRom my firſt twenty years, ſince yeſterday,
I ſcarce believ'd thou could'ſt be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours paſt, [laſt.
And forty' on hopes, that thou would'ſt they might
Tears drown'd one hundred, and ſighs blew out two;
A thouſand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thouſand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think, that I
Am, by being dead, immortal; Can Ghoſts die?

The Paradox.

NO Lover ſaith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover;
He thinks that elſe none can or will agree,
That any loves but he:
I cannot ſay I lov'd, for who can ſay
He was kill'd yeſterday:
Love with exceſs of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold;
We die but once, and who lov'd laſt did die,
He that ſaith twice, doth lie:
For though he ſeem to move, and ſtir awhile,
It doth the ſenſe beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is ſet,
Or like the heat, which fire in ſolid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I love and dy'd; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tomb.

Here dead men ſpeak their laſt, and ſo do I;
Love-ſlain, loe, here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I muſt leave my ſelf with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Abſence denies
Each other's ſight,
And makes to us a conſtant night,
When others change to light:
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our Bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit beweep
Words, but ſenſe deep;
For when we miſs
By diſtance our hopes-joyning bliſs,
Ev'n then our ſouls ſhall kiſs:
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet;
Why ſhould our clay
Over our ſpirits ſo much ſway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.

Farewell to L O V E.

WHilſt yet to prove
I thought there was ſome Deity in Love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worſhip, as Atheiſts at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown Power
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our deſires give them faſhion, and ſo,
As they wax leſſer, fall, as they ſize grow.

But from late Fair
His Highneſs (ſitting in a golden Chair)
Is not leſs cared for after three days
By children, than the thing, which lovers ſo
Blindly admire, and with ſuch worſhip woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one ſenſe,
And that ſo lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of ſorrowing dulneſs to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as Cocks and Lions, jocund be
After ſuch pleaſures? unleſs wiſe
Nature decreed (ſince each ſuch act, they ſay,
Diminiſheth the length of life a day)
This; as ſhe would man ſhould deſpiſe
The ſport,
Becauſe that other curſe of being ſhort,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, deſires to raiſe poſterity.

Since ſo, my mind
Shall not deſire what no man elſe can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To purſue things, which had endamag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do, when the Summer Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatneſs, ſhun their heat;
Each place can afford ſhadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-ſeed to the Tail.

SONG.

DEar Love, continue nice and chaſte,
For if you yield, you do me wrong;
Let duller wits to love's end haſte,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring leſs annoy
Than fear, and hope brings greater joy:
But in themſelves they cannot ſtay.

Small favours will my prayers increaſe:
Granting my ſuit, you give me all;
And then my prayers muſt needs ſurceaſe,
For I have made your Godhead fall.

Beaſts cannot wit nor beauty ſee,
They man's affections only move:
Beaſts other ſports of love do prove,
With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love, prolong my ſuit; for thus
By loſing ſport, I ſport do win:

And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a ſin.

My coming near may ſpie ſome ill,
And now the world is giv'n to ſcoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And ſo I ſhall admire thee ſtill.

Say, I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety our ſelves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canſt not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poor,
Give me not all, yet ſomething lend;
So I ſhall ſtill my ſuit commend,
And at your will do leſs or more.
But if to all you condeſcend,
My Love, our ſport, your Godhead end.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STand ſtill, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in Love's Philoſophie.
These three hours, that we have ſpent
Walking here, Two ſhadows went
Along with us, which we our ſelves produc'd;
But now the Sun is juſt above our head,
We do thoſe ſhadows tread:
And to brave clearneſs all things are reduc'd.
So whilſt our infant loves did grow,
Diſguiſes did and ſhadows flow
From us and our cares: but now 'tis not ſo.

That Love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,
Which is ſtill diligent leſt others ſee;

Except our Loves at this Noon ſtay,
We ſhall new ſhadows make the other way.
As the firſt were made to blind
Others; theſe, which come behind,
Will work upon our ſelves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and weſtwardly decline;
To me thou falſly thine,
And I to thee mine actions ſhall diſguiſe.
The morning ſhadows wear away,
But theſe grow longer all the day:
But oh! Love's day is ſhort, if Love decay.

Love is a growing, or full conſtant light;
And his ſhort minute, after noon, is night.

The End of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and *Leander.*

BOth robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water [drown'd.

Pyramus and *Thisbe.*

Two by themſelves each other love and fear,
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have join'd here.

Niobe.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own ſad tomb.

A burnt Ship.

Out of a fired Ship, which by no way
But drowning could be reſcued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foe's Ships, did by their ſhot decay:
So all were loſt, which in the ſhip were found,
They in the ſea being burnt, they in the burnt ſhip [drown'd.

Fall of a Wall.

Under an under-min'd and ſhot-bruis'd wall
A too bold Captain periſh'd by the fall,
Whoſe brave misfortune happieſt men envi'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A *lame Begger.*

I am unable, yonder begger cries,
To ſtand or move; if he ſay true, he *lies.*

A *Self-accuſer.*

Your Miſtreſs, that you follow Whores, ſtill taxeth you;
'Tis ſtrange, that ſhe ſhould thus confeſs it, though't be true.

A *licentious perſon.*

Thy ſins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy ſins increaſe, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary.

If in his ſtudy he hath ſo much care
To hang all old ſtrange things, let his wife beware.

Diſinherited.

Thy father all from thee by his laſt Will
Gave to the poor; Thou haſt good title ſtill.

Phryne.

Thy flattering Picture, *Phryne*, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

An obſcure Writer.

Philo with twelve years ſtudy hath been griev'd
To b' underſtood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius ſo deeply 'hath ſworn ne'er more to come
In bawdy-houſe, that he dares not go home.

Raderus.

Why this man gelded *Martial*, I amuſe;
Except himſelf alone his tricks would uſe,
As *Kath'rine*, for the Court's ſake, put down ſtews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Eſop*'s fellow-ſlaves, O *Mercury*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Eſop*'s ſelf, which nothing; I confeſs,
I ſhould have had more faith, if thou hadſt leſs;
Thy credit loſt thy credit: 'Tis ſin to do,
In this caſe, as thou would'ſt be done unto,
To believe all: Change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in ſtealing, but lyeſt like a *Greek*.

Compaſſion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is ſick, the Broker keeps his bed.

The End of the Epigrams.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealouſie.

FOnd woman, which would'ſt have thy husband die,
And yet complain'ſt of his great jealouſie:
If ſwoln with poyſon he lay in 'his laſt bed,
His body with a ſere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort as can
The nimbleſt crocheting Muſician,
Ready with loathſom vomiting to ſpue
His ſoul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor Kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great Legacies,
Thou would'ſt not weep, but jolly' and frolick be,
As a ſlave, which to-morrow ſhould be free;
Yet weep'ſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealouſie.
O give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us;
We muſt not, as we us'd, flout openly
In ſcoffing riddles his deformity:
Nor, at his board together being ſat,
With words, nor touch, ſcarce looks adulterate.
Nor, when he ſwoln and pamper'd with high fare
Sits down and ſnorts, cag'd in his basket-chair,
Muſt we uſurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiſs and play in his houſe, as before.
Now do I ſee my danger; for it is
His realm, his caſtle, and his dioceſe.

But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coin his Gold, themſelves exile
Into another country' and do it there)
We play' in another's houſe, what ſhould we fear?
There will we ſcorn his houſhold policies,
His ſilly plots and penſionary ſpies;
As the inhabitants of *Thames'* right ſide
Do *London*'s Mayor; or *Germans* the Pope's pride.

ELEGIE II.

The Anagram.

MArry, and love thy *Flavia*, for ſhe
Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be;
For though her eyes be ſmall, her mouth is great;
Though theirs be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat;
Though they be dim, yet ſhe is light enough,
And though her harſh hair's foul, her skin is rough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and ſhe hath a Maidenhead.
Theſe things are beauty's elements; where theſe
Meet in one, that one muſt, as perfect, pleaſe.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask, if there
Be muſk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' uſual place,
She 'hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words, what could we ſay?
When by the Gamut ſome Muſicians make
A perfect ſong; others will undertake,
By the ſame Gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things ſimply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then ſhe is ſingular.

All love is wonder; if we juſtly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, ſoon as beauty, dies;
Chooſe this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the fair be
Like thoſe, which fell to worſe: but ſuch as ſhe,
Like to good Angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis leſs grief to be foul, than to 'have been fair.
For one night's revels ſilk and gold we chooſe,
But in long journies cloth and leather uſe.
Beauty is barren oft; beſt husbands ſay,
There is beſt land, where there is fouleſt way.
Oh what a ſoveraign plaiſter will ſhe be,
If thy paſt ſins have taught thee jealouſie!
Here needs no ſpies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoſit.
Like *Belgia*'s cities, when the Country drowns,
That dirty foulneſs guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and ſo for thee,
Who, forc'd by buſineſs, abſent oft muſt be;
She, whoſe face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the ſea, makes Moors ſeem white;
Whom, though ſeven years ſhe in the Stews had laid,
A Nunnery durſt receive, and think a Maid;
And though in childbirth's labour ſhe did lie,
Midwives would ſwear, 'twere but a tympany;
Whom, if ſhe' accuſe her ſelf, I credit leſs
Than witches, which impoſſibles confeſs.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fitteſt were;
For things in faſhion every man will wear.

ELEGIE III.

Change.

ALthough thy hand and faith and good works too
Have ſeal'd thy love, which nothing ſhould undoe,

Yea though thou fall back, that Apoſtaſie
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to 'all ſearchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another Fowler, uſing thoſe means as I,
May catch the ſame bird; and, as theſe things be,
Women are made for men, not him, nor me.
Foxes, goats and all beaſts change, when they pleaſe,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than theſe,
Be bound to one man, and bid nature then
Idly make them apter to 'endure than men?
They 're our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a gally, yet the gally's free.
Who hath a plow-land, caſts all his ſeed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn ſhould bear;
Though *Danuby* into the ſea muſt flow,
The ſea receives the *Rhine*, *Volga* and *Po*,
By nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'ſt, but oh! can'ſt thou love it and me?
Likeneſs glews love; and if that thou ſo doe,
To make us like and love, muſt I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate 'it; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as ſhe;
And ſo not teach, but force my 'opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity,
To run all countries a wild roguery;
Waters ſtink ſoon, if in one place they 'abide,
And in the vaſt ſea are more putrifi'd:
But when they kiſs one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiſs,
Then are they pureſt; Change is the nurſery
Of Muſick, Joy, Life, and Eternity.

ELEGIE IV.

The Perfume.

ONce, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy ſuppoſed 'ſcapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar is queſtion'd there
By all the men, that have been robb'd that year,
So am I (by this traiterous means ſurpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to ſearch with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a Cockatrice;
Though he hath oft ſworn, that he would remove
Thy beautie's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were ſeen;
Yet cloſe and ſecret, as our ſouls, we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to ſleep out day-light,
And watch thy Entries and Returns all night;
And, when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeem kind,
Doth ſearch what rings and armlets ſhe can find;
And kiſſing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing leſt thou 'rt ſwoln, doth thee embrace;
And, to try if thou long, doth name ſtrange meats
And notes thy paleneſs, bluſhes, ſighs and ſweats
And politiquely will to thee confeſs
The ſins of her own youth's rank luſtineſs;
Yet love theſe ſorc'ries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber thoſe ſweet nights,
And kiſt, and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day; to tell what they did ſee:
The grim eight-foot high iron-bound ſerving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that to bar the firſt gate doth as wide
As the great *Rhodian Coloſſus* ſtride,

Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witneſs any touch or kiſs.
But, Oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
Ev'n at thy father's noſe, ſo were we ſpy'd.
When, like a Tyrant King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch ſhivered;
Had it been ſome bad ſmell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the ſmell had wrought.
But as we in our Iſle impriſoned,
Where cattle only and divers dogs are bred,
The precious Unicorns ſtrange monſters call,
So thought he ſweet ſtrange, that had none at all.
I taught my ſilks their whiſtling to forbear,
Ev'n my oppreſt ſhooes dumb and ſpeechleſs were:
Only, thou bitter Sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterouſly haſt betray'd,
And unſuſpected haſt inviſibly
At once fled unto him, and ſtay'd with me.
Baſe excrement of earth, which doſt confound
Senſe from diſtinguiſhing the ſick from ſound;
By thee the ſilly Amorous ſucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greateſt ſtain to man's eſtate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Prince's hall,
There things, that ſeem, exceed ſubſtantial.
Gods, when ye ſum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Becauſe you're burnt, not that they lik'd your ſmell.
You're loathſome all, being tak'n ſimply alone,
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth ſoon decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes I give moſt willingly
T' embalm thy father's coarſe; What? will he dye?

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

HEre take my Picture; though I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my ſoul dwells, ſhall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are ſhadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or Sun-beams tann'd;
My face and breaſt of hair-cloth, and my head
With care's harſh ſuddain hoarineſs o'erſpread;
My body' a ſack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue ſtains ſcatter'd on my skin:
If rival fools tax thee to' have lov'd a man
So foul and courſe, as, Oh! I may ſeem then,
This ſhall ſay what I was: and thou ſhalt ſay,
Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love leſs, what he did love to ſee?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childiſh ſtate
Did nurſe it: who now is grown ſtrong enough
To feed on that, which to weak taſtes ſeems tough.

ELEGIE VI.

OH! let me not ſerve ſo, as thoſe men ſerve,
Whom Honour's ſmoaks at once flatter and ſtarve:
Poorly enricht with great men's words or looks:
Nor ſo write my name in thy loving books;
As thoſe Idolatrous flatterers, which ſtill
Their Prince's ſtiles which many names fullfil,
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no ſway.
Such ſervices I offer as ſhall pay

Themſelves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favourite in Ordinary, or no favourite be.
When my ſoul was in her own body ſheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kiſſes breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithleſs thee;
Thy heart ſeem'd wax, and ſteel thy conſtancy:
So careleſs flowers, ſtrow'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools ſuck, ſmack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; ſo the taper's beamy eye,
Amorouſly twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burns his wings; and ſuch the Devil is,
Scarce viſiting them who 're entirely his.
When I behold a ſtream, which from the ſpring
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a ſpeechleſs ſlumber calmly ride
Her wedded channel's boſom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and ſwell, if any bough
Do but ſtoop down to kiſs her utmoſt brow:
Yet if her often gnawing kiſſes win
The traiterous banks to gape and let her in,
She ruſheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept courſe,
And roars and braves it, and in gallant ſcorn,
In flattering eddies promiſing return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then ſay I; that is ſhe, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterneſs beget
Careleſs deſpair in me, for that will whet
My mind to ſcorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er ſo wiſe, nor well arm'd, as Diſdain.
Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvey and ſpy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkneſs in thine eye:
Though hope breed faith and love, thus taught I ſhall,
As nations do from *Rome*, from thy love fall;
My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate
What hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII.

NAture's lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that Sophiſtry, Oh! how thou doſt prove
Too ſubtile! Fool, thou didſt not underſtand
The myſtique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldſt thou judge the difference of the air
Of ſighs, and ſay, this lies, this ſounds Deſpair:
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Deſperately hot, or changing feverouſly.
I had not taught thee then the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they, deviſefully being ſet
And bound up, might with ſpeechleſs ſecrecy
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
Remember, ſince all thy words us'd to be
To every ſuitor, *I, If my Friends agree*;
Since houſhold charms thy husband's name to teach
Were all the love tricks, that thy wit could reach:
And ſince an hour's diſcourſe could ſcarce have made
One anſwer in thee, and that ill-array'd
In broken proverbs and torn ſentences;
Thou art not by ſo many duties his,
(That, from the world's Common having ſever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be ſeen, nor ſee)
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a bliſsful Paradiſe.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee:
Which, Oh! ſhall ſtrangers taſte? Muſt I, alas!
Frame and enamel Plate, and drink in glaſs?
Chafe wax for other's ſeals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then being made a ready horſe?

ELEGIE VIII.

The Compariſon.

AS the ſweet ſweat of Roſes in a Still,
As that, which from chaf'd Muskat's pores doth trill,
As the Almighty Balm of th' early Eaſt,
Such are the ſweat drops of my Miſtreſs' breaſt;
And on her neck her skin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeem no ſweat drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank ſweaty froth thy Miſtreſs' brow defiles,
Like ſpermatique iſſue of ripe menſtruous boyles.
Or like the skum, which, by need's lawleſs law
Enforc'd, *Sanſerra*'s ſtarved men did draw
From parboyl'd ſhooes and boots, and all the reſt,
Which were with any ſoveraign fatneſs bleſt;
And like vile ſtones lying in ſaffron'd tin,
Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every ſide,
Like to the fatal Ball, which fell on *Ide:*
Or that, whereof God had ſuch jealouſie,
As for the raviſhing thereof we dye.
Thy *head* is like a rough-hewn ſtatue of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, noſe, mouth, are yet ſcarce ſet:
Like the firſt Chaos, or flat ſeeming face
Of *Cynthia*, when th' earth's ſhadows her embrace.
Like *Proſerpine*'s white beauty-keeping cheſt,
Or *Jove*'s beſt fortune's urn, is her fair breaſt.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in ſeal's skin,
Or Grave, that's duſt without, and ſtink within.
And like that ſlender ſtalk, at whoſe end ſtands
The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands.
Like rough-bark'd elm-boughs, or the ruſſet skin
Of men late ſcourg'd for madneſs or for ſin;
Like Sun-parch'd Quarters on the City Gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable ſtate;

And like a bunch of ragged carrets ſtand
The ſhort ſwoln fingers of thy miſtreſs' hand.
Then like the Chymick's maſculine equal fire,
Which in the Limbeck's warm womb doth inſpire
Into th' earth's worthleſs dirt a ſoul of gold,
Such cheriſhing heat her beſt-lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that *Ætna*,
Where round about the graſs is burnt away.
Are not your kiſſes then as filthy and more,
As a worm ſucking an invenom'd ſore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers ſtill fears a ſnake?
Is not your laſt act harſh and violent,
As when a plough a ſtony ground doth rent?
So kiſs good turtles, ſo devoutly nice
A Prieſt is in his handling Sacrifice,
And nice in ſearching wounds the Surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiſs:
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She and Compariſons are odious.

ELEGIE IX.

The Autumnal.

NO *Spring*, nor *Summer*'s beauty hath ſuch grace,
As I have ſeen in one *Autumnal* face.
Young *Beauties* force our Loves, and that's a *Rape*;
This doth but *counſel*, yet you cannot ſcape.
If 'twere a *ſhame* to love, here 'twere no *ſhame*:
Affections here take *Reverence*'s name.
Were her firſt years the *Golden age*; that's true.
But now ſhe's *gold* oft try'd, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time;
This is her habitable *Tropique clime*.

Fair eyes; who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wiſhes peſtilence.
Call not theſe wrinkles *graves*: If *graves* they were,
They were *Love's graves*; or elſe he is no where.
Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth ſit
Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
And here, till her's, which muſt be his *death*, come,
He doth not dig a *Grave*, but build a *Tomb*.
Here dwells he; though he ſojourn ev'ry where
In *Progreſs*, yet his ſtanding houſe is here.
Here, where ſtill *Evening* is, not *Noon* nor *Night*,
Where no *Voluptuouſneſs*, yet all *Delight*.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at *Revels*, you at *Councils* ſit.
This is love's timber, youth his under-wood;
There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
Which then comes ſeaſonableſt, when our taſte
And appetite to other things is paſt.
Xerxes' ſtrange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being ſo old as ſhe,
Or elſe becauſe, being young, nature did bleſs
Her youth with age's glory *Barrenneſs*.
If we love things long ſought; *Age* is a thing,
Which we are fifty years in compaſſing:
If tranſitory things, which ſoon decay,
Age muſt be loveliеſt at the lateſt day.
But name not *Winter-faces*, whoſe skin's ſlack;
Lank, as an unthrift's purſe; but a Soul's ſack.
Whoſe eyes ſeek light within; for all here's ſhade;
Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whoſe every tooth to a ſeveral place is gone
To vex the ſoul at *Reſurrection*;
Name not theſe living *Death-head's* unto me,
For theſe not *Ancient* but *Antique* be:
I hate extreams: yet I had rather ſtay
With *Tombs* than *Cradles*, to wear out the day.
Since ſuch love's natural ſtation is, may ſtill
My love deſcend, and journey down the hill;

Not panting after growing beauties; ſo
I ſhall ebb on with them, who homeward go.

ELEGIE X.

The Dream.

IMage of her, whom I love more than ſhe,
Whoſe fair impreſſion in my faithful heart
Makes me her *Medal*, and makes her love me,
As Kings do coins, to which their ſtamps impart
The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppreſs weak ſpirits, and our ſenſe
Strong objects dull; the more, the leſs we ſee.
When you are gone, and *Reaſon* gone with you,
Then *Fantaſie* is Queen, and Soul, and all;
She can preſent joys meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you:
For all our joys are but fantaſtical.
And ſo I ſcape the pain, for pain is true;
And ſleep, which locks up ſenſe, doth lock out all.
After ſuch a fruition I ſhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing ſhall repent;
And ſhall to Love more thankful Sonets make,
Than if more *honour*, *tears* and *pains* were ſpent.
But deareſt heart, and, dearer Image, ſtay,
Alas! true joys at beſt are *dreams* enough;
Though you ſtay here, you paſs too faſt away:
For even at firſt life's *Taper* is a ſnuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much *heart*, than *Ideot* with none.

ELEGIE XI.

Death.

LAnguage, thou art too narrow, and too weak
To eaſe us now, great ſorrows cannot ſpeak.
If we could ſigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears and leſſens, that tear's breath affords,
Sad hearts, the leſs they ſeem, the more they are,
(So guiltieſt men ſtand muteſt at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their Eſtate,
But extream ſenſe hath made them deſperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant in th' fifth and greateſt Monarchy,
Was't that ſhe did poſſeſs all hearts before,
Thou haſt kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'ſt thou ſome would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge periſh th' innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou muſt raze it too, that was undone?
Hadſt thou ſtay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies;
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too Saphirine and clear for thee;
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be:
Alas! ſhe was too pure, but not too weak;
Who e'er ſaw Cryſtal Ordinance but would break?
And if we be thy conqueſt, by her fall
Th' haſt loſt thy end, in her we periſh all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we ſhould vapour out, and pine and dye;
Since ſhe firſt went, that were not miſery:
She chang'd our world with her's: now ſhe is gone,
Mirth and proſperity's oppreſſion:

For of all moral Virtues ſhe was all,
That Ethicks ſpeak of Virtues Cardinal.
Her ſoul was Paradiſe: the Cherubin
Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
She had no more than let in Death, for we
All reap conſumption from one fruitful tree:
God took her hence, leſt ſome of us ſhould love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
And when we tears, he mercy ſhed in this,
To raiſe our minds to heav'n, where now ſhe is:
Whom if her virtues would have let her ſtay,
We' had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that ſtrange buſh, where ſacred fire,
Religion, did not conſume, but inſpire
Such piety, ſo chaſte uſe of God's day,
That what we turn to feaſt, ſhe turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here in devout taſte
The reſt of her high Sabbath, which ſhall laſt.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For ſhe was of that Order whence moſt fell)
Her body's left with us, leſt ſome had ſaid,
She could not die, except they ſaw her dead;
For from leſs virtue and leſs beauteouſneſs
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddeſſes;
The ravenous earth, that now wooes her to be
Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree,
That wraps that Cryſtal in a wooden Tomb,
Shall be took up ſpruce, fill'd with Diamond:
And we her ſad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoick's heart.

ELEGIE XII.

Upon the loſs of his Miſtreſſes Chain, for which he made Satisfaction.

NOT, that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armelets of that thou may'ſt ſtill let me wear:

Nor, that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiſt,
For ſo it had that good, which oft I miſt:
Nor for that ſilly old morality,
That as theſe links were knit, our loves ſhould be;
Mourn I, that I thy ſevenfold chain have loſt:
Nor for the luck's ſake; but the bitter coſt.
O! ſhall twelve righteous *Angels*, which as yet
No leaven of vile Solder did admit:
Nor yet by any way have ſtray'd or gone
From the firſt ſtate of their Creation;
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t'appeaſe old enemies;
To comfort my ſoul, when I lie or riſe:
Shall theſe twelve innocents by thy ſevere
Sentence (dread Judge) my ſin's great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And puniſht for offences not their own?
They ſave not me, they do not eaſe my pains,
When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but Crowns of *France*, I cared not,
For moſt of them their natural Country rot
I think poſſeſſeth, they come here to us,
So pale, ſo lame, ſo lean, ſo ruinous;
And howſoe'er *French* Kings *Moſt Chriſtian* be,
Their Crowns are circumcis'd moſt *Jewiſhly*;
Or were they *Spaniſh* Stamps ſtill travelling,
That are become as *Catholique* as their King,
Thoſe unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd piſtolets,
That (more than Cannon-ſhot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of ſome dread Conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as theſe do juſtice, from her courſe.
Which, as the ſoul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As ſtreams like veins run through th' earth's ev'ry part,

Viſit all Countries, and have ſlily made
Gorgeous *France* ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
And mangled ſeventeen-headed *Belgia*:
Or were it ſuch gold as that, wherewithall
Almighty *Chimiques* from each Mineral
Having by ſubtile fire a ſoul out-pull'd;
Are dirtily and deſperately gull'd:
I would not ſpit to quench the fire they're in,
For they are guilty of much hainous ſin.
But ſhall my harmleſs *Angels* periſh? Shall
I loſe my guard, my eaſe, my food, my all?
Much hope, which they ſhould nouriſh, will be dead.
Much of my able youth and luſty head
Will vaniſh, if thou, Love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me leſs, when they are gone;
And be content, that ſome lewd ſqueaking Cryer,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every ſtreet;
And gall the finder's conſcience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to ſome dread Conjurer,
That with phantaſtique ſcenes fills full much paper:
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves and murderers ſtuft his rents
So full, that though he paſs them all in ſin,
He leaves himſelf no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is ſpent,
He ſay 'twill ne'er be found, yet be content;
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Becauſe he is the mouth of Deſtiny.

Thou ſay'ſt (alas) the gold doth ſtill remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain;
So in the firſt faln Angels reſteth ſtill
Wiſdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
As theſe ſhould do good works, and ſhould provide
Neceſſities; but now muſt nurſe thy pride:
And they are ſtill bad Angels: Mine are none:
For form gives Being: and their form is gone:

Pity theſe *Angels* yet: their dignities
Paſs Virtues, Powers and Principalities.
But thou art reſolute; Thy will be done;
Yet with ſuch anguiſh, as her only ſon
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire theſe Martyrs I betray.
Good ſouls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good *Angels*, (for good meſſages you bring)
Deſtin'd you might have been to ſuch an one,
As would have lov'd and worſhipp'd you alone:
One that would ſuffer hunger, nakedneſs,
Yea death, ere he would make your number leſs.
But I am guilty of your ſad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me ſtay.
But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almoſt pity thy eſtate,
Gold being the heavieſt Metal amongſt all,
May my moſt heavy curſe upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled and hang'd in chains
Firſt may'ſt thou be; then chain'd to helliſh pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy Country, and fail both of it and thy Pay.
May the next thing, thou ſtoop'ſt to reach, contain
Poyſon, whoſe nimble fume rot thy moiſt brain:
Or libels, or ſome interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Luſt-bred diſeaſes rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching deſire, and no ability.
May all the evils, that gold ever wrought;
All miſchief, that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poor and gouty age;
The plague of travailers, love and marriage
Afflict thee; and at thy life's laſt moment
May thy ſwoln ſins themſelves to thee preſent.
But I forgive: repent, thou honeſt man:
Gold is reſtorative, reſtore it then:
But if that from it thou beeſt loth to part,
Becauſe 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart,

ELEGIE XIII.

COme, Fates; I fear you not. All, whom I owe,
Are paid but you. Then 'reſt me ere I go.
But Chance from you all ſoveraignty hath got,
Love wounded none but thoſe, whom death dares not:
True if you were and juſt in equity,
I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her, as you did me.
Elſe Lovers ſhould not brave death's pains, and live:
But 'tis a Rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
Or pale and wan death's terrours, are they laid
So deep in Lovers, they make Death afraid?
Or (the leaſt comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?
Yes, Fates do ſilk unto her diſtaff pay
For ranſome, which tax they on us do lay.
Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why
Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.
Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her ſake,
Still in her turn, he doth a Lover take.
And if Death ſhould prove falſe, ſhe fears him not,
Our Muſes to redeem her ſhe hath got.
That fatal night we laſt kiſs'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus deſpair'd, I ſhould have ſaid,)
Kiſſes, and yet deſpair. The forbid tree
Did promiſe (and deceive) no more than ſhe.
Like Lambs that ſee their teats, and muſt eat Hay,
A food, whoſe taſte hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſs, and crav'dſt to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were ſuch.
Here grief wants a freſh wit, for mine being ſpent,
And my ſighs weary, groans are all my rent;
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus, till dry tears ſolder mine eyes, I weep:
And then I dream, how you ſecurely ſleep.
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love All may: He pities my ſtate,

But ſays, I therein no revenge ſhall find;
The Sun would ſhine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love ſhew'd me your tear;
And I had dy'd, had not your ſmile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your ſmile is my wealth;
And as you pleaſe to look, I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he ſaw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiſs.
That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave ſtrength;
And what is loſt in force, is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you ſo,
That his compaſſion ſtill prov'd greater woe:
For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durſt not feel, for fear't ſhould not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been;
The Queen of Chaſtity was naked ſeen:
And in bed not to feel the pain, I took,
Was more than for *Actæon* not to look.
And that breaſt, which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearneſs, from a lump of Snow.

ELEGIE XIV.

His parting from her.

SInce ſhe muſt go, and I muſt mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darkneſs, whilſt I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to ſuffer, when my Love is gone.
Alas! the darkeſt Magick cannot do it,
And that great Hell to boot are ſhadows to it.
Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each ſtar,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
I could lend them obſcureneſs now, and ſay
Out of my ſelf, There ſhould be no more Day.
Such is already my ſelf-want of ſight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.

Oh Love, that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
Or to thy Triumphs ſuch ſtrange torments fixt!
Is't becauſe thou thy ſelf art blind, that we
Thy Martyrs muſt no more each other ſee?
Or tak'ſt thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old *Chaos* in the Pains we feel?
Or have we left undone ſome mutual Right,
That thus with parting thou ſeek'ſt us to ſpight?
No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conſpiring Deſtiny;
Which (ſince I lov'd) for me before decreed,
That I ſhould ſuffer, when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore ſooner now, than I can ſay
I ſaw the golden fruit, 'tis wrapt away.
Or as I 'had watcht one drop in the vaſt ſtream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love, thou'rt blinder than thy ſelf in this,
To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiſs:
And, where one ſad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Juſtice doth, when Favourites fall,
Strike them, their houſe, their friends, their favourites all.
Was't not enough that thou didſt dart thy fires
Into our bloods, inflaming our deſires,
And mad'ſt us ſigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thy ſelf into our flames didſt turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didſt hazard us
To paths in love ſo dark and dangerous:
And thoſe ſo ambuſh'd round with houſhold ſpies,
And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th' ugly ſweat of jealouſy,
Yet went we not ſtill on in Conſtancy?
Have we for this kept guards, like ſpy o'er ſpy?
Had correſpondence, whilſt the foe ſtood by?
Stoln (more to ſweeten them) our many bliſſes
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kiſſes?
Shadow'd with negligence our beſt reſpects?
Varied our language through all dialects

Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the ſecrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
And after all this paſſed Purgatory
Muſt ſad divorce make us the vulgar ſtory?
Firſt let our eyes be rivited quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms claſp like Ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may ſtick here;
Till fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, ſhould ſuch a miſchief do.
Oh fortune, thou'rt not worth my leaſt exclaim,
And plague enough thou haſt in thy own name:
Do thy great worſt, my friends and I have arms,
Though not againſt thy ſtrokes, againſt thy harms.
Rend us in ſunder, thou canſt not divide
Our bodies ſo, but that our ſouls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters ſtill and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams; Love never wanteth ſhifts.
I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
But ſtraight her beauty to my ſenſe ſhall run;
The air ſhall note her ſoft, the fire moſt pure;
Waters ſuggeſt her clear, and the earth ſure;
Time ſhall not loſe our paſſages; the ſpring,
How freſh our love was in the beginning;
The Summer, how it inripened the year;
And Autumn, what our golden harveſts were.
The Winter I'll not think on to ſpite thee,
But count it a loſt ſeaſon, ſo ſhall ſhe.
And, deareſt Friend, ſince we muſt part, drown night
With hope of Day; burthens well born are light.
The cold and darkneſs longer hang ſomewhere,
Yet *Phœbus* equally lights all the Sphere.
And what we cannot in like Portion pay,
The world enjoys in Maſs, and ſo we may.

Be ever then your ſelf, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: ſo
Declare your ſelf baſe Fortune's Enemy,
No leſs be your contempt than her inconſtancy:
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this to th' comfort of my Dear I vow,
My Deeds ſhall ſtill be, what my Deeds are now;
The Poles ſhall move to teach me ere I ſtart,
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my deſire,
Think, heav'n hath motion loſt, and the world fire.
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft ſuſpected, which men moſt perſwade:
Take therefore all in this; I love ſo true,
As I will never look for leſs in you.

ELEGIE XV.

Julia.

HArk news, O Envy, thou ſhalt hear deſcry'd
My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
To vomit gall in ſlander, ſwell her veins
With calumny, that hell it ſelf diſdains,
Is her continual practice, does her beſt,
To tear opinion ev'n out of the breaſt
Of deareſt friends, and (which is worſe than vile)
Sticks jealouſie in wedlock; her own child
Scapes not the ſhow'rs of envy: To repeat
The monſtrous faſhions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation; would to God ſhe were
But half ſo loth to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof: Liv'd *Mantuan* now again,
That female Maſtix to limn with his pen
This She-*Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger (anger feeds deſire)

Tongu'd like the night-crow, whoſe ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*,
That blaſts the ſprings, though ne'er ſo proſperous.
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to ſpill
The food of others, than her ſelf to fill.
But oh her mind, that *Orcus*, which includes
Legions of miſchief, countleſs multitudes
Of former curſes, projects unmade up,
Abuſes yet unfaſhion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Miſhapen Cavils, palbable untruths,
Inevitable errors, ſelf-accuſing loaths:
Theſe, like thoſe Atoms ſwarming in the Sun,
Throng in her boſom for creation.
I bluſh to give her half her due; yet ſay,
No poyſon's half ſo bad as *Julia*.

ELEGIE XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I Sing no harm good ſooth to any wight,
To Lord, to Fool, Cuckold, Beggar or Knight,
To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captain, Knave,
Officer, Jugler, or Juſtice of Peace,
Juror or Judge; I touch no fat Sow's greaſe;
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) ſay there are too many:
I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale
Nor Count nor Counſellor will red or pale.
A Citizen and his Wife th' other day,
Both riding on one horſe, upon the way
I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat;
I ſaw the lecherous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his wife's lip ſteal a ſmack.

Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kiſs his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began,
And ſort diſcourſe fit for ſo fine a man;
I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Ask'd if the Cuſtom-Farmers held out ſtill,
Of the *Virginian* plot, and whether *Ward*
The traffique of the *Midland ſeas* had marr'd;
Whether the *Britain Burſe* did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' *Exchange* diſgrace;
Of new-built *Aldgate*, and the *Moore-field* Croſſes,
Of ſtore of Bankrupts and poor Merchant's loſſes,
I urged him to ſpeak; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worn to his laſt ſuit)
Replies with only *yeas* and *nays*; At laſt
(To fit his element) my theam I caſt
On Tradeſmen's gains; that ſet his tongue a going,
Alas, good Sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now: ſhe ſmil'd and I,
And (in my conſcience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the preſent times with ſuch a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praiſe
To any but my Lord of *Eſſex*' days:
Call'd thoſe the age of action: true (quoth He)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down;
For put to puſh of pay, away they run:
Our only City-trades of hope now are
Bawds, Tavern-keepers, Whore and Scrivener;
The much of Priviledg'd kinſmen, and the ſtore
Of freſh protections make the reſt all poor:
In the firſt ſtate of their Creation
Though many ſtoutly ſtand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-maſter. Thus ran he on
In a continu'd rage: ſo void of reaſon
Seem'd his harſh talk, I ſweat for fear of treaſon.
And (troth) how could I leſs? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wiſe *Lord Mayor*

And his wiſe Brethren's Worſhips when one prayeth,
He ſwore that none could ſay *Amen* with faith.
To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright Sign of a lov'd and well-try'd Inn,
Where many Citizens with their wives had been
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him ſtay,
To take ſome due refreſhment by the way;
Look, how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
And at's return found nothing but a Rope;
So he on me; refus'd and made away,
Though willing ſhe pleaded a weary Day:
I found my miſs, ſtruck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance ſtill) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the ſtreet, promis'd the Wine;
But his kind Wife gave me the very Sign.

ELEGIE XVII.

The Expoſtulation.

TO make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it ſtrong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed pureſt air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's fair?
Is it your beautie's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to ſtudy truth?
Or think you heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or thoſe, it hath, ſmile at your perjuries?
Are vows ſo cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet
Form'd into words, ſo many ſighs ſhould meet,
As from our hearts, ſo many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among (all ſweetned by our fears)

And the divine impreſſion of ſtoln kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? ſign to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, who'ld wiſh you juſt?
O, I prophane: though moſt of women be
This kind of beaſt, my thoughts ſhall except thee,
My deareſt Love; though froward jealouſie
With circumſtance might urge thy' inconſtancy,
Sooner I'll think the Sun will ceaſe to chear
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to bear:
Sooner that rivers will run back, or *Thames*
With ribs of ice in *June* will bind his ſtreams;
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world indures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter yours.
But oh! that treacherous breaſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our Counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his falſhood found too late, 'twas he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me;
Whilſt he (black wretch) betray'd each ſimple word
We ſpake unto the cunning of a third;
Curſt may he be, that ſo our love hath ſlain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pity;
In plaguing him let miſery be witty.
Let all eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each eye,
Till he be noyſom as his infamy;
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his ſoul's price;
And after all ſelf-torment when he dies,
May Wolves tear out his heart, Vultures his eyes;
Swine eat his bowels; and his falſer tongue,
That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven flung;
And let his Carrion-coarſe be a longer feaſt
To the King's Dogs, than any other Beaſt.
Now I have curſt, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;

I could begin again to court and praiſe,
And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort days
Of my life's Leaſe; Like Painters, that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilſt they make.
I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at Masks and Plays
Commend the ſelf-ſame Actors, the ſame ways;
Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtily catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
But being got it is a treaſure ſweer,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

ELEGIE XVIII.

WHO ever loves, if he do not propoſe [goes
The right true end of love, he's one, that
To ſea for nothing but to make him ſick:
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new ſtrong ſhapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monſter make.
Were not a Calf a monſter, that were grown
Fac'd like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman firſt, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilneſs, the application,
The wholſomneſs, the ingenuity,
From ruſt, from ſoil, from fire ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis becauſe 'tis made
By our new nature (Uſe) the ſoul of trade.
All theſe in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.

Can men more injure women than to ſay
They love them for that, by which they're not they?
Makes virtue woman? muſt I cool my bloud
Till I both be, and find one wiſe and good?
May barren Angels love ſo. But if we
Make love to woman; virtue is not ſhe:
As beauties, no nor wealth: He that ſtrays thus
From her to hers, is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every Sphear
And Firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
He's an infernal God, and under ground,
With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound;
Men to ſuch Gods their ſacrificing Coals
Did not on Altars lay, but pits and holes:
Although we ſee Celeſtial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
Nor is the Soul more worthy, or more fit
For Love, than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this deſired place
How much they err, that ſet out at the face?
The hair a Foreſt is of Ambuſhes,
Of ſprings and ſnares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us, when 'tis ſmooth and plain;
And when 'tis wrinkled, ſhipwracks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradice, where we would have
Immortal ſtay; but wrinkled, 'tis a grave.
The Noſe (like to the ſweet Meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an Eaſt and Weſt, but 'twixt two ſuns;
It leaves a Cheek, a roſie Hemiſphear
On either ſide, and then directs us where
Upon the *Iſlands fortunate* we fall,
Not faint *Canaries*, but *Ambroſial*.
Unto her ſwelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think our ſelves at home,
For they ſeem all: there Syren's ſongs, and there
Wiſe *Delphick* Oracles do fill the ear;

Then in a Creek, where choſen pearls do ſwell
The *Rhemora*, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
Theſe and (the glorious Promontory) her Chin
Being paſt the Straits of *Helleſpont*, between
The *Seſtos* and *Abydos* of her breaſts,
(Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neſts)
Succeeds a boundleſs ſea, bnt yet thine eye
Some Iſland moles may ſcatter'd there deſcry;
And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way
Shall at her fair *Atlantick* Navel ſtay;
Though there the Current be the Pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou ſhould'ſt be embay'd,
Thou ſhalt upon another Foreſt ſet,
Where many Shipwrack and no further get.
When thou art there, conſider what this chace
Miſpent, by thy beginning at the Face.
Rather ſet out below; practiſe my Art;
Some Symmetry the foot hath with that part,
Which thou doſt ſeek, and is thy Map for that,
Lovely enough to ſtop, but not ſtay at:
Leaſt ſubject to diſguiſe and change it is;
Men ſay the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem, that hath figured
Firmneſs; 'tis the firſt part that comes to bed,
Civility we ſee refin'd: the kiſs,
Which at the face began, tranſplanted is,
Since to the hand, ſince to th' *Imperial* knee,
Now at the *Papal* foot delights to be:
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Riſe from the foot, Lovers may do ſo too.
For as free Sphears move faſter far than can
Birds, whom the air reſiſts; ſo may that man,
Which goes this empty and Æthereal way,
Than if at beautie's enemies he ſtay.
Rich Nature hath in women wiſely made
Two purſes, and their mouths averſely laid:
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way, which that Exchequer looks, muſt go:

He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Clyſter gives the Stomach meat.

To his Miſtreſs going to Bed.

COme, Madam, come, all reſt my powers defie,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in ſight
Is tir'd with ſtanding, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glittering,
But a far fairer world incompaſſing.
Unpin that ſpangled breaſt-plate, which you wear,
That th' eyes of buſie fools may be ſtopt there.
Unlace your ſelf, for that harmonious chyme
Tells me from you, that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy buſk, which I envie,
That ſtill can be, and ſtill can ſtand ſo nigh.
Your gown going off ſuch beauteous ſtate reveals,
As when through flow'ry meads th' hill's ſhadows ſteals.
Off with that wyerie Coronet, and ſhew
The hairy Diadem, which on your head doth grow:
Now off with thoſe ſhooes, and then ſoftly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this ſoft bed.
In ſuch white robes heaven's Angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men: thou Angel bring'ſt with thee
A heav'n like *Mahomet*'s Paradiſe; and though
Ill Spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this theſe Angels from an evil Sprite;
Thoſe ſet our hairs, but theſe our fleſh upright.
Licenſe my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below,
O my *America!* my *Newfoundland!*
My Kingdom's ſafeſt, when with one man man'd.
My Myne of precious ſtones: My Emperie,
How am I bleſt in thus diſcovering thee!
To enter in theſe bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is ſet, my ſeal ſhall be.

Full nakedneſs! All joys are due to thee;
As ſouls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd muſt be,
To taſte whole joys. Gems, which you women uſe,
Are like *Atlanta*'s ball, caſt in men's views;
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly ſoul may court that, and not them:
Like pictures or like book's gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus array'd.
Themſelves are only myſtick books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Muſt ſee reveal'd. Then ſince that I may know;
As liberally as to thy Midwife ſhew
Thy ſelf: caſt all, yea, this white linnen hence;
There is no pennance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked firſt; why then
What need'ſt thou have more covering than a man?

The End of the Elegies.

EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion on Frederick *Count Palatine of the* Rhyne, *and the Lady* Elizabeth, *being married on St.* Valentine's *Day.*

HAil Biſhop *Valentine*, whoſe day this is,
All the Air is thy Dioceſe,
And all the chirping Choriſters
And other birds are thy Pariſhioners:
Thou marry'ſt every year
The *Lyrique* Lark, and the grave whiſpering Dove;
The Sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The houſhold Bird with the red ſtomacher;
Thou mak'ſt the Black-bird ſpeed as ſoon,
As doth the Goldfinch or the Halcyon;
The Husband Cock looks out, and ſtrait is ſped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more chearfully than ever ſhine.
This day, which might inflame thy ſelf, old *Valentine*.

II.

Till now thou warm'dſt with multiplying loves
Two Larks, two Sparrows, or two Doves;

All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day coupleſt two Phœnixes.
Thou mak'ſt a Taper ſee
What the Sun never ſaw, and what the Ark
(Which was of fowl and beaſts the cage and park,)
Did not contain, one bed contains through Thee;
Two Phœnixes, whoſe joyned breaſts
Are unto one another mutual neſts;
Where motion kindles ſuch fires, as ſhall give
Young Phœnixes, and yet the old ſhall live:
Whoſe love and courage never ſhall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day, O *Valentine.*

III.

Up then, fair Phœnix Bride, fruſtrate the Sun;
Thy ſelf from thine affection
Tak'ſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
All leſſer birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride, and call
Thy ſtars from out their ſeveral boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds forth, and make
Thy ſelf a Conſtellation of them All:
And by their blazing ſignifie,
That a great Princeſs falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new ſtar, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be thou thoſe Ends.
Since thou doſt this day in new glory ſhine,
May all men date Records from this day, *Valentine.*

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame,
Meeting another, grows the ſame:
So meet thy *Frederick*, and ſo
To an unſeparable union go;
Since ſeparation
Falls not on ſuch things as are infinite,
Nor things, which are but once, an diſ-unite;
You're twice inſeparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Biſhop ſtays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways

Muſt be effected; and when all is paſt,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made faſt;
You two have one way left your ſelves t'entwine,
Beſides this Biſhop's knot, of Biſhop *Valentine*.

V.

But oh! what ails the Sun, that hence he ſtays
Longer to day than other days?
Stays he new light from theſe to get?
And finding here ſuch ſtars, is loth to ſet?
And why do you two walk
So ſlowly pac'd in this proceſſion?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others ſpectacle and talk?
The feaſt with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praiſe.
The Maſquers come late, and I think will ſtay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas! did not Antiquity aſſign
A night as well as day to thee, old *Valentine*?

VI.

They did, and night is come: and yet we ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean theſe Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the Bride?
A Bride, before a Good-night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her clothes into her bed;
As ſouls from bodies ſteal, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe's laid: What though ſhe be?
Yet there are more delays; For where is he?
He comes and paſſeth through Sphear after Sphear;
Firſt her ſheets, then her Arms, then any where.
Let not this day then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O *Valentine*.

VII.

Here lies a She Sun, and a He Moon there,
She gives the beſt light to his Sphear,
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe;

And yet they do, but are
So juſt and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor ſtay,
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd, nor to ſpare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no Acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No occaſion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in theſe two do ſhine,
Than all thy turtles have and ſparrows, *Valentine.*

VIII.

And by this act of theſe two Phœnixes
Nature again reſtored is;
For ſince theſe two are two no more,
There's but one Phœnix ſtill, as was before.
Reſt now at laſt, and we
(As Satyrs watch the Sun's upriſe) will ſtay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only deſir'd, becauſe your face we ſee;
Others near you ſhall whiſpering ſpeak,
And wagers lay, at which ſide day will break,
And win by obſerving then whoſe hand it is,
That opens firſt a curtain, her's or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O *Valentine.*

ECLOGUE,

December 26, 1613.

Allophanes *finding* Idios *in the Country in* Chriſtmas *time, reprehends his abſence from Court, at the marriage of the Earl of* Somerſet; Idios *gives an account of his purpoſe therein, and of his actions there.*

Allophanes.

UNſeaſonable man, ſtatue of Ice,
What could to Country's ſolitude entice

Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's inſtinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n ſmaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets ſail through their Sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilſt *Flora* her ſelf doth a Frize Jerkin wear?
Whilſt Winds do all the trees and hedges ſtrip
Of leaves, to furniſh rods enough to whip
Thy madneſs from thee, and all Springs by froſt
Having tak'n cold, and their ſweet murmurs loſt?
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ſt lament
With juſt ſolemnity, do it in *Lent*:
At Court the Spring already advanced is,
The Sun ſtays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
Firſt zeal to Prince and State; then Love's deſires
Burn in one Breaſt, and, like heav'n's two great lights,
The firſt doth govern days, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appear
Before the Sun and Moon created were,
The Prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all Fortunes, Names and Natures fall;
Then from thoſe wombs of ſtars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance a Conſtellation flies,
And ſows the Court with ſtars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd Firmament;
Firſt her eyes kindle other Ladie's eyes,
Then from their beams their jewel's luſters riſe,
And from their jewels torches do take fire;
And all is warmth, and light and good deſire.
Moſt other Courts, alas! are like to hell,
Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like Stoves, for luſt and envy get
Continual but artificial heat;
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digeſt,
And make our Court an everlaſting Eaſt.
And canſt thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there:
As heav'n, to men diſpos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are thoſe Courts, whoſe Princes animate,
Not only all their houſe, but all their State.
Let no man think, becauſe he's full, he 'hath all,
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in Fulneſs but Capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and ſee,
And comprehend the bleſſings they beſtow.
So reclus'd Hermits oftentimes do know
More of heav'n's glory, than a Worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
So's the Country of Courts, where ſweet peace doth
As their own common ſoul, give life to both.
And am I then from Court?

Allophanes. Dreamer, thou art.
Think'ſt thou Fantaſtique, that thou haſt a part
In the *Indian* fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little Spice or Amber in thy taſte?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seeſt thou all good, becauſe thou ſeeſt no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well diſpos'd, and which would fain be gold:
But never ſhall, except it chance to lye
So upward, that heav'n gild it with his eye;
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civil uſe, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion ſprings;
Wiſdom and honour from the uſe of Kings;
Then unbeguile thy ſelf, and know with me,
That Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are ſtill in Heav'n; ſo is he ſtill at home
That doth abroad to honeſt actions come:

Chide thy ſelf then, O fool, which yeſterday
Might'ſt have read more than all thy books bewray:
Haſt thou a hiſtory, which doth preſent
A Court, where all affections do aſſent
Unto the King's, and that, that Kings are juſt?
And where it is no levity to truſt,
Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
Where men need whiſper nothing, and yet may;
Where the King's favours are ſo plac'd, that all
Find that the King therein is liberal
To them, in him, becauſe his favours bend
To Virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou haſt no ſuch; yet here was this, and more.
An earneſt lover, wiſe then, and before.
Our little *Cupid* hath ſued Livery,
And is no more in his minority,
He is admitted now into that breaſt
Where the King's Counſels and his Secrets reſt.
What haſt thou loſt, O ignorant man?

Idios. I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to expreſs it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore ſtay
At a great feaſt, having no Grace to ſay.
And yet I ſcap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd ſome.
Read then this nuptial ſong, which was not made
Either the Court or men's hearts to invade,
But ſince I am dead and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame,
So much as this poor ſong, which teſtifies
I did unto that day ſome ſacrifice.

I. *The Time of the Marriage.*

THou art repriev'd, old year, thou ſhalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,

And ſhould'ſt within five days expire;
Yet thou art reſcu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old Soul, the Sun,
When he doth in his largeſt circle run.
The paſſage of the Weſt or Eaſt would thaw,
And open wide their eaſie liquid jaw
To all our ſhips, could a *Promethean* art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart [heart.
The fire of theſe inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II. *Equality of Perſons.*

But undiſcerning Muſe, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple doſt thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be try'd,
Which ſcorns unjuſt opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man: Should chance or envie's Art
Divide theſe two, whom nature ſcarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the [loving heart,

III. *Raiſing of the Bridegroom.*

Though it be ſome divorce to think of you
Single, ſo much one are you two.
Let me here contemplate thee
Firſt, chearful Bridegroom, and firſt let me ſee,
How thou prevent'ſt the Sun,
And his red foaming horſes doſt outrun,
How, having laid down in thy Soveraign's breaſt
All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them, when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving
[heart,

IV. *Raiſing of the Bride.*

But now to thee, fair Bride, it is ſome wrong,
To think thou wert in Bed ſo long;
Since ſoon thou lieſt down firſt, 'tis fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhould allow for it.
Powder, thy Radiant hair,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou would'ſt wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for *Phœbus*, would'ſt be *Phaeton*.
For our eaſe give thine eyes th' unuſual part
Of joy, a Tear; ſo quencht, thou may'ſt impart,
To us that come, thy' inflaming eyes; to him, thy
loving heart.

V. *Her apparelling.*

Thus thou deſcend'ſt to our infirmity,
Who can the Sun in water ſee.
So doſt thou, when in ſilk and gold
Thou cloud'ſt thy ſelf; ſince we, which do behold,
Are duſt and worms, 'tis juſt
Our Objects be the fruits of worms and duſt.
Let every Jewel be a glorious ſtar;
Yet ſtars are not ſo pure, as their ſphears are.
And though thou ſtoop, t'appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art, [ving heart.
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lo-

VI. *Going to the Chappel.*

Now from your Eaſt you iſſue forth, and we,
As men, which through a Cypreſs ſee
The riſing Sun, do think it two;
So, as you go to Church, do think of you:
But that vail being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.

The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth ſtrive no more.
Then, reverend Prieſt, who God's Recorder art,
Do from his Dictates to theſe two impart
All bleſſings which are ſeen, or thought, by Angel's
eye or heart.

VII. *The Benediction.*

Bleſt pair of Swans, Oh may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never ſing:
Live, till all grounds of wiſhes fail,
Till honour, yea till wiſdom grow ſo ſtale,
That new great heights to trie,
It muſt ſerve your ambition, to die,
Raiſe heirs, and may here to the world's end live
Heirs from this King to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art;
May never age or errour overthwart
With any Weſt theſe radiant eyes, with any North
this heart.

VIII. *Feaſts and Revels.*

But you are over-bleſt. Plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay;
The tables groan, as though this feaſt
Would, as the flood, deſtroy all fowl and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the air, and fall not where they roſe.
Though ſix hours ſince the Sun to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A ſunſet to theſe weary eyes, a Center to this heart

IX. *The Bride's going to bed.*

What mean'ſt thou, Bride, this company to keep?
To ſit up, till thou fain would ſleep?
Thou may'ſt not, when thou'rt laid, do ſo.
Thy ſelf muſt to him a new banquet grow,
And you muſt entertain,
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know, that if Sun and Moon together do
Riſe in one point, they do not ſet ſo too.
Therefore thou may'ſt, fair bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone being gone, where e'er thou art,
Thou leav'ſt in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X. *The Bridegroom's coming.*

As he that ſees a ſtar fall, runs apace
And finds a gelly in the place,
So doth the Bridegroom haſte as much,
Being told this ſtar is faln, and finds her ſuch.
And as friends may look ſtrange
By a new faſhion, or apparel's change:
Their ſouls, though long acquainted they had been,
Theſe clothes, their bodies, never yet had ſeen.
Therefore at firſt ſhe modeſtly might ſtart,
But muſt forthwith ſurrender every part for heart.
As freely, as each to each before gave either hand

XI. *The good-night.*

Now, as in *Tullia*'s Tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May theſe love-lamps, we here enſhrine,
In warmth, light, laſting equal the divine.
Fire ever doth aſpire,
And makes all like it ſelf, turns all to fire:

But ends in aſhes; which theſe cannot do,
For none of theſe is fuel; but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire then, where love's ſtrong Arts
Make of ſo noble individual parts [hearts.
One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving

Idios.
As I have brought this ſong, that I may do
A perfect ſacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Allophanes.
No, Sir, this Paper I have juſtly got,
For in burnt Incenſe the perfume is not
His only, that preſents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Feſtival
Is common, ſince the joy thereof is ſo.
Nor may your ſelf be Prieſt: but let me go
Back to the Court, and I will lay't upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincoln's Inn.

THE Sun-beams in the Eaſt are ſpread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride, your ſolitary bed,
No more ſhall you return to it alone,
It nurſeth ſadneſs; and your bodie's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding Down doth dint;
You and your other You meet there anon,
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in theſe ſheets will ſmother,
There it muſt meet another,
Which never was, but muſt be oft more nigh;
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of *London*, you which be
Our Golden Mynes, and furniſh'd Treaſury;
You which are Angels, yet ſtill bring with you
Thouſands of *Angels* on your Marriage days,
Help with your preſence, and deviſe to praiſe
These rites, which alſo unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dreſs her, and be aſſign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
Make her for love fit fuel
As gay as *Flora*, and as rich as *Indie*;
So may ſhe fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you frolique Patricians,
Sons of thoſe Senators, wealth's deep oceans,
Ye painted Courtiers, barrels of other's wits,
Ye Country-men, who but your beaſts love none,
Ye of thoſe Fellowſhips, whereof he's one,
Of ſtudy and play made ſtrange Hermaphrodits,
Here ſhine; this bridegroom to the Temple bring,
Loe, in yon path, which ſtore of ſtrow'd flow'rs graceth,
The ſober virgin paceth;
Except my ſight fail, 'tis no other thing.
Weep not, nor bluſh, here is no grief nor ſhame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple, unfold,
And theſe two in thy ſacred boſom hold,
Till myſtically joyn'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-ſtarved womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenneſs,
All yielding to new Loves be far for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Always all th' other may each one poſſeſs;
For the beſt Bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
Nor for themſelves, but for they ſoon bring night;
Other ſweets wait thee than theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun ſtill in our half ſphear ſweats;
He flies in Winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadows turn; Noon point he hath attain'd,
His ſteeds will be reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively down the Weſtern hill;
Thou ſhalt, when he hath run the Heav'ns half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The Amorous evening ſtar is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtar incloſe
Her ſelf in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings,
Muſicians, and dancers, take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours, for great uſe
As much wearineſs as perfection brings.
You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beaſt
Reſt duly; at night all their toyls are diſpenc'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts.
She goes a maid, who, leſt ſhe turn the ſame,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now unty,
And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lye
A pleaſing ſacrifice; now diſpoſſeſs
Thee of theſe chains and robes, which were put on
T'adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like virtue and truth, art beſt in nakedneſs;
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better ſtate a cradle,
Till now thou waſt but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be ſaid, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Ev'n like a faithful man content,
That this life for a better ſhould be ſpent;
So ſhe a mother's rich ſtile doth prefer,
And at the Bridegroom's wiſh'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed Lamb, when tenderly
The Prieſt comes on his knees t'imbowel her.
Now ſleep or watch with more joy; and oh light
Of heav'n, to morrow riſe thou hot, and early,
This Sun will love ſo dearly
Her reſt, that long, long we ſhall want her ſight.
Wonders are wrought, for ſhe, which had no name,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

The End of the Epithalamions, or Marriage Songs.

SATYRES.

SATYRE I.

AWay thou changeling motley humouriſt,
Leave me, and in this ſtanding wooden cheſt,
Conſorted with theſe few books, let me lye
In priſon, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
Here are God's Conduits, grave Divines; and here
Is Nature's Secretary, the Philoſopher:
And wily Stateſmen, which teach how to tye
The ſinews of a City's Myſtick body;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them ſtand
Giddy fantaſtique Poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
Firſt ſwear by thy beſt love here, in earneſt
(If thou, which lov'ſt all, canſt love any beſt)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle ſtreet,
Though ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt meet;
Not though a Captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert Courtier
Deign with a nod thy courteſie to anſwer;
Nor come a Velvet Juſtice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen ſtrong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to court his beauteous ſon and heir?

For better or worſe take me, or leave me:
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh monſtrous, ſuperſtitious Puritan
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
That, when thou meet'ſt one, with enquiring eyes
Doſt ſearch, and like a needy broker prize
The ſilk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formal hat.
That wilt conſort none, till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own.
As though all thy companions ſhould make thee
Joyntures, and marry thy dear company.
Why ſhould'ſt thou (that doſt not only approve,
But in rank itchy luſt, deſire and love,
The nakedneſs and barrenneſs t'enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore, or proſtitute boy;)
Hate virtue, though ſhe naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And, till our ſouls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliſs are baniſhed:
Man's firſt bleſt ſtate was naked; when by ſin
He loſt that, he was cloath'd but in beaſt's skin,
And in this courſe attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muſes I confer.
But ſince thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſins, doſt repent
Theſe vanities, and giddineſſes, lo
I ſhut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
But ſooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many ſeveral men in ſin,
As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hoſe,
Name her child's right true father 'mongſt all thoſe:
Sooner may one gueſs, who ſhall bear away
The Infantry of *London* hence to *India*:
And ſooner may a gulling Weather-ſpy
By drawing forth heav'n's Scheme tell certainly
What faſhion'd hats or ruffs, or ſuits next year
Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear:

Than thou, when thou depart'ſt from me, can ſhow
Whither, why, when or with whom thou would'ſt go.
But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
Now we are in the ſtreet; he firſt of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And ſo impriſon'd, and hemm'd in by me
Sells for a little ſtate his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine ſilken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures,
As 'Prentices or School-boys, which do know
Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fidlers ſtop loweſt at higheſt ſound,
So to the moſt brave ſtoops he nigh'ſt the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wiſe politique horſe would heretofore,
Or thou, O Elephant, or Ape, wilt do,
When any names the King of *Spain* to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me and cries, Do you ſee
Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he,
That dances ſo divinely; Oh, ſaid I,
Stand ſtill, muſt you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
Th' *Indians* in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whiſper'd, Let us go,
'T may be you ſmell him not, truly I do.
He hears not me, but on the other ſide
A many-colour'd Peacock having ſpy'd,
Leaves him and me; I for my loſt ſheep ſtay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him, whom I laſt left, all repute
For his device, in handſoming a ſuit,
To Judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
Of all the Court to have the beſt conceit;
Our dull Commedians want him, let him go;
But oh! God ſtrengthen thee, why ſtoop'ſt thou ſo?

Why, He hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which underſtood none, he doth ſeem to be
Perfect *French* and *Italian*. I reply'd,
So is the Pox. He anſwer'd not, but ſpy'd
More men of ſort, of parts and qualities,
At laſt his love he in a window ſpies,
And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me
Violently raviſh'd to his lechery.
Many there were, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of doar
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keep his bed.

SATYRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry indeed be ſuch a ſin,
As I think that brings dearth and *Spaniards* in:
Though like the Peſtilence and old faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out, yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at Bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him, which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by 's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms,
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt Artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?

And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
Th' excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others wit's fruits, and in his ravenous Maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
To out-do Dildoes, and out-uſure *Jews*,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the *Litany*,
Who with ſin's all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make:
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus* only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late
But ſcarce a Poet; jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes,
His title of Barriſter, on every wench,
And woos in language of the *Pleas* and *Bench*;
A motion Lady: Speak *Coſcus*. I have been
In Love e'er ſince *triceſimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got
To ſtay my rival's ſuit, that he ſhould not
Proceed; ſpare me, in *Hillary* term I went,
You ſaid, if I return'd next 'Size in *Lent*,
I ſhould be in Remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters ſhould take place
Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear
More, more than ten *Sclavonians* ſcoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbys rore.

When ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with muſe
Thou waſt and mad, I hop'd; but men, which chuſe
Law practice for meer gain, bold ſouls Repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk
His hand ſtill at a bill, now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretiſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite, or like a King.
Like a Wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing like Aſſes, and more ſhameleſs far
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land:
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover-ſtrand*,
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their Sins, as he.
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuff
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys Wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as Maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances; big, as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardneſs)
Are fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written pays,
Therefore ſpares no length, (as in thoſe firſt days,
When *Luther* was profeſt, He did deſire
Short *Pater noſters*, ſaying as a friyer
Each day his beads, but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer the *power and glory* clauſe.)
But when he ſells or changes land, h'impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,

And ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words or ſenſe; or in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts leave out [doubt.
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the
Where are thoſe ſpread woods, which cloth'd hereto-
fore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old Landlord's Troops and Alms? In Halls
Carthuſian Faſts and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich mens homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no Hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (Oh) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute Laws.

SATYRE III.

KInd pity checks my ſpleen; brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue, which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh, nor weep ſins, but be wiſe;
Can railing then cure theſe worn maladies?
Is not our Miſtreſs, fair Religion,
As worthy of our Soul's devotion,
As virtue was to the firſt blinded Age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to aſſwage
Luſts; as earth's honour was to them? Alas
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy father's ſpirit
Meet blind Philoſophers in heav'n, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie ways and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'ſt, fear this:
This fear great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'ſt thou aid mutinous *Dutch?* and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhip's wooden Sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to ſtorms, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?

Haſt thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North-diſcoveries, and thrice
Colder than Salamanders? like divine
Children in th' Oven, fires of *Spain*, and the Line,
Whoſe Countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canſt thou for gain bear? and muſt every he
Which cries not, Goddeſs, to thy Miſtreſs, draw,
Or eat thy poyſonous words? courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward, wilt thou ſeem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to ſtand
Centinel in this world's Garriſon) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: The foul devil (he, whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole Realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and paſs,
So the world's ſelf, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Doſt love a withered and worn ſtrumpet; laſt,
Fleſh (it ſelf's death) and joys, which fleſh can taſte,
Thou lov'ſt; and thy fair goodly ſoul, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſt joy, thou doſt loath.
Seek true Religion: O where? *Mirreus*,
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at *Rome*, there, becauſe he doth know
That ſhe was there a thouſand years ago;
He loves the raggs ſo, as we here obey
The State-cloth, where the Prince ſate yeſterday.
Grants to ſuch brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd
Religion, plain, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandſome. As among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholſome, but courſe country drudges.
Grajus ſtays ſtill at home here, and becauſe
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like faſhions, bid him think that ſhe
Which dwells with us, is only perfect; he

Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as Wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay Values. Careleſs *Phrygius* doth abhor
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one,
Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that ſo,
As women do in divers Countries go
In divers habits, yet are ſtill one kind;
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
neſs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one allow,
And the right; ask thy Father which is ſhe,
Let him ask his. Though truth and falſhood be
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.
Be buſie to ſeek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeeks the beſt
T' adore, or ſcorn an Image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely, in ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right, is not to ſtray;
To ſleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and ſteep, Truth ſtands, and he, that will
Reach her, about muſt and about it go;
And what the hill's ſuddenneſs reſiſts, win ſo.
Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy Soul reſt, for none can work in that night.
To will implys delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The Mind's endeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the Sun, dazling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth, which thou haſt found; men do not
In ſo ill caſe, that God hath with his hand [ſtand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but Hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy ſoul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be try'd
At the laſt day? Or will it then boot thee
To ſay a *Philip* or a *Gregory*,

A *Harry* or a *Martin* taught me this?
Is not this excuſe for meer contraries,
Equally ſtrong? cannot both ſides ſay ſo? [know;
That thou may'ſt rightly obey power, her bounds
Thoſe paſt her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is Idolatry.
As ſtreams are, Power is; thoſe bleſt flowers, that dwell
At the rough ſtream's calm head, thrive and do well;
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtreams tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through Mills, Rocks and Woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh Souls, which more chuſe men's unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, than God himſelf to truſt.

SATYRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant Map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee, or to be ſeen;
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhew,
Yet went to Court; But as *Glare*, which did go
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd was fain to disburſe
The hundred marks, which is the Statute's curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; So't pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on *Nile*'s ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into *Noah*'s Ark came:
A thing which would have poſ'd *Adam* to name:

Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than *Africk*'s Monſters, *Guiana*'s rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: One, who for a *Dane*
In the *Dane*'s Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'gainſt Strangers riſe.
One, whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, t'whom th' examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are.
His cloaths were ſtrange, though courſe; and black
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been [though bare
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become *Tuffraffaty*; and our children ſhall
See it plain *Raſh* a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe;
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt,
But Pedant's motley tongue, ſoldiers bombaſt,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or *Surius*, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me; He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſillily
Said that I thought *Calepine*'s Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? *Beza* then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I nam'd; here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid; Nay, your Apoſtles were

Good pretty Linguiſts, ſo *Panurgus* was;
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail; then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To *Babel*'s bricklayers, ſure the Tow'r had ſtood.
He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave Loneneſs. I ſaid, not alone
My loneneſs is; but *Spartane*'s faſhion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; *Aretine*'s pictures have made few chaſt;
No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me Virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueakt, O ſir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At *Weſtminſter*,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
Of all our *Harrys*, and our *Edwards* talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; The way to it is *King's-ſtreet*.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique courſe;
So 're all your *Engliſh* men in their diſcourſe.
Are not your *French* men neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they 're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram;
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtile doth dreſs:
And asks, what news; I tell him of new plays,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtays
A Semibrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a lye,

More than ten *Hollenſhead's*, or *Hall's*, or *Stow's*,
Of trivial houſhold traſh he knows; he knows
When the Queen frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows
A ſubtile States-man may gather of that; [what
He knows who loves whom; and who by poyſon
Haſts to an Office's reverſion;
He knows who 'hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe old iron, boots, ſhoos, and egg-
Shells to tranſport; Shortly boys ſhall not play
As *ſpan-counter* or *blow-point*, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us
He knows, what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloys me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more; And as he 'had undertook
To ſay *Gallo-Belgicus* without book,
Speaks of all States and Deeds, that have been ſince
The *Spaniards* came to th' loſs of *Amyens*.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd Spy, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He ſaith, our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the Pirates ſhare and *Dunkirkers*.
Who waſtes in meat, in cloaths, in horſe he notes;
Who loves Whores, who boys, and who goats.
I more amaz'd than *Circe's* priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt my ſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw
To ſuck me in, for hearing him; I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound

By giving others their Sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; But ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine and my forefather's ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid, willingly;
Nay, Sir, Can you ſpare me a Crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ranſom; but as fidlers ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſuch ſtrange things as he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one,
Who fears more actions, doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dream't he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: Such men as he ſaw there,
I ſaw at Court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and, my Miſtreſs, Truth, betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no; Thou, which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun, in all thy journey Vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our Court? I
Think, he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from *Italy*, to ſtand
With us at *London*, flouts our Courtiers, for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap nor

Taſt

Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock and paſt; all whom the *Meuſe*,
Baloun, *Tennis*, *Diet*, or the Stews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the Preſence, and I, (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
The fields, they ſold to buy them. For a King
Thoſe hoſe are, crys the flatterer; And bring
Them next week to the Theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeems they do as well
At Stage, as Court: All are Players; who e'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er *Cheapſide* Books,
Shall find their wardrobe's Inventory. Now
The Lady's come. As Pirats, which do know,
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cocheneal,
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe: Theſe men men's wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds, which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair looſe ſet.
Would n't *Heraclitus* laugh to ſee *Macrine*
From hat to ſhooe himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a *Moſchite*; and lift
His skirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to Shrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by *Durer*'s rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and Waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety,
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters; and a Lady, which owes

Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts;
So much as at *Rome* would ſerve to've thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquiſition;
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuivant would have raviſh'd him away,
For ſaying of *our Lady*'s Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes *Glorius*, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extream only doth
Call a rough careleſſneſs good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he ruſhes in, as if, arm, arm,
He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe, he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo,
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe *Aſkaparts*, men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpy'd Spy. Preachers, which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare
Drown the ſins of this place, for for me,
Which am but a ſcant brook, it enough ſha'l be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Machabee*' modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen: yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs Canonical.

SATYRE V.

THou ſhalt not laugh in this leaf, Muſe, nor they,
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, he being underſtood
May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?
Free's from the ſting of jeſts, all, who in extream
Are wretched or wicked, of theſe two a theam,
Charity and liberty, give me. What is he
Who Officer's rage, and Suitor's miſery
Can write in jeſt? If all things be in all,
As I think; ſince all, which were, are and ſhall
Be, be made of the ſame elements:
Each thing each thing implies or repreſents.
Then, man is a World; in which Officers
Are the vaſt raviſhing ſeas, and Suitors
Springs, now full, now ſhallow, now dry, which to
That, which drowns them, run: theſe ſelf reaſons do
Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring ſtomach, and Suitors
Th' excrements, which they void. All men are duſt,
How much worſe are Suitors, who to men's luſt
Are made preys? O worſe than duſt or worm's meat!
For they eat you now, whoſe ſelves worm's ſhall eat.
They are the mills, which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a waſtful war
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals, th' iſſue your own ruin is.
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſs, know you this?
Alas! no more than *Thames'* calm head doth know,
Whoſe meads her arms drown, or whoſe corn o'er-flow.
You, Sir, whoſe righteouſneſs ſhe loves, whom I,
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous ſin.

O Age of ruſty Iron! Some better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equal it.
Th' Iron Age was, when juſtice was ſold; now
Injuſtice is ſold dearer far; allow
All claim'd fees and duties, Gameſters, anon
The money, which you ſweat and ſwear for, 's gone
Into' other hands: So controverted lands
Scape, like *Angelica*, the ſtriver's hands.
If Law be in the Judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to reſiſt Letter or Fee,
Where wilt thou' appeal? power of the Courts below
Flows from the firſt main head; and theſe can throw
Thee, if they ſuck thee in, to miſery,
To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, Alas! thou go'ſt
Againſt the ſtream upwards, when thou art moſt
Heavy' and moſt faint; and in theſe labours they,
'Gainſt whom thou ſhould'ſt complain, will in thy way
Become great ſeas, o'er which when thou ſhalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before. [more.
All things follow their like, only who have may' have
Judges are Gods; and he, who made them ſo,
Meant not men ſhould be forc'd to them to go
By means of *Angels*. When ſupplications
We ſend to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's Courts if we
Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings; ſo 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
To ſee a Purſuivant come in, and call
All his clothes, Copes; Books, Primers; and all
His Plate, Chalices; and miſtake them away,
And ask a fee for coming? Oh; ne'er may
Fair Law's white reverend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant thefts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny on earth, and ſhe
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who muſt be

Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which ſhe ſcratcheth Suitors. In bodies
Of men, ſo in law, nails are extremities;
So Officers ſtretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no elſe part comes to.
Why bar'ſt thou to yon Officer? Fool, hath he
Got thoſe goods, for which erſt men bar'd to thee?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou haſt bought wrong, and now hungerly
Begg'ſt right, but that dole comes not till theſe dy.
Thou had'ſt much, and Law's *Urim* and *Thummim* try
Thou would'ſt for more; and for all haſt paper
Enough to cloath all the great *Charrick*'s Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more ſhalt leeſe
Than *Hammon*, when he ſold's Antiquities.
O wretch! that thy fortunes ſhould moralize
Eſop's Fables, and make tales propheſies.
Thou art the ſwimming dog, whom ſhadows cozened,
Which div'ſt, near drowning, for what vaniſhed.

SATYRE VI.

MEN write that love and reaſon diſagree,
But I ne'er ſaw't expreſt as 'tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God muſt make thee ſee;
But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou ſay'ſt ſhe's wiſe and witty, fair and free;
All theſe are reaſons why ſhe ſhould ſcorn thee.
Thou doſt proteſt thy love, and would'ſt it ſhow
By matching her, as ſhe would match her foe:
And wouldſt perſwade her to a worſe offence
Than that, whereof thou didſt accuſe her wench.
Reaſon there's none for thee; but thou may'ſt vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her ſex
Shun her, ſhe needs muſt change; I do not ſee
How reaſon e'er can bring that *muſt* to thee.

Thou art a match a Juſtice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats ſhe'd ſcarcely ſtay with thee,
And wouldſt th' have this to chuſe thee, being free?
Go then and puniſh ſome ſoon gotten ſtuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou may'ſt one like this meet;
For ſpight take her, prove kind, make thy breath ſweet:
Let her ſee ſhe 'hath cauſe, and to bring to thee
Honeſt children, let her diſhoneſt be.
If ſhe be a widow, I'll warrant her
She'll thee before her firſt husband prefer;
And will wiſh thou hadſt had her maidenhead,
(She'll love thee ſo) for then thou hadſt been dead.
But thou ſuch ſtrong love, and weak reaſons haſt,
Thou muſt thrive there, or ever live diſgrac'd.
Yet pauſe a while, and thou may'ſt live to ſee
A time to come, wherein ſhe may beg thee.
If thou'lt not pauſe nor change, ſhe'll beg thee now,
Do what ſhe can, love for nothing allow.
Beſides, here were too much gain and merchandiſe.
And when thou art rewarded, deſert dies.
Now thou haſt odds of him ſhe loves, he may doubt
Her conſtancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, ſhe'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine:
For though thou muſt ne'er think of other love,
And ſo wilt advance her as high above
Virtue, as Cauſe above Effect can be;
'Tis Virtue to be chaſt, which ſhe'll make thee.

The End of the Satyres.

LETTERS TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

THE STORM

To Mr. Chriſtopher Brook, *from the Iſland Voyage with the Earl of* Eſſex.

THou, which art I ('tis nothing to be ſo)
Thou, which art ſtill thy ſelf, by this ſhalt know
Part of our paſſage; And a hand, or eye,
By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a Hiſtory
By a worſe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd,
My lines are ſuch. 'Tis the preheminence
Of friendſhip only t'impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her ſons did ſeek a foreign grave
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gain-ſa',
Honour and miſery have one face, one way.)
From out her pregnant entrails ſigh'd a wind,
Which at th' Air's middle marble room did find

Such ſtrong reſiſtance, that it ſelf it threw
Downward again; and ſo when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leeſe,
Withering like priſoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiſt our ſails, and freſh and ſweet,
As to a ſtomach ſtarv'd, whoſe inſides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and ſwole our ſails, when we
So joy'd, as *Sara* 'her ſwelling joy'd to ſee:
But 'twas but ſo kind, as our country men, [then.
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling far
Aſunder meet againſt a third to war,
The South and Weſtwinds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like ſhot not fear'd till felt, our ſails aſſail;
And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
Hath now a ſtorm's, anon a tempeſt's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curſe thoſe men,
Who when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then:
Sleep is pain's eaſieſt ſalve, and doth fulfil
All Offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I ſaw that I ſaw not.
I and the Sun, which ſhould teach me, 'had forgot
Eaſt, Weſt, day, night; and I could only ſay,
Had the world laſted, that it had been day.
Thouſands our noiſes were, yet we 'mongſt all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more,
Than if the Sun had drunk the ſea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt die:
And as ſin-burden'd ſouls from graves will creep
At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear ſo
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, ſitting on the hatches, would ſeem there
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.

There note they the ſhip's ſickneſſes, the Maſt
Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Waſte
With a ſalt dropſie clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-ſtretch'd treble ſtrings.
And from our tatter'd ſails rags drop down ſo,
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago.
Yea ev'n our Ordinance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break looſe, and ſcape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into ſeas thrown we ſuck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailors, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to ſay.
Compar'd to theſe ſtorms, death is but a qualm,
Hell ſomewhat lightſome, the *Bermuda*'s calm.
Darkneſs, light's eldeſt brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; ſo that we, except God ſay
Another *Fiat*, ſhall have no more day,
So violent, yet long theſe furies be,
That though thine abſence ſtarve me, 'I wiſh not thee.

The Calm.

OUR ſtorm is paſt, and that ſtorm's tyrannous rage
A ſtupid calm, but nothing it, doth ſwage.
The Fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now, than a ſtork before.
Storms chafe, and ſoon wear out themſelves or us;
In calms Heaven laughs to ſee us languiſh thus.
As ſteady as I could wiſh my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy Miſtreſs' glaſs, or what ſhines there,
The ſea is now, and as the Iſles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ſhips rooted be.
As water did in ſtorms; now pitch runs out:
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one ſpout.

And all our beauty and our Trim decays,
Like Courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now ſeamen's rage ſupply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No uſe of Lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and duſt, to day and yeſterday.
Earth's hollowneſſes, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor loſt friends nor ſought foes recover,
But meteor-like, ſave that we move not, hover.
Only the Calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fiſhe's Maws;
And on the hatches, as on Altars, lies
Each one, his own Prieſt, and own Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot Ovens do not die.
If in deſpight of theſe we ſwim, that hath
No more refreſhing than a Brimſtone bath;
But from the ſea into the ſhip we turn,
Like parboly'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the Shepherds ſcoff;
Or like ſlack ſinew'd *Sampſon*, his hair off,
Languiſh our ſhips. Now as a Myriad
Of Ants durſt th' Emperor's lov'd Snake invade:
The crawling Gallies, Sea-Gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our Pinnaces, our bed-rid ſhips:
Whether a rotten ſtate and hope of gain,
Or to diſuſe me from the queaſy pain
Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirſt
Of honour, or fair death, out-puſht me firſt;
I loſe my end: for here as well as I
A deſperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all, which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth ſubtily lay
A ſcourge, 'gainſt which we all forgot to pray.
He that at ſea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.

What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or our ſelves ſtill diſproportion it;
We have no power, no will, no ſenſe; I lie,
I ſhould not then thus feel this miſery.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

SIR, more than kiſſes, letters mingle Souls,
For thus friends abſent ſpeak. This eaſe controuls
The tediouſneſs of my life: but for theſe,
I could invent nothing at all to pleaſe;
But I ſhould wither in one day, and paſs
To a Lock of hay, that am a Bottle of graſs.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, Courts, Towns are Rocks or Remoras;
They break or ſtop all ſhips, yet our ſtate's ſuch
That (though than pitch they ſtain worſe) we muſt [touch.
If in the furnace of the even Line,
Or underth' adverſe icy Pole thou pine,
Thou know'ſt, two temperate Regions girded in
Dwell there: but oh! what refuge canſt thou win
Parch'd in the Court, and in the Country frozen?
Shall Cities built of both extreams be choſen?
Can dung or garlike be 'a perfume? Or can
A Scorpion or Torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worſt of all three; of all three?
(O knotty riddle) each is worſt equally.
Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcaſſes, as if none ſuch there were.
And Courts are Theatres, where ſome men play
Princes, ſome ſlaves, and all end in one day.
The Country is a deſert, where the good
Gain'd, inhabits not; born, 's not underſtood.
There men become beaſts, and prone to all evils;
In Cities, blocks; and in a lewd Court, devils.

As in the firſt Chaos confuſedly
Each Element's qualities were in th' other three:
So pride, luſt, covetize, being ſeveral
To theſe three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their iſſue is inceſtuous:
Falſhood is denizon'd; Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man ſay there, Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men are ſpunges, which, to pour out, receive:
Who know falſe play, rather than loſe, deceive.
For in beſt underſtandings ſin began;
Angels ſinn'd firſt, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beaſts ſin not; wretched we
Are beaſts in all, but white integrity.
I think if men, which in theſe places live,
Durſt look in themſelves, and themſelves retrieve,
They would like ſtrangers greet themſelves, ſeeing [then
Utopian youth, grown old *Italian*.
Be then thine own home, and in thy ſelf dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell.
And ſeeing the ſnail, which every where doth rome;
Carrying his own houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home:
Follow (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnail,
Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gaol.
And in the world's ſea do not like cork ſleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſs,
Nor making ſound: ſo cloſely thy courſe go,
Let men diſpute, whether thou breath, or no:
Only' in this be no Galeniſt. To make
Court's hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take
A dram of Country's dulneſs; do not add
Correctives, but as Chymiques purge the bad.
But, Sir, I adviſe not you, I rather do
Say o'er thoſe leſſons, which I learn'd of you:
Whom, free from *Germany*'s Schiſms, and lightneſs
Of *France*, and fair *Italy*'s faithleſneſs,

Having from theſe ſuck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
I throughly love: But if my ſelf I 'have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

WHO makes the laſt a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but ſtill the ſame things reads;
Seen things he ſees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that, which it ſhould be,
Leaves growing, and ſtands ſuch, or elſe decays:
But he, which dwells there, is not ſo; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raiſe.

So had your body 'her morning, hath her noon,
And ſhall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger gueſt, to' whom Sun and Moon
Are ſparks, and ſhort liv'd, claims another right.

The noble Soul by age grows luſtier,
Her appetitè and her digeſtion mend;
We muſt not ſtarve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's Milk and Pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet; You have ſeen
All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps and Courts;
But ask your Garners, if you have not been
In harveſt too indulgent to your ſports.

Would you redeem it? Then your ſelf tranſplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandiſh ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more ſcant
Are thoſe diverſions there, which here abound,

To be a ſtranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choak.
Go, whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they preſcribe to us, are ſmoak.

Our ſoul, whoſe Country's Heav'n, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's ſink, is ſent;
Yet ſo much in her travail ſhe doth gather,
That ſhe returns home wiſer than ſhe went;

It pays you well, if it teach you to ſpare,
And make you aſham'd to make your hawk's praiſe
Which when her ſelf ſhe leſſens in the air, [yours,
You then firſt ſay, that high enough ſhe tow'rs.

However keep the lively taſte you hold
Of God, love him now, but fear him more:
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falſhood like a diſcord anger you,
Elſe be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And Tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promiſe, Sir;
Riding I had you, though you ſtill ſtay'd there,
And in theſe thoughts, although you never ſtir,
You came with me to *Micham*, and are here.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

Like one, who' in her third widowhood doth pro-
Her ſelf a Nun, ty'd to retiredneſs, [feſs
So' affects my Muſe now a chaſt fallowneſs.

Since ſhe to few, yet to too many, 'hath ſhown,
How Love-ſong weeds and Satyrique thorns are grown,
Where ſeeds of better Arts were early ſown?

Though to uſe and love Poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one Art, be no Adultery;
Omiſſions of good, ill, as ill deeds, be.

For though to us it ſeem but light and thin,
Yet in thoſe faithful ſcales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as ſin.

If our ſouls have ſtain'd their firſt white, yet we
May cloath them with faith and dear honeſty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no Virtue but Religion:
Wiſe, valiant, ſober, juſt, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering diſcretion.

Seek we then our ſelves in our ſelves; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to paſs,
By gathering his beams with a Chryſtal glaſs;

So we (if we into our ſelves will turn,
Blowing our ſpark of virtue) may out-burn
The ſtraw, which doth about our hearts ſojourn.

You know, Phyſicians, when they would infuſe
Into any 'oyl the ſouls of ſimples, uſe
Places, where they may lie ſtill warm, to chooſe.

So works retiredneſs in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a baniſhment become.

We are but farmers of our ſelves; yet may,
If we can ſtock our ſelves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treaſure for the great rent day.

Manure thy ſelf then, to thy ſelf b' improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee' and would be lov'd.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

HEre's no more news than virtue; I may as well
Tell you *Calais*, or Saint *Michael*'s Mount, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get ſtomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyl to ſweeten reſt; ſo, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt Court and Town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reaſon free,
But that the next to him ſtill 's worſe than he.

In this world's warfare they, whom rugged Fate,
(God's Commiſſary) doth ſo throughly hate,
As in th' Court's Squadron to marſhal their ſtate;

If they ſtand arm'd with ſilly honeſty,
With wiſhing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like *Indians* 'gainſt *Spaniſh* hoſts they be.

Suſpicious boldneſs to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddieſt days,
When to be like the Court was a Player's praiſe,
Plays were not ſo like Courts, as Courts like Plays.

Then let us at theſe mimique Antiques jeſt,
Whoſe deepeſt projects and egregious Geſts
Are but dull Morals at a game at Cheſs.

But 'tis an incongruity to ſmile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while
At Court, though *from Court* were the better ſtile.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

MADAM,

REaſon is our Soul's left hand, Faith her right,
By theſe we reach divinity, that's you:
Their loves, who have the bleſſing of your light,
Grew from their Reaſon; mine from fair Faith grew.

But as although a ſquint left-handedneſs
B' ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I (not t' encreaſe, but to expreſs
My faith) as I believe, ſo underſtand.

Therefore I ſtudy you firſt in your Saints,
Thoſe friends, whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, acceſſes and reſtraints,
And what you read, and what your ſelf deviſe.

But ſoon, the reaſons why you 're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and ſo paſs Reaſon's reach,
Then back again t' implicit Faith I fall,
And reſt on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
Denies it; if he did, yet you are ſo.
For rocks, which high do ſeem, deep-rooted ſtick,
Waves waſh, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
A *Balſamum*, to keep it freſh and new;
If 'twere not injur'd by extrinſique blows;
Your birth and beauty are this Balm in you.

But you of Learning and Religion,
And virtue, 'and ſuch ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whoſe operation
Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or ſaid.

Yet this is not your phyſick, but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The firſt good Angel, ſince the world's frame ſtood,
That ever did in woman's ſhape appear.

Since you are then God's Maſter-piece, and ſo
His Factor for our loves; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious; and beſtow
This life on that; ſo make one life of two.
For, ſo, God help me', I would not miſs you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

MADAM,

YOU have refin'd me, and to worthieſt things,
Virtue, Art, Beauty, Fortune, now I ſee
Rareneſs or uſe, not nature, value brings;
And ſuch, as they are circumſtanc'd, they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us, ſin t' excuſe,
But of two good things we may leave or chooſe.

Therefore at Court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a tranſcendent height (as lowneſs me)
Makes her not ſee, or not ſhow: all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rareſt be;
For as dark texts need notes; ſome there muſt be
To uſher virtue, and ſay, *This is ſhe.*

So in the Country's beauty. To this place
You are the ſeaſon (Madam) You the day,

'Tis but a grave of ſpices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick cloſe bud diſplay.
Widow'd and reclus'd elſe, her ſweets ſh' enſhrines;
As *China*, when the Sun at *Braſil* dines.

Out from your Chariot morning breaks at night,
And falſifies both computations ſo;
Since a new world doth riſe here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This ſhews that you from nature lothly ſtray,
That ſuffer not an Artificial day.

In this you 've made the Court th' Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane Autumnal offices,
Whil'ſt here to you we ſacrificers run;
And whether Prieſts, or Organs, you w' obey,
We ſound your influence, and your Dictates ſay.

Yet to that Deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous Soul, I now not ſacrifice;
Theſe are *Petitions*, and not *Hymns*; they ſue
But that I may ſurvey the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath been
Of Temple's frames, and beauty', as Rites within.

As all which go to *Rome*, do not thereby
Eſteem Religions, and hold faſt the beſt;
But ſerve diſcourſe and curioſity
With that, which doth Religion but inveſt,
And ſhun th' entangling labyrinths of Schools,
And make it wit to think the wiſer fools:

So in this Pilgrimage I would behold
You as You're Virtue's Temple, not as ſhe;
What Walls of tender cryſtal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, boſom, her pure Altars be,
And after this ſurvey oppoſe to all
Builders of Chappels, you, th' *Eſcurial*.

Yet not as conſecrate, but meerly 'as fair:
On theſe I caſt a lay and Country eye.
Of paſt and future ſtories, which are rare,
I find you all record and propheſie.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No ſad nor guilty Legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the Tranſcript and Original,
The Elements, the Parent, and the growth;
And every piece of you is worth their All.
So 'intire are all your deeds and you, that you
Muſt do the ſame things ſtill; you cannot two.

But theſe (as niceſt School divinity
Serves hereſie to further or repreſs)
Taſte of Poetique rage, or flattery;
And need not, where all hearts one truth profeſs;
Oft from new proofs and new phraſe new doubts grow,
As ſtrange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then buſie praiſe and all appeal
To higher Courts, ſenſe's decree is true.
The Myne, the Magazine, the Common-weal,
The ſtory of beauty', in *Twicknam* is and you.
Who hath ſeen one, would both; As who hath been
In Paradiſe, would ſeek the Cherubim.

To Sir Edward Herbert, *ſince Lord* Herbert *of* Cherbury, *being at the Siege of* Julyers.

MAN is a lump, where all beaſts kneaded be,
Wiſdom makes him an Ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom theſe beaſts do live at jarr,
Is ſport to others, and a Theater;

Nor ſcapes he ſo, but is himſelf their prey;
All which was man in him, is eat away:
And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monſters breed:
How happy's he, which hath due place aſſign'd
To 'his beaſts; and diſaforeſted his mind?
Empal'd himſelf to keep them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corn, where they have been;
Can uſe his Horſe, Goat, Wolf, and ev'ry beaſt,
And is not Aſs himſelf to all the reſt?
Elſe man not only is the herd of ſwine,
But he's thoſe devils too, which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worſe:
For man can add weight to heav'n's heavieſt curſe.
As Souls (they ſay) by our firſt touch take in
The poyſonous tincture of Original ſin;
So to the puniſhments, which God doth fling,
Our apprehenſion contributes the ſting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth caſt
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taſte,
We do infuſe to what he meant for meat
Corroſiveneſs, or intenſe cold or heat.
For God no ſuch ſpecifique poyſon hath
As kills, men know not how; his fierceſt wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At leaſt for phyſick, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be 'his pleaſure, is his rod;
And is his devil, that might be his God.
Since then our buſineſs is to rectifie
Nature, to what ſhe was; we're led awry
By them, who man to us in little ſhow;
Greater than due, no form we can beſtow
On him; for man into himſelf can draw
All; All his faith can ſwallow, 'or reaſon chaw;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a Pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poyſonous, or Purgative, or Cordial,

For knowledge kindles Calentures in ſome,
And is to others icy *Opium*.
As brave as true is that profeſſion then,
Which you do uſe to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you've dwelt upon
All worthy books; and now are ſuch an one.
Actions are Authors, and of thoſe in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

T' Have written then, when you writ, ſeem'd to me
Worſt of ſpiritual vices, Simony:
And not t' have written then, ſeems little leſs
Than worſt of civil vices, Thankleſsneſs.
In this my debt I ſeem'd loth to confeſs,
In that I ſeem'd to ſhun beholdingneſs:
But 'tis not ſo. *Nothings*, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write ſo, than before.
Yet ſince rich mynes in barren grounds are ſhown,
May not I yield, not gold, but coal or ſtone?
Temples were not demoliſh'd, though prophane:
Here *Peter Jove*'s, there *Paul* hath *Dina*'s Fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuſe,
In me you've hollowed a Pagan Muſe,
And denizon'd a ſtranger, who miſ-taught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath ſought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's beſt part, or all it, You.
I have been told, that virtue in Courtier's hearts
Suffers an Oſtraciſm, and departs.
Profit, eaſe, fitneſs, plenty bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
Your, or you virtue, two vaſt uſes ſerves,
It ranſoms one ſex, and one Court preſerves;

There's nothing but your worth, which being true
Is known to any other, not to you:
And you can never know it; to admit
No knowledge of your worth, is ſome of it.
But ſince to you your praiſes diſcords be,
Stoop other's ills to meditate with me.
Oh, to confeſs we know not what we ſhould
Is half excuſe, we know not what we would.
Lightneſs depreſſeth us, emptineſs fills;
We ſweat and faint, yet ſtill go down the hills;
As new philoſophy arreſts the Sun,
And bids the paſſive earth about it run;
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
Only the body's buſie, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipſes and controuls
The quick high Moon: ſo doth the body Souls.
In none but us are ſuch mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: For the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raiſe;
Who prayer-leſs labours, or without theſe prays,
Doth but one half, that's none; He which ſaid, *Plough,*
And look not back, to *look up* doth allow.
Good ſeed degenerates, and oft obeys
The ſoil's diſeaſe, and into cockle ſtrays:
Let the mind's thoughts be but tranſplanted ſo
Into the body, and baſtardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
Theſe, not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities
Caskets of ſouls; Temples and Palaces.
For bodies ſhall from death redeemed be
Souls but preſerv'd, born naturally free;
As men to' our priſons now, ſouls t' us are ſent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
Firſt ſeeds of every creature are in us,
What e'er the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce: hence hath it been,
That ſtones, worms, frogs and ſnakes in man are ſeen:

But who e'er ſaw, though nature can work ſo,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
We 've added to the world *Virginia*, and ſent
Two new ſtars lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T' increaſe with ours thoſe fair ſoul's company?
But I muſt end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath ſome perverſeneſs; for ſhe will
Neither believe her good, nor other's ill.
Even in you, virtue's beſt paradiſe,
Virtue hath ſome, but wiſe degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjuſt ſuſpicion.
And ignorance of vice makes virtue leſs,
Quenching compaſſion of our wretchedneſs.
But theſe are riddles: ſome aſperſion
Of vice becomes well ſome complexion.
Stateſmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad.
For ſo ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good againſt her will;
But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nouriſhment.

To the Counteſs of *Bedford*.

On New-Year's Day.

THis twilight of two years, not paſt, nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who (Meteor-like, of ſtuff and form perplext,
Whoſe *what* and *where* in diſputation is,)
If I ſhould call me *any thing*, ſhould miſs.

I ſum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor Creditor to th' new:
That cannot ſay, my thanks I have forgot;
Nor truſt I this with hopes, and yet ſcarce true:
This bravery 's ſince theſe times ſhew'd me you.

In recompence I would ſhew future times [ſuch.
What you were, and teach them t' urge towards
Verſe embalms virtue; and Tombs or Thrones of rhymes
Preſerve frail tranſitory fame, as much
As ſpice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are ſhort-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but diſſipates as faſt
New ſpirits; for ſtrong agents with the ſame
Force, that doth warm and cheriſh us, do waſte;
Kept hot with ſtrong Extracts no bodies laſt.

So my verſe, built of your juſt praiſe, might want
Reaſon and likelihood, the firmeſt Baſe;
And made of miracle, now faith is ſcant,
Will vaniſh ſoon, and ſo poſſeſs no place;
And you and it too much grace might diſgrace.

When all (as truth commands aſſent) confeſs
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low Ant-hill's duſt, and leſs)
Should name, know, or expreſs a thing ſo high,
And (not an inch) meaſure infinitie.

I cannot tell them, nor my ſelf, nor you,
But leave, leſt truth b' endanger'd by my praiſe,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And uſeth oft, when ſuch a heart miſ-ſays,
To make it good; for ſuch a praiſer prays.

He will beſt teach you, how you ſhould lay out
His ſtock of *Beauty*, *learning*, *favour*, *blood*;

He will perplex ſecurity with doubt, [you good,
And clear thoſe doubts; hide from you, and ſhew
And ſo increaſe your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in Cloyſters and in Court;
Indifferent there the greateſt ſpace hath got,
Some pity's not good there, ſome vain diſport,
On this ſide ſin, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds ſeas, will fix your hours,
Which pleaſure and delight may not ingreſs;
And though what none elſe loſt, be trulieſt yours,
He will make you, what you did not, poſſeſs,
By uſing other's (not vice, but) weakneſs.

He will make you ſpeak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not ſo:
He will provide you keys and locks, to ſpy,
And ſcape ſpies, to good ends, and he will ſhow
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own Conſcience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a diſcreet warineſs,
And (though to 'ſcape than to revenge offence
Be better) he ſhews both, and to repreſs
Joy, when your ſtate ſwells; *ſadneſs*, when 'tis leſs.

From need of tears he will defend your ſoul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that's, he will not) diſ-inroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Goſpel, then 'tis our New Year.

To the Countess of Huntingdon.

MADAM,

MAN to God's Image; *Eve* to Man's was made,
Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her;
Canons will not Church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
Wonders, because they 're rare; but a new star,
Whose motion with the Firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes and sense;
For Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well [bend;
By the Sun's fall, which now towards earth doth
Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heav'n, that's heav'nly things, that's
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then. [you;
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and She
Informed us, but transubstantiates you:
Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new:

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not ſo;
But virtue, having made you virtue, 's fain
T' adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhow.

Elſe, being alike pure, we ſhould neither ſee,
As water being into air rarifi'd,
Neither appear, 'till in one cloud they be;
So for our ſakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great conſtellations, (which, being fram'd
Of the moſt ſtars, take low names *Crab* and *Bull*,
When ſingle planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others ſee;
To ſome you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous Prince far off, to me.

To whom, becauſe from you all virtues flow,
And 'tis not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do ſo, as your true ſubject owe
Some tribute for that; ſo theſe lines are due.

If you can think theſe flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praiſe.
If they were ſo, oft flatteries work as far
As Counſels, and as far th' endeavour raiſe.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poyſon'd fountain ſtill;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you,
But my own judgment, who did long ago

Pronounce, that all theſe praiſes ſhould be true,
And virtue ſhould your beauty' and birth outgrow.

Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God ſhould not be honour'd too,
And all theſe gifts confeſs'd, which he inſtill'd,
Your ſelf were bound to ſay that which I do.

So I but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and Speaker of the univerſe,
A miniſterial Notary; for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verſe.

I was your Prophet in your younger days,
And now your Chaplain God in you to praiſe.

To Mr. J. W.

ALL hail, ſweet Poet, and full of more ſtrong fire,
Than hath or ſhall enkindle my dull ſpirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or ſhall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm ſtay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men ſay, and truly, that they better be,
Which be envy'd than pitied: therefore I,
Becauſe I wiſh the beſt, do thee envy:
O would'ſt thou by like reaſon pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in fortune's gifts, alas!
(But for thy grace got in the Muſe's School)
A Monſter and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh how I grieve, that late-born modeſty
Hath got ſuch root in eaſie waxen hearts, [parts
That men may not themſelves their own good
Extoll, without ſuſpect of ſurquedry;
For, but thy ſelf, no ſubject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill reſound
Thy worth but thine: how good it were to ſee
A Poem in thy praiſe, and writ by thee!

Now if this ſong be too 'harſh for rhyme, yet as
The Painter's bad god made a good devil,
'Twill be good proſe, although the verſe be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme, as thou doſt paſs,
Then write, that I may follow, and ſo be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foyl, thy zanee.
I ſhall be thought (if mine like thine I ſhape)
All the world's Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To Mr. T. W.

HAſt thee, harſh verſe, as faſt as thy lame meaſure
Will give thee leave, to him; My pain and plea-
I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak, [ſure
Feet and a reaſoning ſoul, and tongue to ſpeak.
Tell him, all queſtions, which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaſt in this earth's habitation:
And 'tis where I am, where in every ſtreet
Infections follow, overtake and meet.
Live I or dye, by you my love is ſent,
You are my pawns, or elſe my Teſtament.

To Mr. T. W.

PRegnant again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft have I ask't for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were:

As in our ſtreets ſly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive ſome hope thereby.

And now thy Alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
The body riſen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor ſtarveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my ſoul doth ſay grace,
And praiſe thee for't, and zealouſly embrace
Thy love; though I think thy love in this caſe
To be as glutton's, which ſay 'midſt their meat,
They love that beſt, of which they moſt do eat.

Incerto.

AT once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my ſoft ſtill walks, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurſe, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm houſe, though the Carpenter
Periſh, doth ſtand: as an Ambaſſador
Lies ſafe, how e'er his King be in danger:

So, though I languiſh, preſt with Melancholy,
My verſe, the ſtrict Map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that, for whoſe want I dye.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me things happy are ſent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,

Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, beſtow that love on me.

To Mr. C. B.

THY friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcuſable occaſion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love, I bear to both, ſuſtain
No blot nor maim by this diviſion;
Strong is this love, which ties our hearts in one,
And ſtrong that love purſu'd with amorous pain:
But though beſides my ſelf I leave behind
Heaven's liberal and the thrice fair Sun,
Going to where ſtarv'd winter aye doth won;
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my ſad mind,
Do ſend forth ſcalding ſighs, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To Mr. S. B.

O Thou, which to ſearch out the ſecret parts
Of th' *India*, or rather Paradiſe
Of knowledge, haſt with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vaſt Sea of Arts,
Diſdain not in thy conſtant travelling
To do as other Voyagers, and make
Some turns into leſs Creeks, and wiſely take
Freſh water at the Heliconian ſpring.
I ſing not Siren-like to tempt; for I
Am harſh; nor as thoſe Schiſmatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But ſeeing in you bright ſparks of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had deſire
With theſe Articulate blaſts to blow the fire.

To Mr. B. B.

IS not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
Yet ſatisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey, which thou doſt derive
From the Art's ſpirits and their Quinteſſence?
Then wean thy ſelf at laſt, and thee withdraw
From *Cambridge*, thy old nurſe; and, as the reſt,
Here toughly chew and ſturdily digeſt
Th' immenſe vaſt volumes of our Common Law;
And begin ſoon, leſt my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that, which I ſhould have begun
In my youth's morning, now late muſt be done:
And I as giddy Travellers muſt do,
Which ſtray or ſleep all day, and having loſt [poſt.
Light and ſtrength, dark and tir'd muſt then ride

If thou unto thy Muſe be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that ſtrange Adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
My nurſe (for I had one) becauſe I'm cold,
Divorc'd her ſelf, the cauſe being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamy,
Not my will only, but pow'r doth withhold;
Hence comes it that theſe Rhymes, which never had
Mother, want matter; and they only have
A little form, the which their Father gave:
They are prophane, imperfect, oh! too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry,
Except *confirm'd* and Biſhopped by thee.

To Mr. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a ſlumber be, [me;
Seem, when thou read'ſt theſe lines, to dream of

Never did *Morpheus*, nor his brother wear
Shapes ſo like thoſe Shapes, whom they would appear;
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit;
It is my *Deed of gift* of me to thee,
It is my Will, my ſelf the Legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wiſe melancholy;
That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
Though I ſtay here, I can thus ſend my heart;
As kindly as any enamour'd Patient
His Picture to his abſent Love hath ſent.
All news I think ſooner reach thee than me;
Havens are Heav'ns, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Goſpel and ſtern threatnings bring;
Guiana's harveſt is nipt in the ſpring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals ſo,
As with the *Jew*'s Guide God did; he did ſhow
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our flowneſs is our puniſhment and ſin.
Perchance, theſe *Spaniſh* buſineſſes being done,
Which as the earth between the Moon and Sun
Eclipſe the light, which *Guiana* would give,
Our diſcontinued hopes we ſhall retrieve:
But if (as All th' All muſt) hopes ſmoak away,
Is not Almighty Virtue an *India?*

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to anſwer in ſome proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our ſoul's ſoul is.

To Mr. J. L.

OF that ſhort Roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart
Whether in th' *Engliſh* Provinces they be,
Or drink of *Po*, *Sequan* or *Danuby*,

There's none, that ſometimes greets us not; and yet
Your *Trent* is *Lethe*', that paſt, us you forget.
You do not duties of Societies,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe, [fields,
View your fat beaſts, ſtretch'd Barns, and labour'd
Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your imbracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and ſome beſtow
Upon your Muſe; elſe both we ſhall repent,
I, that my love; ſhe, that her gifts on you are ſpent.

To Mr. J. P.

BLeſt are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and dark's our Clime.
Heaven's Sun, which ſtay'd ſo long from us this year,
Stay'd in your North (I think) for She was there,
And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes and threatens peſtilence;
Yet I, as long as ſhe from hence doth ſtay,
Think this no South, no Summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There ſacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
So may thy paſtures with their flowery feaſts,
As ſuddenly as Lard, fat thy lean beaſts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd yet ever wear
A green, and (when ſhe liſt) a golden hair;
So may all thy ſheep bring forth Twins; and ſo
In chaſe and race may thy horſe all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold;
Thy Son ne'er Ward; thy lov'd wife ne'er ſeem old;
But may'ſt thou wiſh great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'ſt her, and none but her, my pain.

To E. of D. *with ſix holy Sonets.*

SEE, Sir, how as the Sun's hot maſculine flame
Begets ſtrange creatures on *Nile*'s dirty ſlime,
In me your fatherly yet luſty Rhyme [ſame;
(For theſe ſongs are their fruits) have wrought the
But though th' ingendring force, from whence they
Be ſtrong enough, and nature doth admit [came,
Sev'n to be born at once; I ſend as yet
But ſix; they ſay, the ſeventh hath ſtill ſome maim:
I chooſe your judgment, which the ſame degree
Doth with her ſiſter, your invention, hold,
As fire theſe droſſy Rhymes to purify,
Or as Elixir to change them to gold;
You are that Alchymiſt, which always had
Wit, whoſe one ſpark could make good things of bad.

To Sir Henry Wootton, *at his going Ambaſſador to* Venice.

AFter thoſe rev'rend papers, whoſe ſoul is [name,
Our good and great King's lov'd hand and fear'd
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almoſt the ſame,

A Taper of his Torch, a copy writ
From his Original, and a fair beam
Of the ſame warm and dazling Sun, though it
Muſt in another Sphear his virtue ſtream;

After thoſe learned papers, which your hand
Hath ſtor'd with notes of uſe and pleaſure too,
From which rich treaſury you may command
Fit matter, whether you will write or do;

After thoſe loving papers, which friends ſend
With glad grief to your Sea-ward ſteps farewell,

Which thicken on you now, as pray'rs aſcend
To heaven in troops at a good man's paſſing bell;

Admit this honeſt paper, and allow
It ſuch an Audience as your ſelf would ask;
What you muſt ſay at *Venice*, this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for taſk.

To ſwear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor ſhall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 'tis an eaſier load (though both oppreſs)
To want than govern greatneſs; for we are
In that, our own and only buſineſs;
In this, we muſt for other's vices care.

'Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In their laſt Furnace, in Activity;
Which fits them (Schools and Courts and Wars o'er-paſt)
To touch and taſt in any beſt degree.

For me, (if there be ſuch a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be ſuch a thing as ſhe)
Spies that I bear ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinks nothing elſe ſo fit for me.

But though ſhe part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increaſe, God is as near me here;
And to ſend you what I ſhall begg, his ſtairs
In length and eaſe are alike every where.

To Mrs. M. H.

MAD paper, ſtay, and grudge not here to burn
With all thoſe ſons, whom thy brain did create;

At leaſt lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native ſtate.

What though thou have enough unworthineſs
To come unto great place as others do,
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thruſts, I confeſs;
But 'tis not all, thou ſhouldſt be wicked too.

And that thou canſt not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; Go, ſince thou goeſt to her,
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for ſhe
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims *love* and *reverence*,
Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die;
And having little now, have then no ſenſe.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made ſuch to work more)
Doth touch thee (ſapleſs leaf) thou grow'ſt by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child miſ-ſpeak half utter'd words,
Or, becauſe Majeſty doth never fear
Ill or bold ſpeech, ſhe Audience affords.

And then, cold ſpeechleſs wretch, thou dieſt again,
And wiſely; what diſcourſe is left for thee?
From ſpeech of ill and her thou muſt abſtain?
And is there any good which is not ſhe?

Yet may'ſt thou praiſe her ſervants, though not her;
And Wit and Virtue and Honour her attend,
And ſince they 're but her cloaths, thou ſhalt not err,
If thou her Shape and Beauty and Grace commend.

Who knows thy deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run;
A neſt almoſt as full of good as ſhe.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were ſav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When ſhe revolves his papers, mark what ſhow
Of favour ſhe, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, ſhe o'er-skip the reſt,
Mark if ſhe read them twice, or kiſs the name;
Mark if ſhe do the ſame that they proteſt;
Mark if ſhe mark, whither her woman came.

Mark if ſleight things be 'objected, and o'erblown,
Mark if her oaths againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhe grieve ſhe's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my ſpie,
Nor to make my ſelf her familiar;
But ſo much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him, that ſhall be lov'd of her.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

HOnour is ſo ſublime perfection,
And ſo refin'd; that when God was alone,
And creatureleſs at firſt, himſelf had none;

But as of th' elements theſe, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we 're joy'd or fed,
And thoſe are barren both above our head:

So from low perſons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us ſhow,
And but *direct* our honour, not *beſtow*.

For when from herbs the pure part muſt be won
From groſs by 'Stilling, this is better done
By deſpis'd Dung, than by the Fire or Sun:

Care not then Madam, 'how low your praiſes lye;
In Labourer's ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te deum*'s melody.

And Ordinance rais'd on Tow'rs ſo many mile
Send not their voice, nor laſt ſo long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in *Sicil* Iſle.

Should I ſay I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds ſubdue,
But one, 'tis beſt light to contemplate you.

You, for whoſe Body God made better clay,
Or took Soul's ſtuff, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as needs ſmall change at the laſt day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering diſcovers your quick Soul; that we [ſee.
May in your through-ſhine front our heart's thoughts

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the uſe of ſpecular ſtone,
Through which all things within without were ſhown.

Of ſuch were Temples; ſo, and ſuch you are;
Being and *ſeeming* is your equal care;
And *virtues* whole *ſum* is but *Know* and *Dare*.

Diſcretion is a wiſe man's Soul, and ſo
Religion is a Chriſtian's, and you know
How theſe are one; her *yea* is not her *no*.

But as our Souls of growth and Souls of Senſe
Have birthright of our reaſon's Soul, 'yet hence
They fly not from that, nor ſeek precedence:

Nature's firſt leſſon ſo Diſcretion
Muſt not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not baniſh it ſelf, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to ſolder ſtill and knit
Theſe two, and dare to break them; nor muſt wit
Be Collegue to Religion, but be it.

In thoſe poor types of God (round circles) ſo
Religion's types the pieceleſs centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways Diſcretion.

Go thither ſtill, go the ſame way you went;
Who ſo would change, doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Counteſs of Huntingdon.

THat unripe ſide of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adam*'s time
Before he ate; man's ſhape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beaſt's company)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradiſe ſo great a diſtance were,

As yet the news could not arrived be
Of *Adam*'s taſting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free ſtate which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the ſin.
But, as from extream heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's ſhapes, Rivers as brooks,
And loſeth younger forms; ſo to your eye
Theſe (Madam) that without your diſtance lie,
Muſt either miſt, or nothing ſeem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere *Atomi*.
But I, who can behold them move and ſtay,
Have found my ſelf to you juſt their Midway;
And now muſt pity them: for as they do
Seem ſick to me, juſt ſo muſt I to you;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to ſee
A ſighing Ode, nor croſs-arm'd Elegy.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like ſome white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Elſe from his ſlippery ſoul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you ſmile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempeſt of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity thoſe ſigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whiſpers it ſelf away.
Yet ſince all Love is *feveriſh*, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in Love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis Love, but with ſuch faral weakneſs made,
That it deſtroys it ſelf with its own ſhade.
Who firſt look't ſad, griev'd, pin'd and ſhew'd his pain,
Was he that firſt taught women to diſdain.
As all things were but one *nothing*, dull and weak,
Until this raw diſorder'd heap did break,
And ſeveral deſires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did ſtay,
Fire roſe, and each from other but unty'd,
Themſelves unpriſon'd were and purify'd:
So was Love, firſt in vaſt confuſion hid,
An vuripe willingneſs which nothing did,

A thirſt, an Appetite which had no eaſe,
That found a want, but knew not what would pleaſe.
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd!
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both ſigh'd and interchang'd a ſpeaking eye,
Both trembled and were ſick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulneſs, that ſtruck man dumb,
Might well (thoſe times conſider'd) man become.
As all diſcoverers, whoſe firſt Eſſay
Finds but the place; after, the neareſt way:
So paſſion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we firſt ſet out.
It is not Love, that ſues or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part conſiſts of purer fire,
And finds it ſelf allow'd, ere it deſire.
Love is wiſe here, keeps home, gives reaſon ſway,
And journies not till it find Summer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover, but once known,
Is ſport for every girl to practiſe on.
Who ſtrives through woman's ſcorns women to know,
Is loſt, and ſeeks his ſhadow to outgo;
It is meer ſickneſs after one diſdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others ſin and grieve; one cunning ſleight
Shall freeze my Love to Cryſtal in a night.
I can love firſt, and (if I win) love ſtill;
And cannot be remov'd, unleſs ſhe will.
It is her fault, if I unſure remain;
She only can unty, I bind again.
The honeſties of love with eaſe I do,
But am no Porter for a tedious woe.
But (Madam) I now think on you; and here,
Where we are at our heights, you but appear;
We are but clouds, you riſe from our noon-ray,
But a foul ſhadow, not your break of day.
You are at firſt hand all that's fair and right;
And other's good reflects but back your light.

You are a perfectneſs, ſo curious hit,
That youngeſt flatteries do ſcandal it;
For what is more doth what you are reſtrain;
And though beyond, is down the hill again.
We have no next way to you, we croſs to 't;
You are the ſtraight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
Each good in you's a light; ſo many a ſhade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
Theſe are your pictures to the life. From far
We ſee you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dim actions faintly ſhow:
Then find I, if man's nobleſt part be Love,
Your pureſt luſtre muſt that ſhadow move.
The ſoul with body is a heav'n combin'd
With earth, and for man's eaſe nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts, the ſtars of ſoul, we underſtand,
We gueſs not their large natures, but command,
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite:
Whoſe heat doth force us thither to intend,
But ſoul we find too earthly to aſcend;
'Till ſlow acceſs hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearneſs to endure.
Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again,
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
And leave his nature to converſe with fire.
Such may have eye and hand; may figh, may ſpeak;
But like ſwoln Bubbles, when they 're higheſt, they break.
Though far removed *Northern Iſles* ſcarce find
The Sun's comfort, yet ſome think him too kind.
There is an equal diſtance from her eye;
Men periſh too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the Sun-beams equal bright
From the Rays firſt, to his laſt oppoſite:

So happy man, bleſt with a virtuous Love
Remote or near, or howſoe'er they move;
Their virtue breaks all clouds, that might annoy;
There is no Emptineſs, but all is Joy.
He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
To ſtile his wandring rage of paſſion *Love*.
Love, that imports in every thing delight,
Is fancied by the Soul, not appetite;
Why love among the virtues is not known,
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

A Dialogue between Sir Henry Wootton, *and Mr.* Donne.

IF her diſdain leaſt change in you can move,
You do not love;
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You ſell deſire.
Love is not love, but given free;
And ſo is mine, ſo ſhould yours be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of other's moan,
To mine is ſtone;
Her eyes, that weep a ſtranger's eyes to ſee,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I ſo well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my ſmart.

Say her diſdainings juſtly muſt be grac'd
With name of *chaſt*;
And that ſhe frowns, leſt longing ſhould exceed,
And raging breed;
So her diſdains can ne'er offend;
Unleſs ſelf-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold diſdain
Kills that again;

As water cauſeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all conſume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's ſelf for love's own ſake?

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart,
To have no part;
Nor roaſt in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May ſhew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be ſometimes for phyſick good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is ſure
A gentler Cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never ſhould to publique tend?

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

Begun in France, *but never perfected.*

THough I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) Court enough in my grave;
As oft as there I think my ſelf to be,
So many reſurrections waken me;
That thankfulneſs your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot:
This ſeaſon, as 'tis *Eaſter*, as 'tis ſpring,
Muſt both to growth and to confeſſion bring
My thoughts diſpos'd unto your influence, ſo
Theſe verſes bud, ſo theſe confeſſions grow;
Firſt I confeſs I have to others lent
Your ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent
Your treaſure, for ſince I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown

In you, I ſhould not think or ſay they ſhine,
(So as I have) in any other Myne;
Next I confeſs this my confeſſion,
For 'tis ſome fault thus much to touch upon
Your praiſe to you, where half rights, ſeem too much
And make your mind's ſincere complexion bluſh.
Next I confeſs my' impenitence; for I
Can ſcarce repent my firſt fault, ſince thereby
Remote low Spirits, which ſhall ne'er read you,
May in leſs leſſons find enough to do,
By ſtudying Copies, not Originals;
Deſunt cætera.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, *and Mrs.* Eſſex Riche, *from* Amyens.

MADAM,

HEre, where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much ſchiſm to be ſingular,
And 'gainſt a practice general to war.

Yet turning to Saints ſhould my 'humility
To other Saint than you directed be,
That were to make my ſchiſm hereſie.

Nor would I be a Convertite ſo cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply ſold.

Where, becauſe Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it ſome Apoſtleſhip in me
To ſpeak things, which by Faith alone I ſee.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or ſpent;
They 're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not ſo
In their whole ſubſtance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at ſeaſons ſhow.

For when through taſtleſs flat humility
In dough-bak'd men ſome harmleſſneſs we ſee,
'Tis but his *Flegm* that's *Virtuous*, and not He:

So is the Blood ſometimes; Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a *ſanguine*-Virtuous man.

So Cloyſter'd men, who in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Virtue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spiritual *Cholerique* Critiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this Zeal Virtue but in their *Gall*.

We 're thus but parcel gilt; to Gold we 're grown,
When Virtue is our Soul's complexion;
Who knows his Virtue's name or place, hath none.

Virtue's but aguiſh, when 'tis ſeveral,
By occaſion wak'd and circumſtantial;
True virtue's *Soul*, Always in all deeds *All*.

This Virtue thinking to give dignity
To your ſoul, found there no infirmity;
For your ſoul was as good Virtue as ſhe.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you,
Which is ſcarce leſs than ſoul, as ſhe could do,
And ſo hath made your beauty Virtue too.

Hence

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As others, with prophane and ſenſual Darts,
But as an influence virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if ſuch friends by th' honour of your ſight
Grow capable of this ſo great a light,
As to partake your virtues, and their might:

What muſt I think that influence muſt do,
Where it finds ſympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the ſame ſtuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy Siſter; ſhe,
Of whom if, what in this my Extaſie
And revelation of you both I ſee,

I ſhould write here, as in ſhort Galleries
The Maſter at the end large glaſſes ties,
So to preſent the room twice to our eyes:

So I ſhould give this letter length, and ſay
That which I ſaid of you; there is no way
From either, but to th' other, not to ſtray.

May therefore this b' enough to teſtify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that believes himſelf, doth never lie.

To the Counteſs of Salisbury. Auguſt, 1614.

FAIR, Great, and Good, ſince ſeeing you we ſee
What Heav'n can do, what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty ſhines, now when the Sun,
Grown ſtale, is to ſo low a value run,
That his diſhevel'd beams and ſcatter'd fires
Serve but for Ladie's Periwigs and Tyres

In Lover's Sonets: you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, ſhrunk and dry'd,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into ſand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himſelf to ſtand,
Integrity, friendſhip and confidence,
(Cements of greatneſs) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little ſhares,
Courts, City, Church, are all ſhops of ſmall-wares,
All having blown to ſparks their noble fire,
And drawn their ſound gold ingot into wyre;
All trying by a love of littleneſs
To make abridgments and to draw to leſs,
Even that nothing, which at firſt we were;
Since in theſe times your greatneſs doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that Man, to get
Towards him that's infinite, muſt firſt be great.
Since in an age ſo ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuſe, much leſs mend it,
(For who can judge or witneſs of thoſe times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he, that would be good, is thought by all
A monſter, or at beſt phantaſtical:
Since now you durſt be good, and that I do
Diſcern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your *light*, largeneſs, virtue underſtood:
If in this ſacrifice of mine be ſhown
Any ſmall ſpark of theſe, call it your own:
And if things like theſe have been ſaid by me
Of others; call not that Idolatry.
For had God made man firſt, and man had ſeen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay
Of thoſe fair creatures, which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,

He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay,
And not be chid for praiſing yeſterday:
So though ſome things are not together true,
As, that another's worthieſt, and, that you:
Yet to ſay ſo doth not condemn a man,
If, when he ſpoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our ſoul grows?
We firſt have ſouls of growth, and ſenſe; and thoſe,
When our laſt ſoul, our ſoul immortal, came,
Were ſwallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure thoſe ſouls, which doth caſt
The power and praiſe of both them on the laſt;
No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The ſame things now, which I ador'd before,
The ſubject chang'd, and meaſure; the ſame thing
In a low Conſtable and in the King
I reverence; His power to work on me:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to find their *home*.
And as I owe my firſt ſouls thanks, that they
For my laſt ſoul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whoſe worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great leſſon, thus to ſtudy you;
Which none, not reading others firſt, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark Cave, yea, in a Grave do lie;
For as your fellow Angels, ſo you do
Illuſtrate them, who come to ſtudy you.
The firſt, whom we in Hiſtories do find
To have profeſt all Arts, was one born blind:
He lackt thoſe eyes beaſts have as well as we,
Not thoſe, by which Angels are ſeen and ſee;
So, though I'm born without thoſe eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none her ſelf, doth give,
Which are fit means to ſee bright courts and you,
Yet may I ſee you thus, as now I do;

I ſhall by that all goodneſs have diſcern'd,
And, though I burn my Library, be learn'd.

To the Lady BEDFORD.

YOU that are ſhe and you, *that's* double ſhe,
In her dead face half of your ſelf ſhall ſee;
She was the other part; for ſo they do,
Which build them friendſhips, become one of two;
So two, that but themſelves no third can fit,
Which were to be ſo, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth *Cuſco* and *Muſco* take,
As divers ſtars one Conſtellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, ſo
Both but one means to ſee, one way to go.
Had you dy'd firſt, a carcaſs ſhe had been;
And we your rich Tomb in her face had ſeen.
She like the ſoul is gone, and you here ſtay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay;
And ſince you act that part, As men ſay, here
Lies ſuch a Prince, when but one part is there;
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, ſo we all reverence you;
For ſuch a friendſhip who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before?
Not all, as if ſome periſhed by this,
But ſo, as all in you contracted is;
As of this all though many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, ſhall ſtay.
And though diffus'd, and ſpread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one All unite:
So Madam, as her Soul to heav'n is fled,
Her fleſh reſts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtues do, as to their proper ſphear,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular;
So they to you, their ſea, whence leſs ſtreams are,

She was all ſpices, you all metals; ſo
In you two we did both rich *Indias* know.
And as no fire nor ruſt can ſpend or waſte
One dram of Gold, but what was firſt ſhall laſt;
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, ſalt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So to your ſelf you may additions take,
But nothing can you leſs or changed make.
Seek not, in ſeeking new, to ſeem to doubt,
That you can match her, or not be without;
But let ſome faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of *Judith* no ſuch book as ſhe.

SAPPHO *to* PHILÆNIS.

WHERE is that holy fire, which *Verſe* is ſaid
To have? is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verſe, that draws *Nature*'s works from *Nature*'s law,
Thee, her beſt work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old *Poetique* fire;
Why quench'd they not as well that of *deſire?*
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee;
But I, their maker, want their liberty:
Only thine image in my heart doth ſit;
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am robb'd of *Picture*, *Heart* and *Senſe*.
Dwells with me ſtill mine irkſome *Memory:*
Which both to keep and loſe grieves equally.
That tells how fair thou art: Thou art ſo fair,
As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blind men ſee,
What things *gods* are, I ſay they're like to thee.
For if we juſtly call each ſilly *man*
A *little world*, what ſhall we call thee then?
Thou art not ſoft, and clear, and ſtraight, and fair,
As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars* and *Lillies* are;

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my *Phao* a while, but ſhall be never
As thou waſt, art, and, oh! may'ſt thou be ever.
Here lovers ſwear in their *Idolatry*,
That I am ſuch; but *Grief* diſcolours me:
And yet I grieve the leſs, leſt grief remove
My beauty, and make m'unworthy of thy love.
Plays ſome ſoft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
A mutual feeling, which ſhould ſweeten it.
His chin a thorny hairy unevenneſs
Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſs.
Thy body is a natural *Paradiſe*,
In whoſe ſelf, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,
Nor needs *perfection*; why ſhouldſt thou then
Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
Men leave behind them that, which their ſin ſhows,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows;
But of our dalliance no more ſigns there are,
Than *Fiſhes* leave in ſtreams, or *Birds* in air.
And between us all ſweetneſs may be had;
All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs differ from thy two,
But ſo, as thine from one another do:
And, oh! no more; the likeneſs being ſuch,
Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to ſtrange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why ſhould they breaſt to breaſt, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneſs begets ſuch ſtrange ſelf-flattery,
That touching my ſelf, all ſeems done to thee.
My ſelf I embrace, and mine own hands I kiſs,
And amorouſly thank my ſelf for this.
Me in my glaſs I call thee; but, alas!
When I would kiſs, tears dim mine *eyes* and *glaſs*.
O cure this loving madneſs, and reſtore
Me to me; thee my *half*, my *all*, my *more*.
So may thy cheek's red outwear ſcarlet die,
And their white Whiteneſs of the *Galaxy*;

So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men love*;
And ſo be change and ſickneſs far from thee,
As thou, by coming near, keep'ſt them from me.

To BEN. JOHNSON, Jan. 6, 1603.

THE State and men's affairs are the beſt play
Next yours; 'Tis not more nor leſs than due praiſe:
Write, but touch not the much deſcending race
Of Lord's houſes, ſo ſettled in worth's place,
As but themſelves none think them uſurpers:
It is no fault in thee to ſuffer theirs.
If the Queen maſque, or King a hunting go,
Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
Like Them in goodneſs that Court ne'er will be,
For that were virtue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thruſt out. It is but thus
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us.
Judge of ſtrangers, truſt and believe your friend,
And ſo me; and when I true friendſhip end,
With guilty conſcience let me be worſe ſtung
Than with *Popham*'s ſentence thieves, or *Cook*'s tongue
Traitors are. Friends are our ſelves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and my ſelf as Counſel:
Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your ſtudies flout:
Let them ſcorn Hell, they will a Serjeant fear,
More than we them; that ere long God may forbear,
But Creditors will not. Let them increaſe
In riot and exceſs, as their means ceaſe;
Let them ſcorn him that made them, and ſtill ſhun
His Grace, but love the whore, who hath undone
Them and their ſouls. But, that they that allow
But one God, ſhould have religions enow

For the Queen's Maſque, and their husbands, for more
Than all the *Gentiles* knew or *Atlas* bore.
Well, let all paſs, and truſt him, who nor cracks
The bruiſed Reed, nor quencheth ſmoaking Flax.

To BEN. JOHNSON, 9 Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will ſpare my ſelf;
If mean, I will ſpare them; I know, the pelf,
Which is ill got, the Owner doth upbraid;
It may corrupt a Judge, make me afraid
And a Jury: But 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himſelf be Judge, he guilty is.
What care I though of weakneſs men tax me?
I'd rather ſufferer than doer be;
That I did truſt it was my Nature's praiſe,
For breach of word I knew but as a phraſe.
That judgment is, that ſurely can compriſe
The world in precepts, moſt happy and moſt wiſe.
What though? Though leſs, yet ſome of both have we,
Who have learn'd it by uſe and miſery.
Poor I, whom every petty croſs doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt, that's done me double,
Am of this (though it ſhould ſink me) careleſs,
It would but force me t' a ſtricter goodneſs.
They have great gain of me, who gain do win
(If ſuch gain be not loſs) from every ſin.
The ſtanding of great men's lives would afford
A pretty ſum, if God would ſell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they're likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidſt my evils,
If good, like Gods; the naught are ſo like Devils.

To Sir THO. ROWE. 1603.

Dear Tom.

TELL her, if ſhe to hired ſervants ſhew
Diſlike, before they take their leave they go;
When nobler ſpirits ſtart at no diſgrace;
For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave ſhe ask,
Ask her again why ſhe did not unmask.
Was ſhe or proud or cruel, or knew ſhe
'Twould make my loſs more felt, and pity'd me?
Or did ſhe fear one kiſs might ſtay for moe?
Or elſe was ſhe unwilling I ſhould go?
I think the beſt, and love ſo faithfully,
I cannot chooſe but think that ſhe loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her try
How in her ſervice I would fructify.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times paſt true.
Then he, whoſe wit and verſe grows now ſo lame,
With ſongs to her will the *wild Iriſh* tame.
Howe'er I'll wear the black and white ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine ſhall ſtand.
I do eſteem her favour, not the ſtuff;
If what I have was given, I've enough,
And all's well, for had ſhe lov'd, I had not had
All my friend's hate; for now departing ſad
I feel not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout
Cures, ſo hath *this* worſe grief *that* quite put out:
My firſt diſeaſe nought but that worſe cureth,
Which (I dare foreſay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late ſhe grieve ſhe lov'd me not.
Burdened with this, I was to depart leſs
Willing than thoſe which die, and not confeſs.

The End of the Letters.

ANATOMIE

OF THE

WORLD.

Wherein, by occaſion of the untimely death of Miſtreſs ELIZABETH DRURY, *the frailty and the decay of this whole world is repreſented.*

The FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the praiſe of the dead, and the ANATOMIE.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to ſee
This world of wit in his Anatomie:
No evil wants his good; ſo wilder heirs
Bedew their Father's Tombs with forced tears,
Whoſe 'ſtate requites their loſs: while thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I conſent the world is dead,
While this Muſe lives? which in his ſpirit's ſtead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In ſpight of loſs or frail mortality?
And thou the ſubject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldſt not have found nor ſought

A fitter time to yield to thy ſad Fate,
Than while this ſpirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth ſo well to our laſt Nephew's eyne,
That they ſhall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where ſtrives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task, which thy fair goodneſs made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch:
Enough it is to praiſe them that praiſe thee,
And ſay, that but enough thoſe praiſes be,
Which, hadſt thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modeſt red:
Death bars reward and ſhame; when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis ſafe to give the dead their own.
As then the wiſe *Ægyptians* wont to lay
More on their Tombs than Houſes: theſe of clay,
But thoſe of braſs or marble were: ſo we
Give more unto thy Ghoſt than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'ſt to us,
And may'ſt but thank thy ſelf, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'ſt and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profeſt all due, where 'tis repaid.
So theſe high ſongs, that to thee ſuited bin,
Serve but to ſound thy Maker's praiſe and thine;
Which thy dear ſoul as ſweetly ſings to him
Amid the Choir of Saints and Seraphim,
As any Angel's tongues can ſing of thee;
The ſubjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did preſage
What high part thou bear'ſt in thoſe beſt of Songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin Soul, whoſe loſsful gain
Thy love-ſick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in ſongs forgot,
Till we ſhall ſing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomie of the World.

The First Anniverſary.

WHEN that rich Soul, which to her heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they've one,
(For who is ſure he hath a Soul, unleſs
It ſee, and judge, and follow worthineſs,
And by deeds praiſe it? he, who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate ſoul, but 'tis not his)
When that Queen ended here her progreſs time,
And as t'her ſtanding houſe to heav'n did climb;
Where loth to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Choir and Song:
This World in that great earthquake languiſhed;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the ſtrongeſt vital ſpirits out:
But ſuccour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did loſe, or gain in this,
(Becauſe ſince now no other way there is
But goodneſs, to ſee her, whom all would ſee,
All muſt endeavour to be good as ſhe)
This great conſumption to a fever turn'd,
And ſo the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And as men think that Agues phyſick are,
And th' Ague being ſpent, give over Care:
So thou, ſick world, miſtak'ſt thy ſelf to be
Well, when alas thou'rt in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'ſt have better ſpar'd the Sun, or Man.
That wound was deep; but 'tis more miſery,
That thou haſt loſt thy ſenſe and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worſe, that thou art ſpeechleſs grown.
Thou haſt forgot thy name thou hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhe, and her thou haſt o'erpaſt.

For as a child kept from the Font, until
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The Ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadſt laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forgett'ſt to celebrate thy name.
Some months ſhe hath been dead (but being dead,
Meaſures of time are all determined)
But long ſhe 'hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us, who it is that's gone.
But as in States doubtful of future heirs,
When ſickneſs without remedie impairs
The preſent Prince, they're loth it ſhould be ſaid,
The Prince doth languiſh, or the Prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A ſtrong example gone, equal to law,
The Cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now reſolv'd and ſlack'd,
Thought it ſome blaſphemy to ſay She' was dead,
Or that our weakneſs was diſcovered
In that confeſſion; therefore ſpoke no more,
Than tongues, the Soul being gone, the loſs deplore.
But though it be too late to ſuccour thee,
Sick World, yea dead, yea putrified, ſince ſhe,
Thy intrinſique balm and thy preſervative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (ſince no man can make thee live) will trie
What we may gain by thy Anatomie.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy pureſt part.
Let no man ſay, the world it ſelf being dead,
'Tis labour loſt to have diſcovered
The world's infirmities, ſince there is none
Alive to ſtudy this diſſection;
For there's a kind of World remaining ſtill;
Though ſhe, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this laſt long night
Her Ghoſt doth walk, *that is*, a glimmering light,

A faint weak love of virtue, and of good
Reflects from her on them, which underſtood
Her worth; and though ſhe have ſhut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth ſtay;
Which, from the carcaſs of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd: the matter and the ſtuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is:
And though to be thus elemented arm
Theſe creatures from homeborn intrinſique harm,
(For all aſſum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedleſs Paradiſes be,
Which of themſelves produce no venomous ſin,
Except ſome foreign Serpent bring it in)
Yet becauſe outward ſtorms the ſtrongeſt break,
And ſtrength it ſelf by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be ſafer, being told
The dangers and diſeaſes of the old:
For with due temper men do then forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; Phyſicians ſay that we
At beſt enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worſe ſickneſs than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be ſo?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
That Children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind! it labour'd to fruſtrate
Even God's purpoſe; and made Woman, ſent
For Man's relief, cauſe of his languiſhment;
They were to good ends, and they are ſo ſtill,
But acceſſary, and principal in ill;
For that firſt marriage was our funeral:
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And ſingly one by one they kill us now.
And we delightfully our ſelves allow

To that conſumption; and, profuſely blind,
We kill our ſelves to propagate our kind;
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the Sun and Man did ſeem to ſtrive,
(Joynt-tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive;
When Stag and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with Man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a ſlow pac'd ſtar had ſtoln away
From the obſerver's marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred years to ſee't again,
And then make up his obſervation plain;
When as the age was long, the ſize was great;
Man's growth confeſs'd and recompenc'd the meat;
So ſpacious and large, that every Soul
Did a fair Kingdom and large Realm controul:
And when the very Stature thus erect
Did that Soul a good way towards heav'n direct,
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methuſalem* his Page?
Alas! we ſcarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right or lye.
Old Granſires talk of yeſterday with ſorrow:
And for our children we reſerve to-morrow.
So ſhort is life, that every Peaſant ſtrives,
In a torn houſe, or field, to have three lives.
And as in laſting, ſo in length, is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a ſpan;
For had a man at firſt in foreſts ſtray'd
Or ſhip-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
That met him, would not haſtily aſſail
A thing ſo equal to him: now alas!
The Fairies and the Pygmies well may paſs
As credible; mankind decays ſo ſoon,
We're ſcarce our Father's ſhadows caſt at noon:
Only death adds t'our length: nor are we grown
In ſtature to be men, till we are none.

But this were light, did our leſs volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their ſilver, or diſpos'd into leſs glaſs
Spirits of virtue, which then ſcatter'd was:
But 'tis not ſo: we're not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies, ſo our minds are crampt:
'Tis ſhrinking, not cloſe weaving, that hath thus
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We ſeem ambitious God's whole work t'undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we ſtrive too
To bring our ſelves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can, to do't as ſoon as he:
With new diſeaſes on our ſelves we war,
And with new Phyſick, a worſe Engine far.
This Man, this world's Vice-Emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's Miniſters and Legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility and to Man's uſe:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
Till man came up, did down to man deſcend:
This man ſo great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
Help, or at leaſt ſome time to waſte, allow
To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he loſt his heart.
She, of whom th' Ancients ſeem'd to propheſie,
When they call'd virtues by the name of *She*;
She, in whom virtue was ſo much refin'd,
That for allay unto ſo pure a mind
She took the weaker Sex: ſhe, that could drive
The poyſonous tincture and the ſtain of *Eve*
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious Alchimy;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how poor a trifling thing man is,

And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being periſh'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The ſupernatural food, Religion,
Thy better growth grows withered and ſcant;
Be more than Man, or thou'rt leſs than an Ant.
Then as mankind, ſo is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almoſt created lame:
For before God had made up all the reſt,
Corruption entred and deprav'd the beſt:
It ſeiz'd the Angls, and then firſt of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joynt of th' univerſal frame.
The nobleſt part, Man, felt it firſt; and then
Both beaſts and plants, curſt in the curſe of man;
So did the world from the firſt hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the Springs and Summers, which we ſee,
Like ſons of women after fifty be.
And new Philoſophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out:
The Sun is loſt, and th' Earth; and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confeſs that this world's ſpent,
When in the Planets and the Firmament
They ſeek ſo many new; they ſee that this
Is crumbled out again to his Atomies.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All juſt Supply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She, that ſhould all parts to reunion bow;
She, that had all magnetique force alone
To draw and faſten ſundred parts in one;

She, whom wiſe nature had invented then,
When ſhe obſerv'd that every ſort of men
Did in their voyage, in this world's Sea, ſtray,
And needed a new Compaſs for their way;
She, that was beſt and firſt original
Of all fair Copies, and the general
Steward to fate; She, whoſe rich eyes and breaſt
Gilt the *Weſt-Indies*, and perfum'd the *Eaſt*,
Whoſe having breath'd in this world did beſtow
Spice on thoſe Iſles, and bad them ſtill ſmell ſo;
And that rich *Indie*, which doth gold interr,
Is but as ſingle mony coyn'd from her:
She, to whom this world muſt it ſelf refer,
As ſuburbs, or the Microcoſm of her;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou know'ſt this
Thou know'ſt how lame a creeple this world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That this world's general ſickneſs doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou ſaw'ſt it rotten at the heart,
Thou ſeeſt a Hectique fever hath got hold
Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be controul'd;
And that thou haſt but one way not t'admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.
For the world's ſubtil'ſt immaterial parts
Feel this conſuming wound, and Age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
Beauty, *that's* colour and proportion.
We think the Heav'ns enjoy their Spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed courſe,
Obſerv'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out ſo many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers down-right lines, ſuch overthwarts,
As diſproportion that pure form: It tears
The Firmament in eight and forty ſhares,
And in theſe Conſtellations then ariſe
New ſtars, and old do vaniſh from our eyes:

As though Heav'n ſuffered earth-quakes, peace or war,
When new tow'rs riſe, and old demoliſh'd are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiack
The free-born Sun, and keep twelve ſignes awake
To watch his ſteps; the *Goat* and *Crab* controul
And fright him back, who elſe to either Pole
(Did not theſe Tropiques fetter him) might run:
For his courſe is not round, nor can the Sun
Perfect a Circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he roſe to day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steals by that point, and ſo is Serpentine:
And ſeeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to ſleep, being now fal'n neaſer us.
So of the Stars, which boaſt that they do run
In Circle ſtill, none ends where he begun:
All their proportion's lame, it ſinks, it ſwells;
For of *Meridians* and *Parallels*,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heav'ns; and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We ſpur, we rein the ſtars, and in their race
They're diverſly content t'obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion ſtill?
Doth not a *Tenarus* or higher hill
Riſe ſo high like a Rock, that one might think
The floating Moon would ſhipwrack there and ſink?
Seas are ſo deep, that Whales being ſtruck to day,
Perchance to morrow ſcarce at middle way
Of their wiſh'd journey's end, the bottom, die:
And men, to ſound depths, ſo much line unty,
As one might juſtly think, that there would riſe
At end thereof one of th'*Antipodes*:
If under all a vault infernal be,
(Which ſure is ſpacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there muſt
Millions into a ſtraight hot room be thruſt)

Then ſolidneſs and roundneſs have no place:
Are theſe but warts and pockholes in the face
Of th' earth? Think ſo: but yet confeſs, in this
The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
That thoſe two leggs, whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment, are bent awry:
And, oh! it can no more be queſtioned,
That beautie's beſt, proportion, is dead,
Since even grief it ſelf, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whoſe lines proportion ſhould be
Examin'd, meaſure of all Symmetry,
Whom had that Ancient ſeen, who thought ſouls
Of Harmony, he would at next have ſaid [made
That Harmony was ſhe, and thence infer
That Souls were but Reſultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
She, who, if thoſe great Doctors truly ſaid,
That th' Ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Paſſions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil war to ceaſe:
She, after whom what form ſoe'er we ſee,
Is diſcord and rude incongruity;
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead! when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how ugly a monſter this world is;
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poyſoning the fountains, whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To ſatisfie wiſe and good lookers on,
Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt think they be,
They're loathſome too by this deformity.

For Good and Well muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe than indiſcreet.
But beautie's other ſecond Element,
Colour, and Luſtre now is as near ſpent.
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone;
As a compaſſionate Turcoyſe, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls ſick being ſtung with Mercury,
All the world's parts of ſuch complexion be.
When nature was moſt buſie, the firſt week
Swadling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport herſelf ſometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though ſhe could not make enow,
Himſelf his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one,
Yet Sight hath only Colour to feed on,
And Colour is decay'd: ſummer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd Garment ſhows.
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpread,
Is inward ſunk, and only our ſouls are red.
Perchance the World might have recovered,
If ſhe, whom we lament, had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beautie's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe, from whom
Did all thing's Verdure and their Luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For Air and Fire but thick groſs bodies were,
And livelieſt ſtones but drowſie and pale to her)
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how wan a Ghoſt this our world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That it ſhould more affright than pleaſure thee:
And that, ſince all fair colour then did ſink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think

To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's ſenſe.
Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
Or that the Elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth time, down the balmy ſhower;
Th' Air doth not motherly ſit on the earth,
To hatch her ſeaſons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And falſe conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' Air ſhows ſuch Meteors, as none can ſee,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth ſuch new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' *Egyptian Magi* to have made more ſuch.
What Artiſt now dares boaſt that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or conſtellate any thing,
So as the influence of thoſe ſtars may be
Impriſon'd in a Herb, or Charm, or Tree,
And do by touch all which thoſe ſtars could do?
The art is loſt, and correſpondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes leſs,
And man leaſt knows their trade and purpoſes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whoſe loſs we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbs and roots by dying loſe not all,
But they, yea aſhes too, 're med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue ſo, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying ſwan,
To ſing her funeral praiſe, and vaniſh then.
But as ſome Serpent's poyſon hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent ſhot;
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us; ſhe working more than it.

But ſhe, in whom to ſuch maturity
Virtue was grown paſt growth, that it muſt die;
She, from whoſe influence all impreſſion came,
But by receiver's impotencies lame;
Who, though ſhe could not tranſubſtantiate
All ſtates to gold, yet gilded every ſtate,
So that ſome Princes have ſome temperance;
Some Counſellors ſome purpoſe to advance
The common profit; and ſome people have
Some ſtay, no more than Kings ſhould give, to crave;
Some women have ſome taciturnity,
Some Nunneries ſome grains of chaſtity.
She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our Age was Iron, and ruſty too;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead! when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how dry a Cinder this world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That 'tis in vain to dew or mollifie
It with thy tears, or ſweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or periſhing,
But thoſe rich joys, which did poſſeſs her heart,
Of which ſhe's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not laſt out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their ſpeech to parts, that are of moſt effect;
So the world's carcaſs would not laſt, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomie;
Nor ſmells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their diſeaſe, who fain would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end; and, bleſſed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever hath been ſaid,
Or ſhall be ſpoken well by any tongue,
Whoſe name refines courſe lines, and makes Proſe
Accept this tribute, and his firſt year's rent, [Song,
Who, till his dark ſhort taper's end be ſpent,
As oft as thy feaſt ſees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy ſecond birth;

That is thy death; for though the ſoul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then,
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom ſhe works upon,
And have your laſt and beſt concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one ſhould her praiſes thus rehearſe;
As matter fit for Chronicle, not Verſe:
Vouchſafe to call to mind that God did make
A laſt, and laſting'ſt piece, a Song. He ſpake
To *Moſes* to deliver unto all
That Song, becauſe he knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the Hiſtory,
But keep the Song ſtill in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due meaſure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehenſibleneſs deter
Me from thus trying to impriſon her?
Which when I ſaw that a ſtrict grave could do,
I ſaw not why verſe might not do ſo too.
Verſe hath a middle nature; Heav'n keeps Souls,
The Grave keeps Bodies, Verſe the Fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

'TIS loſs to truſt a Tomb with ſuch a Gueſt,
Or to confine her in a marble cheſt;
Alas! what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
Priz'd with the Chryſolite of either eye,
Or with thoſe Pearls, and Rubies, which ſhe was?
Joyn the two *Indies* in one Tomb, 'tis glaſs;
And ſo is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten *Eſcurials*;
Yet ſhe's demoliſh'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?

Can

Can theſe memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they muſt live?
Sickly, alas! ſhort liv'd, abortive be
Thoſe carcaſs verſes, whoſe ſoul is not ſhe;
And can ſhe, who no longer would be ſhe,
(Being ſuch a Tabernacle) ſtoop to be
In paper wrapt; or when ſhe would not lie
In ſuch an Houſe, dwell in an Elegy?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verſe to live ſo long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for Arms, and Counſellors for Brains;
Lawyers for Tongues, Divines for Hearts, and more;
The Rich for Stomachs, and for Backs the Poor;
The Officers for Hands; Merchants for Feet,
By which remote and diſtant Countries meet:
But thoſe fine ſpirits, which do tune and ſet
This Organ, are thoſe pieces, which beget
Wonder and Love; and theſe were ſhe; and ſhe
Being ſpent, the world muſt needs decrepit be:
For ſince death will proceed to triumph ſtill,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world it ſelf; ſo great was ſhe.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be;
Death cannot give her ſuch another Blow,
Becauſe ſhe cannot ſuch another ſhow.
But muſt we ſay ſhe's dead? may't not be ſaid,
That as a ſundred clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be loſt, but by the Maker's hand
Repoliſh'd, without errour then to ſtand;
Or, as the *Afrique Niger* ſtream enwombs
It ſelf into the earth, and after comes
(Having firſt made a natural bridge, to paſs
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May't not be ſaid, that her grave ſhall reſtore
Her greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heav'n may ſay this, and joy in't; but can we,
Who live, and lack her here, this 'vantage ſee?

What is't to us, alas! if there have been
An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We loſe by't: and as aged men are glad,
Being taſtleſs grown, to joy in joys they had;
So now the ſick-ſtarv'd world muſt feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoyce then, Nature and this World, that you,
Fearing the laſt fire's haſtning to ſubdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wiſely beſtow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whoſe clear body was ſo pure and thin,
Becauſe it need diſguiſe no thought within;
'Twas but a through-light ſcarf her mind t'enroll;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soul:
One, whom all men, who durſt no more, admir'd:
And whom, who e'er had worth enough, deſir'd.
As, when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them it ſhall be conſecrate.
But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Thoſe new ſtars every Artiſt exerciſe;
What place they ſhould aſſign to them, they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till thoſe ſtars go out:
So the world ſtudy'd whoſe this piece ſhould be,
Till ſhe can be no body's elſe, nor ſhe:
But like a lamp of Balſamum, deſir'd
Rather t'adorn than laſt, ſhe ſoon expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin-white integrity;
For marriage, though it doth not ſtain, doth die.
To 'ſcape th' infirmities which wait upon
Woman, ſhe went away before ſh' was one;
And the world's buſie noiſe to overcome,
Took ſo much death as ſerv'd for *Opium*;
For though ſhe could not, nor could chooſe to die,
She 'hath yielded to too long an Extaſie.
He which, not knowing her ſad Hiſtory,
Should come to read the book of deſtiny,
How fair and chaſte, humble and high ſhe 'had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd at not fifteen,

And meaſuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either deſtiny miſtook,
Or that ſome leaves were torn out of the book;
But 'tis not ſo: Fate did but uſher her
To years of reaſon's uſe, and then infer
Her deſtiny to her ſelf, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die;
Her modeſty not ſuffering her to be
Fellow-Commiſſioner with Deſtiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any ſhall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every ſuch perſon is her Delegate,
T'accompliſh that which ſhould have been her Fate.
They ſhall make up that Book, and ſhall have thanks
Of Fate and Her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example riſe;
And 'tis in heav'n part of ſpiritual mirth,
To ſee how well the good play her on earth.

Of the *Progreſs* of the Soul.

Wherein, by Occaſion of the Religious Death of Miſtreſs Elizabeth Drury, *the Incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.*

The Second Anniversary.

The Harbinger to the Progress.

TWO Souls move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration, and of love.
Thy Soul (dear Virgin) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal Sphear to lively bliſs;
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The world's laſt day, thy glory's full degree:
Like as thoſe ſtars, which thou o'erlookeſt far,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moved are:
No ſoul (whilſt with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way;
Or ſee thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So faſt, as now the lightning moves but ſlow.
But now thou art as high in heaven flown,
As heav'n's from us; what ſoul beſides thine own
Can tell thy joys, or ſay, he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that bleſſed ſtate?
I envy thee (Rich Soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory ſee:
And thou (great Spirit) which hers follow'd haſt
So faſt, as none can follow thine ſo faſt;
So far, as none can follow thine ſo far,
(And if this fleſh did not the paſſage bar,
Hadſt caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long agon hadſt loſt the vulgar ſight,

And now mak'ſt proud the better eyes, that they
Can ſee thee leſſen'd in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'ſt her ſoul by progreſs known,
Thou mak'ſt a noble progreſs of thine own;
From this world's carcaſs having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aſpiring thoughts themſelves ſo raiſe,
That more may not beſeem a creature's praiſe;
Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more, and every year
Mak'ſt a new progreſs, whilſt thou wand'reſt here;
Still upward mount; and let thy Maker's praiſe
Honour thy *Laura*, and adorn thy lays:
And ſince thy Muſe her head in heaven ſhrouds,
Oh let her never ſtoop below the clouds:
And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſouls may know
Or what we do, or what we ſing below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs ſhall ſtill content them beſt,
Which praiſe thoſe awful Pow'rs, that make them bleſt.

Of the *Progreſs* of the Soul.

The Second Anniversary.

NOthing could make me ſooner to confeſs,
That this world had an everlaſtingneſs,
Than to conſider that a year is run,
Since both this lower World's, and the Sun's Sun,
The luſtre and the vigour of this All
Did ſet; 'twere blaſphemy to ſay, did fall.
But as a ſhip, which hath ſtruck ſail, doth run
By force of that force, which before it won:
Or as ſometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at thoſe two Red Seas, which freely ran,
One from the Trunk, another from the Head,
His ſoul be ſail'd to her eternal bed,

His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beck'ned and call'd back his ſoul,
He graſps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And ſeems to reach, and to ſtep forth to meet
His ſoul; when all theſe motions, which we ſaw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moiſt weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her ſtrings;
So ſtruggles this dead world, now ſhe is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.
As ſome days are at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd:
So after this Sun's ſet ſome ſhew appears,
And orderly viciſſitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all; All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reſerve of all;
Yet in this deluge, groſs and general,
Thou ſeeſt me ſtrive for life; my life ſhall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praiſing thee,
Immortal Maid, who though thou would'ſt refuſe
The name of Mother, be unto my Muſe
A Father, ſince her chaſt ambition is
Yearly to bring forth ſuch a child as this.
Theſe Hymns may work on future wits, and ſo
May great Grand-children of thy praiſes grow;
And ſo, though not revive, embalm and ſpice
The world, which elſe would putrifie with vice.
For thus Man may extend thy progeny,
Until Man do but vaniſh, and not die.
Theſe Hymns thy iſſue may increaſe ſo long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the ſong.
Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate ſoul,
And ſerve thy thirſt with God's ſafe-ſealing Bowl.
Be thirſty ſtill, and drink ſtill, till thou go
To th' only Health; to be Hydroptique ſo,
Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine own times as an old ſtory be;

Be not concern'd: ſtudy not why, or when;
Do not ſo much as not believe a man.
For though to err be worſt, to try truths forth
Is far more buſineſs than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcaſs; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcaſs bred;
And why ſhould'ſt thou, poor worm, conſider more
When this world will grow better than before?
Than thoſe thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcaſſe's laſt reſurrection?
Forget this world, and ſcarce think of it ſo,
As of old clothes caſt off a year ago.
To be thus ſtupid is Alacrity;
Men thus Lethargique have beſt memory.
Look upward, *that*'s towards her, whoſe happy ſtate
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a ſtage,
Where all ſat hark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, becauſe in all ſhe did
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Becauſe ſhe was the form, that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be ſtay'd in then, when ſhe was in it.
She, that firſt try'd indifferent deſires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She, to whoſe Perſon Paradiſe adher'd,
As Courts to Princes: She, whoſe eyes enſphear'd
Star-light enough, t'have made the South controll
(Had ſhe been there) the Star-full Northern Pole;
She, ſhe is gone; ſhe's gone: when thou know'ſt this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou know'ſt, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much, that thinks it nought.
Think then, my ſoul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a Taper to the outward room,
Whence thou ſpy'ſt firſt a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy ſight:

For ſuch approaches doth heav'n make in death:
Think thy ſelf labouring now with broken breath,
And think thoſe broken and ſoft Notes to be
Diviſion, and thy happieſt Harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, looſe and ſlack;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy ſoul, from thence.
Think thy ſelf parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Phyſick; chide the ſlackneſs of the fit.
Think that thou hear'ſt thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
So this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
Think Satan's Serjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for Legacies they thruſt;
Give one thy Pride, t' another give thy Luſt:
Give them thoſe ſins, which they gave thee before,
And truſt th' immaculate blood to waſh thy ſcore.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but becauſe they go not yet thy way.
Think that they cloſe thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confeſs much in the world amiſs,
Who dare not truſt a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God and Angels cover not.
Think that they ſhroud thee up, and think from
They re-inveſt thee in white innocence. [thence,
Think that thy body rots, and (if ſo low,
Thy ſoul exalted ſo, thy thoughts can go,)
Think thee a Prince, who of themſelves create
Worms, which inſenſibly devour their ſtate:
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to ſleep but a Saint *Lucie*'s night.
Think theſe things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowſie or ſlack, remember then that ſhe,
She, whoſe complexion was ſo even made,
That which of her ingredients ſhould invade
The other three, no Fear, no Art could gueſs;
So far were all remov'd from more or leſs:

But as in Mithridate, or juſt perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
To govern, or to triumph on the reſt,
Only becauſe all were, no part was beſt;
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points ariſe,
None can theſe lines or quantities unjoynt,
And ſay, this is a line, or this a point;
So though the Elements and Humours were
In her, one could not ſay, this governs there;
Whoſe even conſtitution might have won
Any diſeaſe to venture on the Sun,
Rather than her; and make a ſpirit fear,
That he too diſuniting ſubject were;
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they're unſtable; Circles, Angular;
She, who was ſuch a chain as Fate employs
To bring Mankind all Fortunes it enjoys,
So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would think
No accident could threaten any link;
She, ſhe embrac'd a ſickneſs, gave it meat,
The pureſt blood and breath that e'er it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heav'n, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
Heav'n was content to ſuffer violence;
Yea though he plead a long poſſeſſion too, [do)
(For they're in heav'n on earth, who heav'n's works
Though he had right, and pow'r, and place before,
Yet death muſt uſher and unlock the door.
Think further on thy ſelf, my Soul, and think
How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſink;
Think, that it argued ſome infirmity,
That thoſe two ſouls, which then thou found'ſt in me,
Thou fed'ſt upon, and drew'ſt into thee both
My ſecond ſoul of ſenſe, and firſt of growth.
Think but how poor thou waſt, how obnoxious,
Whom a ſmall Lump of fleſh could poiſon thus:

This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
My body, could, beyond eſcape or help,
Infect thee with Original ſin, and thou
Could'ſt neither then refuſe, nor leave it now.
Think, that no ſtubborn ſullen Anchorit,
Which fixt t' a pillar, or a grave, doth ſit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully, as our ſouls in their firſt-built Cells:
Think in how poor a priſon thou doſt ly,
After enabled but to ſuck, and cry;
Think, when 'twas grown to moſt, 'twas a poor Inn,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that uſurp'd, or threatned with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or, their true Mother, Age:
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haſt thy 'Expanſion now, and Liberty.
Think, that a ruſty Piece diſcharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow,
Think thy ſhell broke, think thy ſoul hatcht but now,
And think this ſlow-pac'd ſoul, which late did cleave
T'a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heav'n and earth; ſhe ſtays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themſelves prepare;
She carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th' air's middle region be intenſe;
For th' Element of fire, ſhe doth not know,
Whether ſhe paſs'd by ſuch a place or no;
She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die.
Venus retards her not, t' enquire how ſhe
Can (being one ſtar) *Heſper* and *Veſper* be;
He, that charm'd *Argus'* eyes, ſweet *Mercury*,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who, if ſhe meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not ſtaying till his courſe be run;

Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no Corps of Guard,
Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his Father, barr'd;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at and through the Firmament.
And as theſe ſtars were but ſo many beads
Strung on one ſtring, ſpeed undiſtinguiſh'd leads
Her thro' thoſe ſphears, as thro' thoſe beads a ſtring,
Whoſe quick ſucceſſion makes it ſtill one thing:
As doth the pith, which, leſt our bodies ſlack,
Strings faſt the little bones of neck and back;
So by the ſoul doth death ſtring Heav'n and Earth;
For when our ſoul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a ſecond Grace)
Heaven is near, and preſent to her face;
As colours are and objects in a room,
Where Darkneſs was before, when Tapers come.
This muſt, my Soul, thy long-ſhort Progreſs be
T' advance theſe thoughts; Remember then that ſhe,
She, whoſe fair body no ſuch priſon was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to paſs
An Age in her; ſhe, whoſe rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for ſo much as they were like to her;
She, in whoſe body (if we dare prefer
This low world to ſo high a mark as ſhe,)
The Weſtern treaſure, Eaſtern ſpicery,
Europe, and *Africk*, and the *unknown* reſt
Were eas'ly found, or what in them was beſt;
And when we've made this large diſcovery
Of all, in her ſome one part then will be
Twenty ſuch parts, whoſe plenty 'and riches is
Enough to make twenty ſuch worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did firſt betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and aſſigned one both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
And to each ſeveral man, to him, and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;

She, of whoſe ſoul if we may ſay, 'twas gold,
Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; we underſtood
Her by her ſight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her body thought;
She, ſhe thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
And chides us, ſlow-pac'd ſnails, who crawl upon
Our priſon's priſon, earth, nor think us well,
Longer than whilſt we bear our brittle ſhell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
If, as we were in this our living Tomb
Oppreſs'd with ignorance, we ſtill were ſo.
Poor ſoul, in this thy fleſh what doſt thou know?
Thou know'ſt thy ſelf ſo little, as thou know'ſt not
How thou didſt die, nor how thou waſt begot.
Thou neither know'ſt, how thou at firſt cam'ſt in,
Nor how thou took'ſt the poyſon of man's ſin;
Nor doſt thou, (though thou know'ſt that thou art ſo)
By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thy ſelf, yea, though thou would'ſt but bend
To know thy body. Have not all ſouls thought
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of Air, and Fire, and other Elements?
And now they think of new ingredients.
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'ſt thou but how the ſtone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'ſt thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid ſtuff, which thou doſt ſpit,
Know'ſt thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no paſſages, ſo that there is
(For ought thou know'ſt) piercing of ſubſtances.
And of thoſe many opinions, which men raiſe
Of Nails and Hairs, doſt thou know which to praiſe?

What hope have we to know our ſelves, when we
Know not the leaſt things, which for our uſe be?
We ſee in Authors, too ſtiff to recant,
A hundred controverſies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, ſtarves, freezes, and ſweats,
To know but *Catechiſms* and *Alphabets*
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our ſtage their parts did act:
What *Cæſar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* ſaid.
Why graſs is green, or why our blood is red,
Are myſteries which none have reach'd unto;
In this low form, poor ſoul, what wilt thou do?
Oh! when wilt thou ſhake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by Senſe and Fantaſie?
Thou look'ſt thro' ſpectacles; ſmall things ſeem great
Below; but up unto the Watch-tower get,
And ſee all things deſpoil'd of fallacies:
Thou ſhalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through Labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to diſcern;
In heav'n thou ſtraight know'ſt all concerning it,
And what concerns it not, ſhall ſtraight forget.
There thou (but in no other ſchool) may'ſt be
Perchance as learned, and as full, as ſhe;
She, who all Libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practiſed
So much good, as would make as many more:
She, whoſe example they muſt all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confeſs
That all the virtuous Actions they expreſs,
Are but a new and worſe edition
Of her ſome one thought, or one action:
She, who in th' art of knowing Heav'n was grown
Here upon earth to ſuch perfection,
That ſhe hath, ever ſince to heav'n ſhe came,
(In a far fairer print) but read the ſame;
She, ſhe not ſatisfy'd with all this weight,
(For ſo much knowledge, as would over-fraight

Another, did but ballaſt her) is gone
As well t' enjoy, as get, perfection;
And calls us after her, in that ſhe took
(Taking her ſelf) our beſt and worthieſt book.
Return not, my ſoul, from this extaſie,
And meditation of what thou ſhalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy converſation muſt be there.
With whom wilt thou converſe? what ſtation
Canſt thou chooſe out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a ſpungy ſlack Divine
Drink and ſuck in th' inſtructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them agen?
Are there not ſome Courts (and then no things be
So like as Courts) which in this let us ſee,
That wits and tongues of Libellers are weak,
Becauſe they do more ill, than theſe can ſpeak?
The poyſon's gone through all, poyſons affect
Chiefly the chiefeſt parts; but ſome effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements will ſhow;
So lies the poyſon of ſin in the moſt low.
Up, up, my drowſy ſoul, where thy new ear
Shall in the Angel's ſongs no diſcord hear;
Where thou ſhalt ſee the bleſſed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have ſaid;
Where ſhe's exalted more for being good,
Than for her intereſt of Motherhood:
Up to thoſe Patriarchs, which did longer ſit
Expecting Chriſt, than they've enjoy'd him yet:
Up to thoſe Prophets, which now gladly ſee
Their Propheſies grown to be Hiſtory:
Up to th' Apoſtles, who did bravely run
All the Sun's courſe, with more light than the Sun:
Up to thoſe Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyl to th' Apoſtle's Lamps, dew to their ſeed:
Up to thoſe Virgins, who thought, that almoſt
They made joynt-tenants with the Holy Ghoſt,

If they to any ſhould his Temple give:
Up, up, for in that ſquadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their Dignities:
She, who being to her ſelf a State, enjoy'd
All royalties, which any State employ'd;
For ſhe made wars, and triumph'd; reaſon ſtill
Did not o'erthrow, but rectifie her will:
And ſhe made peace; for no peace is like this,
That beauty 'and chaſtity together kiſs:
She did high juſtice, for ſhe crucifi'd
Ev'ry firſt motion of rebellion's pride:
And ſhe gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only 'her ſelf except, ſhe pardoned all:
She coyn'd, in this, that her impreſſion gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breaſt
Satan's rude Officers could ne'er arreſt.
As theſe prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a ſoveraign State; Religion
Made her a Church; and theſe two made her all.
She, who was all this All, and could not fall
To worſe, by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
More Antidote, than all the world was ill)
She, ſhe doth leave it, and by Death ſurvive
All this in Heav'n; whither who doth not ſtrive
The more, becauſe ſhe's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in Heav'n do grow.
But pauſe, my Soul; And ſtudy, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' eſſential.
Still before Acceſſories do abide
A tryal, muſt the Principal be try'd.
And what eſſential joy canſt thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent Effect
Of tranſitory Cauſes? Doſt thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthieſt is to move)
Poor cozen'd cozener, *that* ſhe, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now.

You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
Next day repairs (but ill) laſt day's decay.
Nor are (although the river keep the name)
Yeſterday's waters and to-day's the ſame.
So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
That Saint, nor Pilgrim, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilſt you think you be
Conſtant, y'are hourly in inconſtancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Becauſe that God did live ſo long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made creatures to beſtow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that to his hands man might grow more fit.
But ſince all Honours from inferiours flow,
(For they do give it; Princes do but ſhow
Whom they would have ſo honour'd) and that this
On ſuch opinions and capacities
Is built, as riſe and fall, to more and leſs;
Alas! 'tis but a caſual happineſs.
Hath ever any man t'himſelf aſſign'd
This or that happineſs t'arreſt his mind,
But that another man, which takes a worſe,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that courſe?
They who did labour *Babel*'s tow'r t'erect,
Might have conſider'd, that for that effect
All this whole ſolid Earth could not allow,
Nor furniſh forth materials enow;
And that his Center, to raiſe ſuch a place,
Was far too little to have been the Baſe:
No more affords this world foundation
T'erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathen made them ſeveral gods
Of all God's benefits, and all his Rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corn, and Onions are
Gods unto them, ſo Agues be, and War)
And as by changing that whole precious Gold
To ſuch ſmall Copper coynes, they loſt the old,

And

And loſt their only God, who ever muſt
Be ſought alone, and not in ſuch a thruſt:
So much mankind true happineſs miſtakes;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, Soul, to thy firſt pitch work up again;
Know that all lines, which circles do contain,
For once that they the Center touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou ſuch,
Double on heav'n thy thoughts, on earth employ'd;
All will not ſerve; only who have enjoy'd
The ſight of God in fulneſs, can think it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is eſſential joy, where neither he
Can ſuffer diminution, nor we;
'Tis ſuch a full, and ſuch a filling good;
Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had ſtood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She, whom we celebrate, is gone before:
She, who had here ſo much eſſential joy,
As no chance could diſtract, much leſs deſtroy;
Who with God's preſence was acquainted ſo,
(Hearing, and ſpeaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural ſtone or tree,
Better than when in Images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion
God's Image in ſuch reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her firſt Parent's fault, and not her own:
Who, being ſollicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his ſafe precontract:
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whoſe twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than moſt uſe to pray:
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet ſtrove to be
Both where more grace, and more capacity
At once is given: ſhe to Heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in ſome proportion

A Heav'n, and here became unto us all,
Joy (as our joys admit) eſſential.
But could this low world joys eſſential touch,
Heav'n's accidental joys would paſs them much.
How poor and lame muſt then our caſual be?
If thy Prince will his ſubjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do ſwell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be leſs Man.
When no Phyſician of redreſs can ſpeak,
A joyful caſual violence may break
A dangerous Apoſtem in thy breaſt;
And whilſt thou joy'ſt in this, the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe up, and ſo ſtrangle thee.
What e'er was caſual, may ever be
What ſhould the nature change? or make the ſame
Certain, which was but caſual, when it came?
All caſual joy doth loud and plainly ſay,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in Heav'n joy's ſtrength is never ſpent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a ſoul's arrival ne'er decays;
(For that ſoul ever joys, and ever ſtays)
Joy, that their laſt great Conſummation
Approaches in the Reſurrection;
When earthly bodies more celeſtial
Shall be, than Angels were; for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of loſing it.
In this freſh joy, 'tis no ſmall part that ſhe,
She, in whoſe goodneſs he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis loſs to be call'd beſt,
There where the ſtuff is not ſuch as the reſt;)
She, who left ſuch a body, as even ſhe
Only in Heav'n could learn, how it can be
Made better; for ſhe rather was two ſouls,
Or like to full on both ſides-written Rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
As ſtrong Records for God, as minds within:

She, who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a Circle, and ſtill keeps it ſo,
Long'd for, and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
Where ſhe receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where miſdevotion frames
A thouſand prayers to Saints, whoſe very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of Poetry admit,
Laws of Religion have at leaſt the ſame,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here ſhould'ſt make me a French Convertite.
But thou would'ſt not; nor would'ſt thou be content
To take this, for my ſecond year's true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other ſtamp, than His,
That gave thee power to do; me, to ſay this:
Since His will is, that to poſterity
Thou ſhould'ſt for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world ſhould notice have of this,
The purpoſe and th' authority is His.
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whoſe voice the people came.

EPICEDES *and* OBSEQUIES *upon the Deaths of ſundry Perſonages.*

An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparable Prince HENRY.

LOok to me, Faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centers feel this period.
Of weight one center, one of greatneſs is;
And Reaſon is that center, Faith is this;
For into' our Reaſon flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend;

Quotidian things, and equidiſtant hence,
Shut in, for Man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatneſſes, which are
So diſproportion'd, and ſo angular,
As is God's Eſſence, Place, and Providence,
Where, how, when, what ſouls do, departed hence;
Theſe things (eccentrique elſe) on Faith do ſtrike:
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For Reaſon, put t' her beſt extenſion,
Almoſt meets Faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came ſo near to this,
As contemplation of that Prince we miſs.
For all, that Faith might credit, mankind could,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded, that this Prince would.
If then leaſt moving of the Center make
More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake,
What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,
That we ſee not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whoſe reputation was an extaſie,
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till he diſcover'd what ways he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they try'd,
Met a *Torpedo* and were ſtupifi'd;
And other's ſtudies, how he would be bent;
Was his great father's greateſt inſtrument,
And activ'ſt ſpirit, to convey and tye
This ſoul of peace unto Chriſtianity?
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This general peace th' Eternal overtake,
And that his times might have ſtretcht out ſo far,
As to touch thoſe, of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this juſt belief, that now
The laſt days came, we ſaw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
In peaceful times rumours of wars ſhould riſe.
But now this faith is hereſie: we muſt
Still ſtay, and vex our great grand-mother, Duſt.

Oh, is God prodigal? hath he ſpent his ſtore
Of plagues on us; and only now, when more
Would eaſe us much, doth he grudge miſery;
And will not let's enjoy our curſe, to dye?
As for the earth, thrown loweſt down of all,
'Twere an ambition to deſire to fall;
So God, in our deſire to dye, doth know
Our plot for eaſe, in being wretched ſo:
Therefore we live, though ſuch a life we have,
As but ſo many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Suſtains in us, Earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other Soul than that.
And could grief get ſo high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would deſire
(With grief to ſee him) he had ſtay'd below,
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other center, Reaſon, faſter then?
Where ſhould we look for that, now we're not men?
For if our Reaſon be our connection
Of cauſes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the ſubſtances were ſpent,
'Twere madneſs to enquire of accident;
So is't to look for Reaſon, he being gone,
The only ſubject Reaſon wrought upon.
If fate have ſuch a chain, whoſe divers links
Induſtrious man diſcerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and ſo ſteal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault muſt Reaſon be,
Death having broke off ſuch a link as he.
But now, for us with buſy proof to come,
That we'ave no Reaſon, would prove we had ſome;
So would juſt lamentations: Therefore we
May ſafelier ſay, that we are dead, than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We've double excuſe; he's not dead, we are,

Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
(Our Souls beſt baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey of conſidering God)
Yet (no diſhonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (ſince I live) but ſee or hear,
That ſhe-Intelligence which mov'd this ſphear,
I pardon Fate, my life; who-e'er thou be,
Which haſt the noble conſcience, thou art ſhe:
I conjure thee by all the charms he ſpoke,
By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the ſouls ye ſigh'd, that if you ſee
Theſe lines, you wiſh, I knew your hiſtory.
So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an Angel, ſinging what you were.

To the Counteſs of BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I Have learned by thoſe Laws, wherein I am little converſant, that he which beſtows any coſt upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir; I do not therefore ſend this paper to your Ladyſhip, that you ſhould thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are ſo much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude; if that were to be judged by words, which muſt expreſs it. But, Madam, ſince your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences alſo concerning it are yours: ſo his virtues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong alſo to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece; in which

quality I humbly preſent it, and as a teſtimony how entirely your family poſſeſſeth

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt humble and thankful ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

Obſequies on the Lord Harrington, &c.

To the Counteſs of BEDFORD.

FAir ſoul, which waſt not only 'as all ſouls be,
Then when thou waſt infuſed, harmony,
But did'ſt continue ſo; and now doſt bear
A part in God's great Organ, this whole Sphear;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodneſs grown, that I can ſtudy thee;
And by theſe meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And ſo can make by this ſoft extaſie,
This place a map of heaven, my ſelf of thee.
Thou ſeeſt me here at midnight, now all reſt;
Time's dead-low water, when all minds diveſt
To-morrow's buſineſs, when the labourers have
Such reſt in bed, that their laſt Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will ſcarce be a type of this;
Now when the Client, whoſe laſt hearing is
To morrow, ſleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, muſt ſhut them then

Again by death,) although ſad watch he keep,
Doth practiſe dying by a little ſleep;
Thou at this midnight ſeeſt me, and as ſoon
As that ſun riſes to me, midnight's noon;
All the world grows tranſparent, and I ſee
Through all, both Church and State, in ſeeing thee;
And I diſcern by favour of this light
My ſelf, the hardeſt object of the ſight.
God is the glaſs; as thou, when thou doſt ſee
Him, who ſees all, ſeeſt all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in theſe mirrours of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glaſs, through which we ſee
All, ſince the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perſpective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Virtues, indeed remote, ſeem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arreſt
My thoughts on his Deeds? which ſhall I call beſt?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Thoſe ſpirits, humours, blood, I did laſt year;
And as, if on a ſtream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is preſently
Puſht with more waters from my ſight, and gone:
So in this ſea of virtues, can no one
Be 'inſiſted on; Virtues as rivers paſs,
Yet ſtill remains that virtuous man there was.
And as, if man feed on man's fleſh, and ſo
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the laſt two perfect bodies riſe,
Becauſe God knows where every Atome lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all thoſe,
Who knew his minutes well, he might diſpoſe
His virtues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Deſtiny,

Should

Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo
Virtue, which did in one entireneſs grow.
For as he that ſhould ſay, ſpirits are fram'd
Of all the pureſt parts, that can be nam'd,
Honours not ſpirits half ſo much as he,
Which ſays they have no parts, but ſimple be:
So is't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t'have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So then that virtue in ſeaſon, and then this,
We might have ſeen, and ſaid, that now he is
Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt:
In good ſhort lives, virtues are fain to thruſt,
And to be ſure betimes to get a place,
When they would exerciſe, lack time, and ſpace.
So was it in this perſon, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own Epitome:
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long-breath'd Chroniclers can touch.
As when an Angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun,
Now thro' the Moon, now thro' the Air doth run,
Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and Air;
And as this Angel in an inſtant knows;
And yet we know this ſuddain knowledge grows
By quick amaſſing ſeveral forms of things,
Which he ſucceſſively to order brings;
When they, whoſe ſlow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So faſt as he, think that he doth not ſo;
Juſt as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every ſyllable, nor ſtay to ſpell,
Yet without doubt he doth diſtinctly ſee,
And lay together every A and B;
So in ſhort-liv'd good men is not underſtood
Each ſeveral virtue, but the compound good.

For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As Angels go, and know, and as Men read.
O why ſhould then theſe men, theſe lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempeſt to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and ſpread,
And to make us alive, themſelves be dead?
O Soul! O Circle! why ſo quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compaſs ſtill was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might ſecurely 'have pac'd
In the moſt large extent through every path,
Which the whole world, or Man, th'abridgment, hath.
Thou know'ſt, that though the Tropique Circles have
(Yea, and thoſe ſmall ones, which the Poles engrave)
All the ſame roundneſs, evenneſs, and all
The endleſneſs of th' Equinoctial;
Yet when we come to meaſure diſtances,
How here, how there the Sun affected is;
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
Only great Circles then can be our ſcale:
So though thy circle to thy ſelf expreſs
All tending to thy endleſs happineſs;
And we by our good uſe of it may try
Both how to live well (young) and how to dye.
Yet ſince we muſt be old, and age endures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and Calentures
Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydropique avarice,
(Infirmities, which need the ſcale of truth,
As well as Luſt and Ignorance of youth;)
Why didſt thou not for theſe give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Though as ſmall pocket-clocks, whoſe every wheel
Doth each miſ-motion and diſtemper feel;
Whoſe *hands* gets ſhaking palſies; and whoſe *ſtring*
(His ſinews) ſlackens; and whoſe Soul, the *ſpring*,
Expires, or languiſhes; whoſe pulſe, the *fleе*,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;

Whoſe voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men, which to their laſt hour come;
If theſe clocks be not wound, or be wound ſtill,
Or be not ſet, or ſet at every will;
So youth is eaſieſt to deſtruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet as in great clocks, which in ſteeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, t' employ their time,
An error doth more harm, being general,
When ſmall clock's faults only on th' wearer fall:
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, ſervants, or the State rely;
Why would'ſt not thou then, which hadſt ſuch a ſoul,
A clock ſo true, as might the Sun controul,
And daily hadſt from him, who gave it thee,
Inſtructions, ſuch, as it could never be
Diſorder'd, ſtay here, as a general
And great Sun-Dial, to have ſet us All?
Oh why wouldeſt thou be an inſtrument
To this unnatural courſe? or why conſent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whoſe flood did with thy youth begin,
Should ſo much faſter ebb out than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in by thy firſt breath,
All is at once ſunk in the whirl-pool, Death.
Which word I would not name, but that I ſee
Death, elſe a Deſart, grown a Court by thee.
Now I am ſure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all Cities now but Ant-hills be,
Where when the ſeveral labourers I ſee
For children, houſe, proviſion taking pain,
They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, ſtraw, and grain:
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The moſt repair, that are in goodneſs rich;
There is the beſt concourſe and confluence,
There are the holy ſuburbs, and from thence

Begins God's City, new *Jeruſalem*,
Which doth extend her utmoſt gates to them:
At that gate then, Triumphant ſoul, doſt thou
Begin thy Triumph. But ſince laws allow
That at the Triumph-day the people may,
All that they will, 'gainſt the Triumpher ſay,
Let me here uſe that freedom, and expreſs
My grief, though not to make thy Triumph leſs.
By law to Triumphs none admitted be,
Till they, as Magiſtrates, get victory;
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this ſtate deſtin'd thee,
That there thy counſels might get victory,
And ſo in that capacity remove
All jealouſies 'twixt Prince and Subject's love,
Thou could'ſt no title to this Triumph have,
Thou didſt intrude on death, uſurp a grave.
Then (though victoriouſly) thou hadſt fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's deſires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou ſhould'ſt ſucceſsfully advance
Thine arms 'gainſt foreign enemies, which are
Both Envy, and Acclamations popular,
(For both theſe Engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers Myne, thoſe which are great)
Till then thy War was but a civil War,
For which to Triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who, though with good ſucceſs,
In a defenſive war their power expreſs.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Muſt be *enlarg'd*, and not *preſerv'd* alone;
Why ſhould'ſt thou then, whoſe battels were to win
Thy ſelf from thoſe ſtraits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that ſtate,
Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
(Which is thy ſoul and body) as entire
As he, who takes Indentures, doth require;

But didſt not ſtay, t'enlarge his Kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didſt, to do;
Why ſhould'ſt thou triumph now, when Heav'n no
Hath got, by getting thee, than't had before? [more
For Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedſt here,
Of one another in poſſeſſion were.
But this from Triumph moſt diſables thee,
That that place, which is conquered, muſt be
Left ſafe from preſent war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out:
And hath he left us ſo? or can it be
This territory was no more than He?
No, we were all his charge; the Dioceſe
Of every exemplar man the whole world is:
And he was joyned in commiſſion
With Tutelar Angels, ſent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at *Pompey* jeſt, but they might not
At that Authority, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might;
So though, triumphant ſoul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus
That thou ſo early would'ſt abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to diſpute
With that great ſoveraignty, whoſe abſolute
Prerogative hath thus diſpens'd with thee
'Gainſt nature's laws, which juſt impugners be
Of early triumphs: And I (though with pain)
Leſſen our loſs, to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I ſay it was more fit
That all men ſhould lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not ſuffered
That teſtimony of love unto the dead,
To dye with them, and in their graves be hid,
As *Saxon* Wives, and French *Soldarii* did;

And though in no degree I can expreſs
Grief in great *Alexander*'s great exceſs,
Who at his Friend's death made whole towns diveſt
Their walls and bulworks, which became them beſt:
Do not, fair ſoul, this ſacrifice refuſe,
That in thy grave I do interr my Muſe;
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being caſt
Behind hand, yet hath ſpoke, and ſpoke her laſt.

An Elegie on the Lady MARKHAM.

MAN is the World, and Death the Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath ſet marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and ſtill pretend
To break our bank, whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land waters (tears of paſſion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament,
(Tears, which our Soul doth for our ſins let fall)
Take all a brackiſh taſte, and Funeral.
And even thoſe tears, which ſhould waſh ſin, are ſin.
We, after God, new drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all invenom'd things,
Doth work upon it ſelf with inborn ſtings.
Tears are falſe Spectacles; we cannot ſee
Through paſſion's miſt, what we are, or what ſhe.
In her this Sea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth waſh the ſlimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the ſand,
So is her fleſh refin'd by death's cold hand.
As men of *China*, after an age's ſtay
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:
So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearls and Mynes
Of which this fleſh was) her ſoul ſhall inſpire
Fleſh of ſuch ſtuff, as God, when his laſt fire

Annuls this world, to recompence, it ſhall
Make and name them th' Elixir of this All.
They ſay, the ſea, when it gains, loſeth too;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Uſurp the body; 'our ſoul, which ſubject is
To th' elder death by ſin, is freed by this;
They periſh both, when they attempt the juſt;
For graves our Trophies are, and both death's duſt.
So, unobnoxious now, ſhe 'hath buried both;
For none to death ſins, that to ſin is loth.
Nor do they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath ſhe this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from ſin, yet made her repent.
Of what ſmall ſpots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poyſon cracks a chryſtal glaſs!
She ſinn'd but juſt enough to let us ſee
That God's Word muſt be true, *All ſinners be.*
So much did zeal her conſcience rarifie,
That extream truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omiſſions acts; laying the touch
Of ſin on things, that ſometime may be ſuch.
As *Moſes'* Cherubins, whoſe natures do
Surpaſs all ſpeed, by him are winged too:
So would her ſoul, already 'in heav'n, ſeem then
To climb by tears, the common ſtairs of men.
How fit ſhe was for God, I am content
To ſpeak, that death his vain haſte may repent:
How fit for us, how even and how ſweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward hereſie,
That women can no parts of friendſhip be;
How Moral, how Divine, ſhall not be told,
Leſt they, that hear her virtues, think her old;
And leſt we take death's part, and make him glad
Of ſuch a prey, and to his triumph add.

Elegie on Miſtreſs BOULSTRED.

DEATH, I recant, and ſay, Unſaid by me
Whate'er hath ſlipt, that might diminiſh thee:
Spiritual treaſon, atheiſm 'tis, to ſay,
That any can thy Summons diſobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy Table; there are ſet
Plants, cattle, men, diſhes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, 'or plaguy, or ſtarv'd jaws:
Now he will ſeem to ſpare, and doth more waſte,
Eating the beſt firſt, well preſerv'd to laſt:
Now wantonly he ſpoils, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth ſerve him; he ſinks the Deep,
Where harmleſs fiſh monaſtique ſilence keep;
Who (were Death dead) the Rows of living ſand
Might ſpunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
In bird's, Heav'n's choriſter's, organique throats;
Which (if they did not dye) might ſeem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchie.
O ſtrong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'ſt thou in?
And how without Creation didſt begin?
Thou haſt, and ſhalt ſee dead, before thou dy'ſt,
All the four Monarchies, and Antichriſt.
How could I think thee nothing, that ſee now
In all this All, nothing elſe is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Waſteful conſumptions, and degrees of thee.
For we to live our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beeſt (O mighty bird of prey)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
All, that thou kill'ſt, at his feet; yet doth he
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt for thee.
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrown
One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine own;

She was more ſtories high: hopeleſs to come
To 'her Soul, thou 'haſt offer'd at her lower room.
Her Soul and Body was a King and Court:
But thou haſt both of Captain miſs'd and Fort.
As Houſes fall not, though the Kings remove;
Bodies of Saints reſt for their Souls above.
Death gets 'twixt ſouls and bodies ſuch a place
As ſin inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and Grace;
Both work a ſeparation, no divorce:
Her Soul is gone to uſher up her Corſe,
Which ſhall be 'almoſt another ſoul, for there
Bodies are purer than beſt ſouls are here.
Becauſe in her her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'ſt thou, O emulous death, do ſo,
And kill her young to thy loſs? muſt the coſt
Of beauty 'and wit, apt to do harm, be loſt?
What though thou found'ſt her proof 'gainſt ſins of [youth?
Oh, every age a diverſe ſin purſu'th.
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold;
Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue 'have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhe perſever'd juſt, there would have been
Some that would ſin, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſin.
Such as would call her friendſhip Love, and feign
To ſociableneſs a name prophane;
Or ſin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiſhing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'ſt thou've ſlain more ſouls, hadſt thou not
Thy ſelf, and, to triumph, thine army loſt. [croſt
Yet though theſe ways be loſt, thou haſt left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that ſhe is gone:
But we may ſcape that ſin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due, becauſe we are not ſuch.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
Becauſe the chain is broke; though no link loſt,

Elegie on his Miſtreſs.

BY our firſt ſtrange and fatal interview,
By all deſires, which thereof did enſue,
By our long ſtriving hopes, by that remorſe,
Which my word's maſculine perſwaſive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which ſpies and rivals threatned me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
And thou have ſworn to ſeal joynt conſtancy,
I here unſwear, and overſwear them thus;
Thou ſhalt not love by means ſo dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous rage,
Be my true Miſtreſs, not my feigned Page;
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurſe in my mind,
Thirſt to come back; O if thou die before,
My ſoul from other lands to thee ſhall ſoar;
Thy (elſe almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild *Boreas'* harſhneſs; Thou haſt read
How roughly he in pieces ſhivered
Fair *Orithea*, whom he ſwore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madneſs to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
That abſent Lovers one in th'other be.
Diſſemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not ſtrange
To thy ſelf only. All will ſpy in thy face
A bluſhing womanly diſcovering grace.
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes; and as ſoon
Eclips'd, as bright we call the Moon, the Moon,
Men of *France*, changeable Chameleons,
Spittles of diſeaſes, ſhops of faſhions,
Love's fuellers, and th'righteſt company
Of Players, which upon the world's ſtage be,

Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
Th' indifferent *Italian*, as we paſs
His warm land, well content to think thee Page,
Will hunt thee with ſuch luſt, and hideous rage,
As *Lot*'s fair Gueſts were vext. But none of theſe,
Nor ſpungy 'Hydroptique *Dutch*, ſhall thee diſpleaſe,
If thou ſtay here. O ſtay here; for, for thee
England is only a worthy Gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greateſt King call thee to his preſence.
When I am gone, dream me ſome happineſs,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confeſs;
Nor praiſe, nor diſpraiſe me; nor bleſs, nor curſe
Openly love's force; nor in bed fright thy Nurſe
With midnight's ſtartings, crying out, oh! oh!
Nurſe, Oh! my love is ſlain; I ſaw him go
O'er the white *Alpes* alone; I ſaw him, I,
Aſſail'd, taken, fight, ſtabb'd, bleed, fall, and dye.
Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove*
Think it enough for me to'have had thy Love.

On himſelf.

MY Fortune and my choice this cuſtom break,
When we are ſpeechleſs grown, to make ſtones
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou ſpeak:
In my grave's inſide ſeeſt, what thou art now:
Yet thou'rt not yet ſo good; till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we're ſtubborn Clay.
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignifie
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls become worm-eaten carcaſſes;
So we our ſelves miraculouſly deſtroy,
Here bodies with leſs miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to ſcale
Heav'n, when the Trumpet's ayre ſhall them exhale,

Hear this, and mend thy ſelf, and thou mend'ſt me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A laſt-ſick hour to ſyllables allow.

ELEGIE.

MADAM,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my ſoul,
Next to my ſoul provide the happieſt room,
Admit to that place this laſt funeral ſcrowl.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying of you do beg a Legacy.

My fortune and my will this cuſtom break,
When we are ſenſeleſs grown, to make ſtones ſpeak:
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inſide ſee, what thou art now:
Yet thou'rt not yet ſo good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are ſtubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignifie
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie;
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls becom worm-eaten Carcaſſes.

Elegie on Miſtreſs Boulſtred.

DEath, be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to deſtroy the juſt is not thy part.
Thy coming terrour, anguiſh, grief denounces;
Her happy ſtate courage, eaſe, joy pronounces.
From out the Cryſtal palace of her breaſt,
The clearer ſoul was call'd to endleſs reſt,

(Not by the thund'ring voice, wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned Saints in heav'n he treats,)
And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers ſought;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it, when life did knock.
Nor boaſt, the faireſt frame was made thy prey,
Becauſe to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witneſs than thou art aſſures,
That though diſſolv'd, it yet a ſpace endures;
No dram thereof ſhall want or loſs ſuſtain,
When her beſt ſoul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curſt before they were,
Their ſouls in Triumph to thy conqueſt bear.
Glory not thou thy ſelf in theſe hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our ſouls in theſe ſtreams waſht ſhould be;
And on our hearts, her memorie's beſt tomb,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were thoſe eyes, ſaw not how bright did ſhine
Through fleſh's miſty vail thoſe beams divine;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that ſweet ſound,
Which did i'th' ſpirit's inſtructed voice abound;
Of flint the conſcience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her laſt act it ſaw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge then, to have loſt her ſight,
Taught thus, our after-ſtay's but a ſhort night:
But by all ſouls, not by corruption choaked,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invoked;
Calm the rough ſeas, by which ſhe ſails to reſt,
From ſorrows here t'a kingdom ever bleſt.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and ſing,
The grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting.

Elegie on the Lord C.

SOrrow, that to this houſe ſcarce knew the way,
Is, Oh! heir of it, our All is his Pay.
This ſtrange chance claims ſtrange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be ſo ſtrange, as to weep thus.
'Tis well, his life's loud ſpeaking works deſerve,
And give praiſe too; our cold tongues could not ſerve:
'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have ſtore.
Oh, if a ſweet-bryer climb up by a tree,
If to a paradiſe that tranſplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
Yet, that muſt wither, which by it did riſe;
As we for him dead: though no family
E'er rigg'd a ſoul for heav'ns diſcovery,
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their 'ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare.
We loſe, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow;
If he could have foes, in whoſe practice grew
All virtues, whoſe name ſubtile School-men knew.
What eaſe can hope, that we ſhall ſee' him, beget;
When we muſt dye firſt, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures; Oh! they be
Pictures of him dead, ſenſleſs, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, ſince he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to ſtone.

The end of the Funeral Elegies.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's *Crudities.*

OH to what height will love of greatneſs drive
Thy learned ſpirit, *Seſqui-ſuperlative?*
Venice' vaſt lake thou haſt ſeen, and would'ſt ſeek then,
Some vaſter thing, and found'ſt a Courtizan,

That in-land Sea having diſcovered well,
A Cellar gulf, where one might ſail to hell
From *Heydelberg*, thou long'ſt to ſee: and thou
This book, greater than all, produceſt now.
Infinite work! which doth ſo far extend,
That none can ſtudy it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, becauſe he can
Reaſon and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modeſty was ſuch,
That thou on th' other half would'ſt never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou 'exceed the world? Canſt thou be like
A proſperous noſe-born wenn, which ſometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother noſe?
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didſt go,
Munſter did Towns, and *Geſner* Authors ſhow;
Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
As deep a Stateſman as a Garretteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'ſt back,
Talk of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Preſter Jack*.
Go, baſhful man, leſt here thou bluſh to look
Upon the progreſs of thy glorious book,
To which both *Indies* ſacrifices ſend;
The Weſt ſent gold, which thou didſt freely ſpend,
Meaning to ſee't no more upon the preſs:
The Eaſt ſends hither her deliciouſneſs;
And thy leaves muſt embrace what comes from hence,
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincenſe.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they ſtoop
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey theſe wares in parcels unto men;
If for vaſt Tuns of Currants, and of Figs,
Of med'cinal and Aromatique twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces ſub-divide.

If they ſtoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular Fairs,
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm ſtalls
They hatch all wares, for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we juſtly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means, which th' Ancients never took,
A Pandect mak'ſt, and univerſal book.
The braveſt Heroes for their Countrey's good,
Scatter'd in divers lands their limbs and bloud;
Worſt malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publick good, cut in Anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces, for a Lord,
Which caſts at Porteſcue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to paſs time, and keep company.
Can all carouſe up thee? no, thou muſt fit
Meaſures; and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some ſhall wrap pills, and ſave a friend's life ſo;
Some ſhall ſtop muskets, and ſo kill a foe.
Thou ſhalt not eaſe the Criticks of next age
So much, as once their hunger to aſſwage:
Nor ſhall wit-pirats hope to find thee lye
All in one bottom, in one Library.
Some leaves may paſte ſtrings there in other books,
And ſo one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As *Sibil*'s was, your book is myſtical,
For every piece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine Impotency I confeſs,
The healths, which my brain bears, muſt be far leſs:
Thy Gyant-wit o'erthrows me, I am gone;
And, rather than read all, I would read none.

I. D.

Sonet

Sonet. The TOKEN.

SEnd me ſome Tokens, that my hope may live,
Or that my eaſeleſs thoughts may ſleep and reſt;
Send me ſome honey, to make ſweet my hive,
That in my paſſions I may hope the beſt.
I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtrain
Of new-touch't youth; nor Ring, to ſhew the ſtands
Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity;
No, nor the Corals, which thy wriſt infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold;
No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
And moſt deſired, 'cauſe 'tis like the beſt;
Nor witty Lines, which are moſt copious,
Within the Writings, which thou haſt addreſt.
Send me nor this, nor that, t'increaſe my ſcore;
But ſwear thou think'ſt I love thee, and no more.

LET-

LETTERS.

HEN. GOODERE.

ETiam vulgari linguâ ſcriptæ teſtantur literæ nos amicorum meminiſſe, ſed alienâ nos de illis meditari. *In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiunculæ, ſed, ut matutinæ ſtellæ, tranſeunt, & evaneſcunt: In his autem hæremus, & immoramur, & amicos, uti ſolem ipſum permanentem nobiſcum degentemque, contemplamur.* Habes cur Latinè. *Ipſius etiam ſcribendi audi rationem. Peto conſilium, in quo ſimul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuamque agnoſco: Etenim non libenter noſmetipſos exuimus, aut ingenii prudentiæve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certe quicquam quiſquam (ſit modo ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo conſilium petiit. Quod enim divina ſapientia extremum charitatis terminum poſuerat, animam ponere; idem regularum Eccleſiæ tractatores (quod ipſimet Canonici craſſam æquitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendum aſſerunt & uſurpant. Certè non tam beneficiis obnoxii quam conſiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philoſophentur otioſiores, aut quibus otia ſua negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perſpicui ſumus & feneſtrati; Eluceſcit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulo quum optâram fortaſſis magis inhonora) occaſio extera viſendi regna, liberoſque, perquam amantiſſimæ conjugis chariſſima pignora, cæteraque hujus auræ oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem, te convenire cupio. Quod (etſi nec id recuſem) nollem in ædibus* Barlotianis. *Habeo cur abſtineam. Amicitiæ enim nec veteris, nec ita ſtrictæ munera paulo quam deceat imprudentiori im-*

petu mihi videor ibi peregisse. Prandere si vacat foras aut cœnare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut matutinam, liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Tincombum *jam commoranti per te intelligere, & satis mihi fiet. Interim seponas oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione cita redhibitionis (ut barbarè, sed cum ingeniosissimo* Appollinari *loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum satyricus non sunt, non sunt; extremum judicium, hoc est, manum ultimam jamjam subituræ sunt. Earum nonnullæ Purgatorium suum passuræ, ut correctiores emanent; Aliæ, quarum me inscio in mundum erepserunt exempla, tamen in archetypis igne absumptæ fatebuntur se à me ad Inferos damnatas esse; Reliquæ, quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à multis contrectatæ) aut ita infeliciter steriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenita sint exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo fruere, quem vetat fortuna sola ne uti possis. Et, nisi animo candido ingenuâve meâ libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium*

JOH. DONNE.

De Libro cum mutaretur, Impresso, Domi à pueris frustratim lacerato, & post redditio Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque Viro D. D. *Andrews.*

Parturiunt madido quæ nixu prælа, recepta;
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mænus; Victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit prælі sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.

Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetuſtatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de ſemine natos
Hæc nova fata libro poſſe dediſſe novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipſe Pater Juvenem me dabit arte ſenem?
Hei miſeris ſenibus! nos vertit dura ſenectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi ſervaſti præſtandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viſo, & vivit, & juveneſcit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, & Cœlorum amulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iſte libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit.

To Sir H. G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor intereſt, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as teſtimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to juſtifie my cuſtom of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all ſuch offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuſe my ſelf of diminiſhing that affection, which ſends them, when I ask my ſelf why. Only I am ſure, that I deſire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kinds, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a beads-man; for I decline no juriſdiction, nor refuſe any tenure. I would not open any door upon you, but look in, when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, than they liſt to reveal to one another. It is then in this only, that Friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for ſuch revelations, when they are offered. If at any

any time I ſeem to ſtudy you more inquiſitively, it is for no other end, but to know how to preſent you to God in my prayers, and what to ask of him for you; for even that holy exerciſe may not be done inopportunely, no nor importunely. I find little error in that Grecian's counſel, who ſays, If thou ask any thing of God, offer no ſacrifice, nor ask elegantly, nor vehemently; but remember, that thou would'ſt not give to ſuch an asker. Nor is his other countryman, who affirms ſacrifice of bloud to be ſo unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more ſpiritual, are too groſs; yea, words, which are our ſubtileſt and delicateſt outward creatures, being compoſed of thoughts and breath, are ſo muddy, ſo thick, that our thoughts themſelves are ſo; becauſe (except at the firſt riſing) they are ever leavened with paſſions and affections. And that advantage of nearer familiarity with God, which the Act of Incarnation gave us, is grounded upon God's aſſuming us, not our going to him: And our acceſſes to his preſence are but his deſcents into us. And when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for I ſcarce think any ineffectual prayer free from both ſin and the puniſhment of ſin. Yet as God ſepoſed a ſeventh of our time for his exteriour worſhip, and as his Chriſtian Church early preſented him a Type of the whole year in a Lent, and after impoſed the obligation of Canonique hours, conſtituting thereby moral Sabbaths every day, I am far from dehorting thoſe fixed devotions: But I had rather it were diſpoſed upon thankſgiving than petition, upon praiſe than prayer: Not that God is endeared by that, or wearied by this; all is one in the receiver, but not in the ſender; and thanks doth both offices: For nothing doth ſo innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would alſo rather make ſhort prayers than extend

extend them, though God can neither be ſurprized, nor beſieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the work, and more of the devil by often diſtractions: For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to hearken, we ſpeak no more to him. Even this letter is ſome example of ſuch infirmity; which being intended for a letter, is extended and ſtrayed into a Homily: And whatſoever is not what it was purpoſed, is worſe. Therefore it ſhall at laſt end like a letter, by aſſuring you I am, *&c.*

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

NAture hath made all bodies like, by mingling and kneading up the ſame elements in every one. And amongſt men, the other Nature, cuſtom, hath made every mind like ſome other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not preſently attain'd to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Maſter in his A, another in his B; much leſs he, which hath ſought all the excellent maſters, and employed all his time to exceed in one letter, becauſe not ſo much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenneſs, and proportion, and reſpect to one another, gives the perfection: So is no man virtuous by particular example; not he, which doth all actions to the pattern of the moſt valiant, or liberal, which Hiſtories afford; nor he, which chooſes from every one their beſt actions, and thereupon doth ſomething like thoſe. Perchance ſuch may be *in viâ perficiendorum*, which Divines allow to Monaſtical life, but not *Perfectorum*, which by them is only due to Prelacy: for virtue is even, and continual, and the ſame, and

can

can therefore break no where, nor admit ends nor beginnings; it is not only not broken, but not tyed together. He is not virtuous, out of whoſe actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be ſeen, becauſe they are thick bodies; but not virtue, which is all light. And vices have ſwellings, and fits, and noiſe, becauſe, being extreams, they dwell far aſunder; and they maintain both a foreign war againſt virtue, and a civil againſt one another, and affect ſovereignty, as virtue doth ſociety. The later Phyſicians ſay, that when our natural inborn preſervative is corrupted or waſted, and muſt be reſtored by a like extracted from other bodies, the chief care is, that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equally digeſted temper: And ſuch is true virtue. But men, who have preferred money before all, think they deal honourably with virtue, if they compare her with money: and think, that as money is not called baſe, till the allay exceed the pure; ſo they are virtuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praiſe, or (in a lower abaſing) if they incurr not infamy or penalty. But you know who ſaid, *Anguſta innocentia eſt ad legem bonum eſſe*, which rule being given for poſitive laws, ſevere miſtakers apply even to God's law, and (perchance againſt his commandment) bind themſelves to his counſels, beyond his laws. But they are worſe, that think that becauſe ſome men, formerly waſteful, live better with half their rents, than they did with all, being now advantaged with diſcretion and experience; therefore our times need leſs moral virtue than the firſt, becauſe we have Chriſtianity, which is the uſe and application of all virtue; as though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little virtue go far. For as plentiful ſprings are fitteſt, and beſt become large Aqueducts; ſo doth much virtue ſuch a ſteward and officer as a Chriſtian.

Chriſtian. But I muſt not give you a Homily for a Letter. I ſaid a great while ſince, that cuſtom made men like; We who have been accuſtomed to one another are like in this, that we love not buſineſs. This therefore ſhall not be to you nor me a buſy letter. I end with a Problem, whoſe errand is, to ask for his fellows. I pray, before you ingulf your ſelf in the Progreſs, leave them for me, and ſuch other of my papers, as you will lend me till your return. And beſides this allegorical lending, lend me truly your counſels. And love God and me, whilſt I love him and you.

To the Lady G.

MADAM,

I Am not come out of *England*, if I remain in the nobleſt part of it, your mind; Yet I confeſs it is too much diminution to call your mind any part of *England*, or this world, ſince every part, even of your body, deſerves titles of higher dignity. No Prince would be loth to die, that were aſſured of ſo fair a tomb to preſerve his memory: But I have a greater advantage than ſo; for ſince there is a religion in friendſhip, and a death in abſence, to make up an entire friend, there muſt be an heaven too: and there can be no heaven ſo proportional to that religion, and that death, as your favour; and I am gladder that it is a Heaven, than that it were a Court, or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a room there than here, and better cheap. Madam, my beſt treaſure is time, and my beſt employment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulneſs for my Redeemer) is to ſtudy good wiſhes for you, in which I am, by continual meditation, ſo learned, that any creature (except your own good Angel) when it would do you moſt good might

might be content to come and take inſtructions from

Amyens, the 7th of *Febr.* here, 1611.

Your humble and affectionate ſervant,

J. D.

To my honoured friend G. G. *Eſquire.*

SIR,

NEither your letters, nor ſilence, needs excuſe; your friendſhip is to me an abundant poſſeſſion, though you remember me but twice in a year. He, that could have two harveſts in that time, might juſtly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we do not only then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge, that all the year ſhe doth many motherly offices in preparing it; ſo is not friendſhip then only to be eſteemed, when ſhe is delivered of a letter, or any other real office, but in her continual propenſeneſs and inclination to do it. This hath made me eaſie in pardoning my long ſilences, and in promiſing my ſelf your forgiveneſs for not anſwering your letter ſooner. For my purpoſe of proceeding in the profeſſion of the law, ſo far as to a title, you may be pleaſed to correct that imagination, whereſoever you find it. I ever thought the ſtudy of it my beſt entertainment and paſtime, but I have no ambition, nor deſign upon the ſtile. Of my Anniverſaries, the fault, that I acknowledge in my ſelf, is to have deſcended to print any thing in verſe, which though it have excuſe even in our times by men who profeſs, and practiſe much gravity; yet, I confeſs, I wonder how I declin'd to it, and do not pardon my ſelf: But for the other part of the imputation, of having ſaid too much, my defence is, That my purpoſe was to ſay as well as I could:

for ſince I never ſaw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be underſtood to have bound my ſelf to have ſpoken juſt truths; but I would not be thought to have gone about to praiſe her, or any other in rhyme, except I took ſuch a perſon, as might be capable of all, that I could ſay: If any of thoſe Ladys think that Miſtreſs *Drury* was not ſo, let that Lady make her ſelf fit for all thoſe praiſes in the book, and they ſhall be hers. Sir, this meſſenger makes ſo much haſte, that I crave your mercy for ſpending any time of this letter in other employment than thanking you for yours. I hope before *Chriſtmas* to ſee *England*, and kiſs your hand, which ſhall ever (if it diſdain not that office) hold all the keys of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Paris, the 14th of *April* here, 1612.

Your moſt affectionate ſervant,
J. D.

To my honoured friend G. G. *Eſquire.*

SIR,

I Should not only ſend you an account by my ſervant, but bring you an account often by my ſelf (for our letters are our ſelves, and in them abſent friends meet) how I do, but that two things make me forbear that writing; firſt, becauſe it is not for my gravity to write of feathers and ſtraws; and in good faith I am no more, conſidering in my body, or fortune; and then, becauſe whenſoever I tell you how I do by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I ſhall be otherways than when it left me: At this time (I humbly thank God) I am only not worſe, for I ſhould as ſoon look for Roſes at this ſeaſon of the year, as look for increaſe of ſtrength; and if I be no worſe all ſpring, than now, I am much better; for I make account thoſe Church-ſervices, which I am loth to decline, will ſpend ſomewhat; and if I can

can gather ſo much as will bear my charges, recover ſo much ſtrength at *London*, as I ſhall ſpend at *London*, I ſhall not be loth to be left in that ſtate I am now, after that is done. But I do but diſcourſe, I do not wiſh; life, or health, or ſtrength, I thank God, enter not into my prayers for my ſelf; for others they often do, and amongſt others for your ſelf and ſon; whom I beſeech God to bleſs with the ſame bleſſing, which I beg for the children, and for the perſon of

Alery-hatch, Novemb. 2. 1630.

Your friend and humble ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus,

J. D.

To my honoured friend G. G. *Eſquire.*

SIR,

THIS advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I ſo much the oftner at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by the ſolitude and cloſe impriſonment, that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I ſhall never leave out your happineſs; and I doubt not but amongſt his many other bleſſings, God will add ſome one to you for my prayers. A man would be almoſt content to dye, (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear of ſo much ſorrow, and ſo much good teſtimony from good men, as I (bleſſed be God for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not through all, for one writ to me, that ſome (and he ſaid, of my friends) conceived, I was not ſo ill as I pretended, but withdrew my ſelf to live at eaſe, diſcharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always been ſorrier, when I could not

preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my deſire (and God may be pleaſed to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, die the ſooner by occaſion of thoſe labours. Sir, I hope to ſee you about *Candlemas*; about which time alſo will fall my Lent-Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and leave me out; for as long as I live, and am not ſpeechleſs, I would not decline that Service. I have better leiſure to write, than you to read; yet I will not oppreſs you with too much letter. God bleſs you and your Son, as I wiſh.

January 7, 1630. *Your poor friend and ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus,*

J. D.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

THIS *Tueſday* morning, which hath brought me to *London*, preſents me with all your letters. Methought it was a rent-day, I mean ſuch as yours, and not as mine; and yet ſuch too, when I conſidered how much I ought you for them. How good a Mother, how fertile and abundant the underſtanding is, if ſhe have a good Father! And how well friendſhip performs that office! For that, which is denied in other generations, is done in this of yours: For here is ſuperfœtation, child upon child, and, that which is more ſtrange, twins at a latter conception. If in my ſecond religion, Friendſhip, I had a Conſcience, either *Errantem*, to miſtake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem*, to be raviſhed by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam*, to adhere to neither part, or *Scrupuloſam*, to incline to

to one, but upon reaſons light in themſelves, or indiſcuſſed in me (which are almoſt all the diſeaſes of conſcience) I might miſtake your often, long, and buſie letters, and fear you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and ſpare you. For you know, our Court took the reſolution, that it was the beſt way to diſpatch the *French* Prince back again quickly, to receive him ſolemnly, ceremoniouſly, and expenſively, when he hoped a domeſtique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in weight nor price, but in number and bulk I thought I might; becauſe he may caſt up a greater ſum, who hath but forty ſmall monies, than he with twenty *Portuguezes*. The memory of friends, (I mean only for Letters) neither enters ordinarily into buſied men, becauſe they are ever employed within; nor into men of pleaſure, becauſe they are never at home. For theſe wiſhes therefore, which you won out of your pleaſure and recreation, you were as excuſable to me, if you writ ſeldom, as Sir *H. Wotton* is, under the oppreſſion of buſineſs, or the neceſſity of ſeeming ſo; or more than he, becauſe I hope you have both pleaſure and buſineſs; only to me, who have neither, this omiſſion were ſin. For though writing be not of the precepts of friendſhip, but of the counſels; yet as in ſome caſes to ſome men counſels become precepts, tho' not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church, (as ſelling and dividing goods in the firſt time, continence in the *Roman* Church, and order and decency in ours;) ſo to me, who can do nothing elſe, it ſeems to bind my conſcience to write: and it is ſin to do againſt the conſcience, though that err. Yet no man's letters might be better wanted than mine, ſince my whole letter is nothing elſe but a confeſſion, that I ſhould and would write. I ought you a letter in verſe before by my own promiſe; and now that you think

that you have hedged in that debt by a greater, by your letter in verſe, I think it now moſt ſeaſonable and faſhional for me to break; at leaſt, to write preſently were to accuſe my ſelf of not having read yours ſo often as ſuch a letter deſerves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for ſuch is the deſire of all, who cannot or mean not to pay) I pray, read theſe two problems: for ſuch light flaſhes as theſe have been my hawking in my *Surrey* journies. I accompany them with another rag of verſes, worthy of that name for the ſmallneſs and age, for it hath long lain among my other Papers, and laughs at them, that have adventured to you: for, I think, till now you ſaw it not, and neither you, nor it ſhould repent it. Sir, if I were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: but infinite nothings are but one ſuch: Yet ſince even Chimera's have ſome name and titles, I am alſo

Yours,

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

IN the hiſtory or ſtile of friendſhip, which is beſt written both in deeds and words, a letter, which is of a mixt nature, and hath ſomething of both, is a mixt Parentheſis: It may be left out; yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freſhneſs thereof. Letters have truly the ſame office, as oaths: As theſe amongſt light and empty men are but fillings, and pauſes, and interjections; but with weightier they are ſad atteſtations: So are letters to ſome compliment, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my ſervant to lye in my behalf, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worſe in me;) ſo I allow

allow my letters much leſs that civil diſhoneſty, both becauſe they go from me more conſiderately, and becauſe they are permanent; for in them I may ſpeak to you in your chamber a year hence, before I know not whom, and not hear my ſelf. They ſhall therefore ever keep the ſincerity and intemerateneſs of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as, whereſoever theſe leaves fall, the root is in my heart; ſo ſhall they, as that ſucks good affections toward you there, have ever true impreſſions thereof. Thus much of information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is; and theſe can tell you I am a friend, and an honeſt man. Of what general uſe, the fruit ſhould ſpeak, and I have none; and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting ſhould tell you, and you can make none of ſuch a nothing: yet even of barren Sycamores, ſuch as I, there were uſe, if either any light flaſhings, or ſcorching vehemencies, or ſudden ſhowers made you need ſo ſhadowy an Example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and mind do you this happy injury, that they make all kind of fruits uſeleſs unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wiſely, where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you read it not till *Michaelmas*, was told you at *Mitcham*, 15 *Aug.* 1607.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

IT ſhould be no interruption to your pleaſures to hear me often ſay, that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my ſelf: I often compare not you and me, but the Sphear, in which your reſolutions are, and my wheel; both, I hope, concentrique to God; for methinks the new Aſtro-

nomy is thus appliable well; that we, which are a little earth, ſhould rather move towards God, than that he, which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, ſhould move towards us. To your life, full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all ſtickings and heſitations ſeem ſtupid and ſtony; ſo to this, all fluid ſlipperineſſes and tranſitory migrations ſeem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or poſtern, going in or out, never within his houſe himſelf: It is a garment made of remnants, a life ravel'd out into ends, a line diſcontinued, and a number of ſmall wretched points, uſeleſs, becauſe they concurr not: a life built of paſt and future, not propoſing any conſtant preſent. They have more pleaſures than we, but no more pleaſure; they joy oftner, we longer; and no man but of ſo much underſtanding, as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they, which dwell fartheſt from the Sun, if in any convenient diſtance, have longer days, better apperites, better digeſtion, better growth, and longer life: and all theſe advantages have their minds, who are well removed from the ſcorchings, and dazlings, and exhalings of the world's glory. But neither of our lives are in ſuch extreams; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy, which would diveſt others, live in the Sun, not in the Fire; and I, which live in the Country without ſtupifying, and not in darkneſs, but in ſhadow, which is no light, but a pallid, wateriſh and diluted one. As all ſhadows are of one colour, if you reſpect the body from which they are caſt (for our ſhadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden green and flowery;) ſo all retirings into a ſhadowy life are alike from all cauſes, and alike to the barbarouſneſs and inſipid dulneſs

dulneſs of the Country: Only the employment, and that, upon which you caſt and beſtow your pleaſure, buſineſs or books, give it the tincture or beauty. But truly, whereſoever we are, if we can but tell our ſelves truly, what and where we would be, we may make any ſtate and place ſuch: For we are ſo compoſed, that if abundance or glory ſcorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by conſideration, and cool our ſelves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a ſoul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own Umbrella's, and our own Suns. Theſe, Sir, are the Sallads and Onions of *Mitcham*, ſent to you as wholeſome affection, as your other friends ſend Melons and quelque-choſes from Court and *London*. If I preſent you not as good diet as they, I would yet ſay grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I ſend you with this a letter, which I ſent to the Counteſs. It is not my uſe nor duty to do ſo: But for your having of it there were but two conſents, and I am ſure you have mine, and you are ſure you have hers. I alſo writ to her Ladyſhip for the verſes ſhe ſhewed in the garden, which I did, not only to extort them, nor only to keep my promiſe of writing, (for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance ſhe hath forgotten the promiſe) nor only becauſe I think my letters juſt good enough for a Progreſs; but becauſe I would write apace to her, whilſt it is poſſible to expreſs that, which I yet know of her; for by this growth I ſee, how ſoon ſhe will be ineffable.

To the Counteſs of BEDFORD.

Happieſt and worthieſt Lady,

I Do not remember, that ever I have ſeen a petition in verſe; I would not therefore be ſingular, nor add theſe to your other papers. I have yet adventured ſo near as to make a petition for verſe, it is for thoſe, your Ladyſhip did me the honour to ſee in *Twicknam* garden; except you repent your making and having mended your judgment by thinking worſe, that is, better, becauſe juſter of their ſubject. They muſt needs be an excellent exerciſe of your wit, which ſpeak ſo well of ſo ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladyſhip, with two ſuch promiſes, as to any other of your compoſitions were threatnings, That I will not ſhew them, and that I will not believe them; And nothing ſhould be ſo uſed, which comes from your brain or heart. If I ſhould confeſs a fault in the boldneſs of asking them, or make a fault in doing it in a longer letter, your Ladyſhip might uſe your ſtile and old faſhion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiſs your Ladyſhip's fair learned hands, and wiſh you good wiſhes and ſpeedy grants.

Your Ladyſhip's ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

BEcauſe I am in a place and ſeaſon, where I ſee every thing bud forth, I muſt do ſo too, and vent ſome of my meditations to you; the rather, becauſe all other buds being yet without taſte or virtue, my letters may be like them. The pleaſant-

neſs

neſs of the ſeaſon diſpleaſes me. Every thing refreſhes; and I wither, and I grow older, and not better. My ſtrength diminiſhes, and my load grows; and being to paſs more and more ſtorms, I find that I have not only caſt out all my ballaſt, which nature and time gives, reaſon and diſcretion, and ſo am as empty and light as vanity can make me; but I have over-fraught my ſelf with vice, and ſo am riddingly ſubject to two contrary wrecks, ſinking and over-ſetting, and under the iniquity of ſuch a diſeaſe, as enforces the patient, when he is almoſt ſtarv'd, not only to faſt, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to caſt out. Sometimes I think it eaſier to diſcharge my ſelf of vice than of vanity, as one may ſooner carry the fire out of a room than the ſmoak: And then I ſee it was a new vanity to think ſo. And when I think ſometimes that vanity, becauſe it is thin and airy, may be expelled with virtue, or buſineſs, or ſubſtantial vice, I find that I give entrance thereby to new vices. Certainly as the earth and water, one ſad, the other fluid, make but one body; ſo to one vice and vanity there is but one *Centrum morbi*. And that which latter Phyſicians ſay of our bodies, is fitter for our minds; for that, which they call deſtruction, (which is a corruption and want of thoſe fundamental parts, whereof we conſiſt) is vice: And that *Collectio Stercorum* (which is but the excrement of that corruption) is our vanity and indiſcretion. Both theſe have but one root in me, and muſt be pulled out at once, or never. But I am ſo far from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes only, but in every ſenſe; not in my concupiſcence only, but in every power and affection. Sir, I was willing to let you ſee how impotent a man you love, not to diſhearten you from doing ſo ſtill (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring; they came not yeſterd y, nor mean to go

away to day; They Inn not, but dwell in me, and ſee themſelves ſo wellcome, and find ſo good bad company of one another, that they will not change, eſpecially to one not apprehenſive, nor eaſily acceſſible) but I do it, that your counſel might cure me; and if you deny that, your example ſhall: for I will as much ſtrive to be like you, as I wiſh you to continue good.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now well come to *London*, and well, and well comforted in your father's health and love, and well contented that we ask you how you do, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my ſelf. If I knew that I were ill, I were well: For we conſiſt of three parts, a Soul, a Body, and Mind; which I call thoſe thoughts, and affections, and paſſions, which neither Soul nor Body hath alone, but have been begotten by their communication, as Muſick reſults out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all theſe the diſeaſes are cures, if they be known. Of our Soul's ſickneſſes, which are ſins, the knowledge is to acknowledge, and that is her phyſick; in which we are not dieted by drams and ſcruples, for we cannot take too much: Of our body's infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinſeco*, from the opinion of the Phyſician, and that the ſubject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certain; and, if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledge thereof is alſo certain: But of the diſeaſes of the mind there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule: for our own taſte, and apprehenſion, and interpretation ſhould be the judge; and that is the diſeaſe it ſelf. Therefore ſometimes, when I

find my ſelf tranſported with jollity, and love of company, I hang leads at my heels, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family: When ſadneſs dejects me, either I countermine it with another ſadneſs, or I kindle ſquibs about me again, and fly into ſportfulneſs and company. And I find ever after all, that I am like an Exorciſt, which had long laboured about one, which at laſt appears to have the Mother, that I ſtill miſtake my diſeaſe. And I ſtill vex my ſelf with this, becauſe, if I know it not, no body can know it: And I comfort my ſelf, becauſe I ſee diſpaſſioned men are ſubject to the like ignorances. For divers minds out of the ſame thing often draw contrary concluſions; as *Auguſtine* thought devout *Anthony* to be therefore full of the holy Ghoſt, becauſe, not being able to read, he could ſay the whole Bible, and interpret it: And *Thyræus* the Jeſuite for the ſame reaſon doth think all the *Anabaptiſts* to be poſſeſſed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one concluſion; As to the *Roman* Church Magnificence and Splendor hath ever been an argument of God's favour: and Poverty and Affliction to the *Greek*. Out of this variety of minds it proceeds, that, though all our Souls would go to one end, heaven; and all our bodies muſt go to one end, the earth; yet our third part, the mind, which is our natural Guide here, chooſes to every man a ſeveral way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor adviſedly that which himſelf. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpoſe; I meant to write a letter, and I am fall'n into a diſcourſe, and do not only take you from ſome buſineſs, but I make you a new buſineſs, by drawing you into theſe meditations. In which yet let my openneſs be an argument of ſuch love, as I would fain expreſs in ſome worthier faſhion.

The end of the Letters.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 *Auguſti*, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poema Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

OThers at the Porches and Entries of their buildings ſet their Arms; I my Picture; if any colours can deliver a mind ſo plain, and fla, and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new Author I doubt, and ſtick, and do not ſay quickly Good. I cenſure much and tax; And this liberty coſts me more than others. Yet I would not be ſo rebellious againſt my ſelf, as not to do it, ſince I love it; nor ſo unjuſt to others, to do it ſine talione. *As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they muſt pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him, that like the* Trent Council, *forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever ſuch a name hath or ſhall write. None write ſo ill, that he gives not ſomething exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpoſe to come into any man's debt; how my ſtock will hold out, I know not; perchance waſte, perchance increaſe in uſe. If I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, beſides that I make account that I pay it to poſterity, with as much, and as good, you ſhall ſtill find me to acknowledge it, and*

to thank not him only, that hath digg'd out treaſure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All, which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no ſuch Readers, as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean *doctrine doth not only carry one ſoul from man to man, nor man to beaſt, but indifferently to plants alſo: and therefore you muſt not grudge to find the ſame ſoul in an Emperour in a Poſt-horſe, and in a Maceron; ſince no unreadineſs in the ſoul, but an indiſpoſiton in the* Organs *works this. And therefore, though this ſoul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember and can now tell me, at what laſcivious banquet it was ſerv'd: And though it could not ſpeak, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who uſed it for poyſon to attain dignity. How ever the bodys have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me ſo ſeriouſly deliver you by her relation all her paſſages from her firſt making, when ſhe was that apple which* EVE *eat, to this time when ſhe is ſhe, whoſe life you ſhall find in the end of this book.*

THE

THE PROGRESS Of the SOUL.

First SONG.

I.

I Sing the progreſs of a deathleſs ſoul, [troll,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not con-
Plac'd in moſt ſhapes; all times, before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and ſince, in this I ſing;
And the great world t' his aged evening,
From infant morn, though manly noon I draw;
What the gold *Chaldee*, or ſilver *Perſian* ſaw,
Greek braſs, or *Roman* iron, 'is in this one;
A work t' out-wear *Seth*'s pillars, brick and ſtone,
And (holy Writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, Eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not;
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the firſt Eaſt thou now begin'ſt to ſhine,
Suck'ſt early balm, and Iſland ſpices there;
And wilt anon in thy looſe-rein'd career
At *Tagus*, *Po*, *Seine*, *Thames*, and *Danow* dine,
And ſee at night thy *Weſtern Land* of Myne;
Yet haſt thou not more Nations ſeen than ſhe,
That before thee one day began to be;
And, thy frail light being quench'd, ſhall long, long outlive thee.

III.

Nor, holy *Janus*, in whoſe ſoveraign boat
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float;
That ſwimming College, and free Hoſpital
Of all mankind, that Cage and vivary
Of fowls and beaſts, in whoſe womb Deſtiny
Us and our lateſt Nephews did inſtall;
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Didſt thou in that great ſtewardſhip embark
So divers ſhapes into that floating park, [ſpark.
As have been mov'd, and inform'd by this heav'nly

IV.

Great Deſtiny, the Commiſſary of God,
That haſt mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we off-ſpring took,
Our ways and ends ſeeſt at one inſtant. Thou
Knot of all cauſes, thou, whoſe changeleſs brow
Ne'er ſmiles nor frowns, O vouchſafe thou to look,
And ſhew my ſtory, in thy eternal book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may underſtand
So much my ſelf, as to know with what hand,
How ſcant, or liberal, this my life's race is ſpann'd.

V.

To my ſix luſters, almoſt now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me ſo many more;
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of ſteep ambition, ſleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching ſickneſs, dull captivity,
Diſtracting buſineſs, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this and t'others whets;
O! let me not launch out, but let me ſave
Th' expenſe of brain and ſpirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man, may have.

VI.

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this ſea ſhall enlarge, or enrough
It ſelf; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold in ſad lone ways a lively ſpright,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light,

For, though thro' many ſtraights and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradiſe, and ſail towards home:
The courſe, I there began, ſhall here be ſtay'd;
Sails hoiſted there, ſtruck here; and Anchors laid
In *Thames*, which were at *Tygris* and *Euphrates* weigh'd.

VII.

For the great ſoul, which here amongſt us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which, as the Moon the Sea, moves us; to hear
Whoſe ſtory with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crown, and laſt ſtrain of my ſong)
This ſoul, to whom *Luther* and *Mahomet* were
Priſons of fleſh; this ſoul, which oft did tear,
And mend the wrecks of th' Empire, and late *Rome*,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had firſt in Paradiſe a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greateſt, leſs,
If (as devout and ſharp men fitly gueſs)
That Croſs, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That All, which always was all, every where;
Which could not ſin, and yet all ſins did bear;
Which could not die, yet could not chooſe but die;)
Stood in the ſelf-ſame room in *Calvary*,
Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in ſecuritie [free,
This ſoul, made by the Maker's will from pulling

IX.

Prince of the Orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoon as born,
That apple grew, which this ſoul did enlive;
Till the then climbing ſerpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and t' her, whom the firſt man did wive
(Whom, and her race, only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, ſhe t' her husband; both did eat:
So periſhed the eaters, and the meat; [ſweat
And we (for treaſon taints the blood) thence die an

X.

Man all at once was there by woman ſlain;
And one by one we're here ſlain o'er again
By them. The Mother poyſon'd the Well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivulets;
No ſmallneſs 'ſcapes, no greatneſs breaks their nets:
She thruſt us out, and by them we are led
Aſtray, from turning to whence we are fled.
Were priſoners judges, 'twould ſeem rigorous;
She ſinn'd, we bear; part of our pain is thus [us.
To love them, whoſe fault to this painful love yoak'd

XI.

So faſt in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we ſhould be ſo;
Would God (diſputes the curious Rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creature's will croſs his? Of every man,
For one, will God (and be juſt) vengeance take?
Who ſinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake,
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ,
That *Adam* cropt, or knew the Apple; yet
The worm, and ſhe, and he, and we endure for it.

XII.

But ſnatch me, heav'nly Spirit, from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity; leſs is their gain
Than hazard ſtill to meditate on ill, [toys
Though with good mind; their reaſon's like thoſe
Of glaſſie bubbles, which the gameſome boys
Stretch to ſo nice a thinneſs through a quill,
That they themſelves break, and do themſelves ſpill.
Arguing is heretique's game, and Exerciſe,
As wreſtlers, perfects them: Not liberties [reſies.
Of ſpeech, but ſilence; hands, not tongues, end he-

XIII.

Juſt in that inſtant, when the ſerpent's gripe
Broke the ſlight veins, and tender conduit pipe,
Thro' which this ſoul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this Apple, fled away
This looſe ſoul, old, one and another day.

As lightning, which one ſcarce dare ſay he ſaw,
'Tis ſo ſoon gone, (and better proof the law
Of ſenſe, than faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
T' a dark and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw
There thro' th' earth's pores, and in a Plant hous'd her anew.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to it ſelf did force
A place, where no place was; by nature's courſe
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd ſo
His ſpungy confines gave him place to grow:
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the Prince, and ſo fill up the way,
That weaſels ſcarce could paſs; when ſhe comes near,
They throng, and cleave up, and a paſſage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right arm he thruſt out towards the Eaſt,
Weſtward his left; th' ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer ſtrings, theſe fingers were:
And as a ſlumb'rer ſtretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way ſcattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the firſt day, hair,
To ſhow, that in love's buſ'neſs he ſhould ſtill
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle; his leaves force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears;
And to his ſhoulders dangle ſubtile hairs;
A young *Coloſſus* there he ſtands upright:
And, as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafie garland wears he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, ſo red and bright,
That for them you would call your love's lips white;
So of a lone unhaunted place poſſeſt,
Did this ſoul's ſecond Inn, built by the gueſt
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reſt.

XVII.

No luſtful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas, becauſe there was none yet but *Eve:*
And ſhe (with other purpoſe) kill'd it quite;
Her ſin had now brought in infirmities,
And ſo her cradled child the moiſt-red eyes
Had never ſhut, nor ſlept, ſince it ſaw light;
Poppy ſhe knew, ſhe knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and ſo cool'd her child's bloud:
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have ſtood;
But he's ſhort liv'd, that with his death can do moſt [good.

XVIII.

To an unfetter'd ſoul's quick nimble haſte
Are falling ſtars, and heart's thoughts, but ſlow pac'd:
Thinner than burnt air flies this ſoul, and ſhe,
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtleſs of change, when her firm deſtiny
Confin'd, and engoal'd her, that ſeem'd ſo free,
Into a ſmall blew ſhell; the which a poor
Warm bird o'erſpread, and ſat ſtill evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd it ſelf a door.

XIX.

Out crept a ſparrow, this ſoul's moving Inn,
On whoſe raw arms ſtiff feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gums, to break with pain;
His fleſh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overſpreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late houſe, and the firſt hour ſpeaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father fteals for him; and ſo feeds then [hen.
One, that within a month will beat him from his

XX.

In this world's youth wiſe nature did make haſte,
Things ripen'd ſooner, and did longer laſt;
Already this hot cock in buſh and tree,
In field and tent o'erflutters his next hen;
He asks her not who did ſo taſte, nor when;

Nor if his ſiſter or his niece ſhe be,
Nor doth ſhe pule for his inconſtancy,
If in her ſight he change; nor doth refuſe
The next, that calls; both liberty do uſe; [chooſe.
Where ſtore is of both kinds, both kinds may freely

XXI.

Men, till they took laws, which made freedom leſs,
Their daughters and their ſiſters did ingreſs;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 'twas *not*;
So jolly, that it can move this ſoul: Is
The body ſo free of his kindneſſes,
That ſelf-preſerving it hath now forgot,
And ſlack'neth not the ſoul's and body's knot,
Which temp'rance ſtraitens? freely on his ſhe-friends
He bloud, and ſpirit, pith, and marrow ſpends,
Ill ſteward of himſelf, himſelf in three years ends.

XXII.

Elſe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy bloud, which doth in Holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With feign'd calls, his nets, or enwrapping ſnare
The free inhabitants of th' pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-ſparrows, leave:
Yet chooſeth he, though none of theſe he fears,
Pleaſantly three; then ſtraitned twenty years,
To live, and to encreaſe his race, himſelf outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The ſoul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook; a female fiſh's ſandy Roe
With the male's jelly newly leav'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd, as they did paſs;
And one of thoſe ſmall bodies, fitted ſo,
This ſoul inform'd; and able it to row
It ſelf with finny oars, which ſhe did fit,
Her ſcales ſeem'd yet of parchment; and as yet
Perchance a fiſh, but by no name, you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ſhip in her full trim,
A Swan ſo white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneſs, but himſelf to none,
Glided along, and, as he glided, watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fiſh catch'd:
It mov'd with ſtate, as if to look upon
Low things it ſcorn'd; and yet, before that one
Could think he ſought it, he had ſwallow'd clear
This, and much ſuch; and unblam'd; devour'd there
All, but who too ſwift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV.

Now ſwam a priſon in a priſon put,
And now this Soul in double walls was ſhut;
Till, melted with the Swan's digeſtive fire,
She left her houſe the fiſh, and vapour'd forth:
Fate, not affording bodys of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fiſh, to any new deſire
Made a new prey: For he, that can to none
Reſiſtance make, nor complaiut, is ſure gone;
Weakneſs invites, but ſilence feaſts oppreſſion.

XXVI.

Pace with the native ſtream this fiſh doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glaſſy deep,
But oft retarded; once with a hidden net, [taught
Though with great windows, (for when need firſt
Theſe tricks to catch food, then they were not
As now, with curious greedineſs, to let [wrought,
None 'ſcape, but few, and fit for uſe to get,)
As in this trap a rav'nous Pike was ta'en,
Who, though himſelf diſtreſt, would fain have ſlain
This wretch; ſo hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her ſmallneſs ſhe two deaths o'erpaſt,
Once innocence 'ſcap'd, and left th' oppreſſor faſt;
The net through ſwam, ſhe keeps the liquid path,
And whether ſhe leap up ſometimes to breath,
And ſuck in air, or find it underneath;

Or working parts like mills, or limbecks hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but ſafe the Place ſhe's come unto,
Where freſh with ſalt waves meet; and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or [two.

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her gueſts water is,
That ſhe ſhews them in bigger quantities,
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a Sea-Pie
Spy'd through his traiterous ſpectacle from high
The ſilly fiſh, where it diſputing lay,
And, t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted ſhe's but to th' exalter's good,
(As are by great ones men, which lowly ſtood)
It's rais'd to be the Raiſer's inſtrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind ſubject to rape like fiſh?
Ill unto man they neither do, nor wiſh;
Fiſhers they kill not, nor with noyſe awake;
They do not hunt, nor ſtrive to make a prey
Of beaſts, nor their young ſons to bear away;
Fowls they purſue not, nor do undertake
To ſpoyl the neſts induſtrious birds do make;
Yet them all theſe unkind kinds feed upon:
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make Faſts and Lents for their deſtruction.

XXX.

A ſudden ſtiff land-wind in that ſelf hour
To ſea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fiſh; he cares not, for with eaſe he flies,
Fat gluttony's beſt orator: at laſt
So long he hath flown, and hath flown ſo faſt,
That leagues o'erpaſt at ſea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languiſht, dies:
The ſouls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
The fiſh I follow, and keep no Calendar
Of th' other: he lives yet in ſome great Officer.

XXXI. Into

XXXI.

Into an embryon fiſh our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To ſuch vaſtneſs; as if unmanacled
From *Greece* *Morea* were, and that, by ſome
Earthquake unrooted, looſe *Morea* ſwam;
Or ſeas from *Africk*'s body 'had ſevered
And torn the *Hopeful Promontory*'s head;
This fiſh would ſeem theſe, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ſhip overſet, or without ſail [whale.
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

XXXII.

At every ſtroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken ſea they make,
Than cannon's voyces, when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts beſt ſteel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him ſwallow'd Dolphins without fear,
And feel no ſides, as if his vaſt womb were
Some inland ſea; and ever, as he went,
He ſpouted rivers up, as if he meant
To joyn our ſeas with ſeas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fiſh, but as an officer
Stays in his Court, at his own net, and there
All ſuitors of all ſorts themſelves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat ſucks every thing,
That paſſeth near. Fiſh chaſeth fiſh, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not States of more equalitie
Conſiſt? and is it of neceſſity [muſt die?
That thouſand guiltleſs Smalls, to make one great,

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up ſeas, and he eats up flocks;
He juſtles Iſlands, and he ſhakes firm Rocks:
Now in a roomful houſe this ſoul doth float,

And, like a Prince, ſhe ſends her faculties
To all her limbs, diſtant as Provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both *Crab* and *Goat*
Parched, ſince firſt launch'd forth this living boat;
'Tis greateſt now, and to deſtruction
Neareſt: There's no pauſe at perfection;
Greatneſs a period hath, but hath no ſtation.

XXXV.

Two little fiſhes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themſelves by his death (they did not eat
His fleſh, nor ſuck thoſe oyls, which thence outſtreat)
Conſpir'd againſt him; and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fiſhes were, and could not ſpeak.
How ſhall a Tyrant wiſe ſtrong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

The flail'd-finn'd Threſher, and ſteel-beak'd Sword
Only attempt to do, what all do wiſh:
The Threſher backs him, and to beat begins;
The ſluggard Whale yields to oppreſſion,
And, t' hide himſelf from ſhame and danger, dow
Begins to ſink; the ſword-fiſh upward ſpins,
And gores him with his beak; his ſtaff-like fins
So well the one, his ſword the other plies,
That, now a ſcoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himſelf all companie

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Thoſe to account, that thought and wrought his fal
The heirs of ſlain kings we ſee 'are often ſo
Tranſported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obſequies forget;
Nor will againſt ſuch men the people go,
Becauſe he's now dead, to whom they ſhould ſhe

Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
So needy' of ſubject's love, that of their own [ſhown.
They think they loſe, if love be to the dead Prince

XXXVIII.

This Soul, now free from priſon and paſſion,
Hath yet a little indignation,
That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoon down beat
So great a caſtle: And having for her houſe
Got the ſtrait cloyſter of a wretched mouſe,
(As baſeſt men, that have not what to eat,
Not enjoy ought, do far more hate the great,
Than they, who good repos'd eſtates poſſeſs)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by leſs
Be ſlain, to gallant miſchief doth her ſelf addreſs.

XXXIX.

Nature's great maſter-piece, an Elephant
(The only harmleſs great thing) the giant
Of beaſts; who Thought none had, to make him wiſe,
But to be juſt and thankful, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himſelf he up-props, on himſelf relies,
And, foe to none, ſuſpects no enemies,
Still ſleeping ſtood; vext not his fantaſie
Black dreams, like an unbent bow careleſly
His ſinewy Proboſcis did remiſsly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouſe
Walk'd, and ſurvey'd the rooms of this vaſt houſe;
And to the brain, the ſoul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: Like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the ſlain beaſt tumbled down;
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy ſent
To kill, not 'ſcape (for only he, that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better room)
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a Wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the beſt midwife, Nature, gave it help
To iſſue: It could kill, as ſoon as go.
Abel, as white and mild, as his ſheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church and Kingdoms there
Was the firſt type) was ſtill infeſted ſo
With this wolf, that it bred his loſs and woe;
And yet his bitch, his Centinel, attends
The flock ſo near, ſo well warns and defends,
That the wolf (hopeleſs elſe) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a courſe, which ſince ſucceſsfully
Great men have often taken, to eſpy
The counſels, or to break the plots of foes;
To *Abel*'s tent he ſtealeth in the dark,
On whoſe skirts the bitch ſlept: ere ſhe could bark,
Attach'd her with ſtrait gripes, yet he call'd thoſe
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth ſhe
Nor much reſiſt, nor needs he ſtraighten ſo [ſhew,
His prey, for were ſhe looſe, ſhe would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her; his ſhe wholly bides:
Who not her own, none other's ſecrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and *Abel* there,
She feigns hoarſe barkings, but ſhe biteth not;
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At laſt a trap, of which ſome every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loſs and fear,
By the wolve's death; and now juſt time it was,
That a quick ſoul ſhould give life to that maſs
Of blood in *Abel*'s bitch, and thither this did paſs.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their ſiſters ſome begot;
But in the lives of Emperors you ſhall not
Read of a luſt, the which may equal this:
This wolf begot himſelf, and finiſhed,
What he began alive, when he was dead.

Son to himſelf, and father too, he is
A riding luſt, for which Schoolmen would miſs
A proper name. The whelp of both theſe lay
In *Abel*'s tent, and with ſoft *Moaba*,
His ſiſter, being young, it us'd to ſport and play.

XLV.

He ſoon for her too harſh and churliſh grew,
And *Abel* (the dam dead) would uſe this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from ſheep drove wolves away,
And, as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade;
Then, hopeleſs that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himſelf by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog he fled;
And, like a ſpie to both ſides falſe, he periſhed.

XLVI.

It quick'ned next a toyful Ape, and ſo
Gameſome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play;
His organs now ſo like theirs he doth find,
That, why he cannot laugh and ſpeak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, moſt he doth ſtay
With *Adam*'s fifth daughter, *Siphatecia*:
Doth gaze on her, and, where ſhe paſſeth, paſs,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the graſs;
And, wiſeſt of that kind, the firſt true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the firſt, that more deſir'd to have
One than another; firſt, that e'er did crave
Love by mute ſigns, and had no power to ſpeak;
Firſt, that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's ſomberſalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his Miſtreſs merry; or to wreak
Her anger on himſelf. Sins againſt kind
They eas'ly do, that can let feed their mind [do find.
With outward beauty, beauty they in boys and beaſts

XLVIII.

By this miſled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; Beaſts and Angels have been lov'd:
This Ape, though elſe through-vain, in this was wiſe;
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not ſhe would ſay nay.
His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries,
He gazeth on her face with tear-ſhot eyes,
And up lifts ſubtily with his ruſſet paw
Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe
Of nature; nature hath no goal, tho' ſhe hath law.

XLIX.

Firſt ſhe was ſilly, and knew not what he meant:
That virtue, by his touches chaft and ſpent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not firſt, nor cares not what he doth,
And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
She neither pulls nor puſhes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when *Thelemite*,
Her brother, entred, and a great ſtone threw
After the Ape, who thus prevented flew.
This houſe thus batter'd down, the ſoul poſſeſt a new.

L.

And whether by this change ſhe loſe or win, [in.
She comes out next, where th' Ape would have gone
Adam and *Eve* had mingled blouds, and now,
Like Chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had ſtew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A ſpungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moiſture unto every part;
Part hardned it ſelf to a thicker heart,
Whoſe buſie furnaces life's ſpirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the Well of ſenſe,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
Thoſe ſinew ſtrings, which do our bodies tie,
Are ravell'd out; and, faſt there by one end,
Did this ſoul limbs, theſe limbs a ſoul attend;

And now they joyn'd, keeping ſome quality
Of every paſt ſhape; ſhe knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and luſt, and ills enough
To be a woman: *Themech* ſhe is now,
Siſter and wife to *Cain*, *Cain*, that firſt did plough.

LII.

Whoe'er thou beeſt, that read'ſt this ſullen Writ,
Which juſt ſo much courts thee, as thou doſt it,
Let me arreſt thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the reſt,
Or moſt of thoſe arts, whence our lives are bleſt,
By curſed *Cain*'s race invented be,
And bleſt *Seth* vext us with Aſtronomy.
There's nothing ſimply good nor ill alone,
Of every quality Compariſon
The only meaſure is, and Judge Opinion.

The end of the Progreſs of the Soul.

HOLY SONETS.

I. *La Corona.*

DEign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou, which of good haſt, yea, art treaſurie,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of days;
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muſe's white ſinceritie,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of Glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'ſt our ends,
For at our ends begins our endleſs reſt;
The firſt laſt end now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt, my ſoul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all, that will, is nigh.

II. ANNUNCIATION.

Salvation to all, that will, is nigh;
That All, which always is all every where,
Which cannot ſin, and yet all ſins muſt bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chooſe but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin, yields himſelf to lie
In priſon, in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no ſin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
Taken from thence, fleſh, which death's force may [trie.
Ere by the ſphears time was created, thou
Waſt in his mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'ſt conceived; yet thou 'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
Thou 'haſt light in dark, and ſhutt'ſt in little room
Immenſity, cloyſter'd in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITIE.

Immenſity, cloyſter'd in thy dear womb,
Now leaves his well-belov'd impriſonment,
There he hath made himſelf to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inn no room?
Yet lay him in his ſtall, and from the Orient
Stars and wiſe men will travel, to prevent
Th' effect of *Herod*'s jealous general doom.
Seeſt thou, my Soul, with thy Faith's eye, how he,
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiſs him, and with him into *Egypt* go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

WITH his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,
Joſeph, turn back; ſee where your child doth ſit
Blowing, yea, blowing out thoſe ſparks of wit,
Which himſelf on the Doctors did beſtow;
The World but lately could not ſpeak, and lo
It ſuddenly ſpeaks wonders: whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which ſhould be writ,
A ſhallow-ſeeming child ſhould deeply know?
His Godhead was not ſoul to his Manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeneſs;
But as for one, which hath a long task, 'tis good
With the Sun to begin his buſineſs,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. MIRACLES.

BY miracles exceeding power of man
He faith in ſome, envy in ſome begat;

For, what weak ſpirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran:
But oh! the worſt are moſt, they will and can,
Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
Whoſe creature Fate is, now preſcribe a fate,
Meaſuring ſelf-life's infinite to ſpan,
Nay, to an inch. Lo, where condemned he
Bears his own croſs with pain; yet by and by,
When it bears him, he muſt bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving ſuch liberal dole,
Moiſt with one drop of thy bloud my dry ſoul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

MOIST with one drop of thy bloud, my dry ſoul
Shall (though ſhe now be in extream degree
Too ſtony hard, and yet too fleſhly) be
Freed by that drop, from being ſtarv'd, hard or foul;
And life, by this death abled, ſhall controll
Death, whom thy death ſlew; nor ſhall to me
Fear of firſt or laſt death bring miſerie,
If in thy life's-book my name thou inroll:
Fleſh in that long ſleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then ſins ſleep, and death ſoon from me paſs,
That, wak'd from both, I again riſen may
Salute the laſt and everlaſting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

SAlute the laſt and everlaſting day,
Joy at th' upriſing of this Sun, and Son,
Ye, whoſe true tears or tribulation
Have purely waſht or burnt your droſſy clay;
Behold the Higheſt, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,

Nor doth he by aſcending ſhew alone,
But firſt he, and he firſt, enters the way.
O ſtrong Ram, which haſt batter'd heav'n for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy bloud haſt mark'd the path,
Bright torch, which ſhin'ſt, that I the way may ſee,
Oh! with thy own bloud quench thy own juſt wrath:
And if thy holy Spirit my Muſe did raiſe,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe.

HOLY SONETS.

I.

THOU haſt made me, and ſhall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haſte;
I run to death, and death meets me as faſt,
And all my pleaſures are like yeſterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Deſpair behind, and death before doth caſt
Such terror, and my feeble fleſh doth waſte
By ſin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I riſe again;
But our old ſubtile foe ſo tempteth me,
That not one hour my ſelf I can ſuſtain;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles, I reſign
My ſelf to thee, O God. Firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee; and, when I was decay'd,
Thy bloud bought that the which before was thine;
I am thy Son, made with thy ſelf to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe pains thou haſt ſtill repay'd,
Thy Sheep, thine Image, and, till I betray'd

My ſelf, a temple of thy ſpirit divine.
Why doth the devil then uſurp on me?
Why doth he ſteal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
Except thou riſe, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I ſhall ſoon deſpair, when I ſhall ſee [me,
That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt not chooſe
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to loſe me.

III.

OH! Might theſe ſighs and tears return again
Into my breaſt and eyes, which I have ſpent,
That I might in this holy diſcontent
Mourn with ſome fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
In mine Idolatry what ſhow'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waſte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That ſufferance was my ſin I now repent;
'Cauſe I did ſuffer, I muſt ſuffer pain.
Th' hydroptick drunkard, and night-ſcouting thief,
The itchy Lecher, and ſelf-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of paſt joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No eaſe; for long, yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cauſe, the puniſhment and ſin.

IV.

OH! my black Soul, now thou art ſummoned
By ſickneſs, death's herald and champion;
Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treaſon, and durſt not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wiſheth himſelf delivered from priſon;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might b' impriſoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lack;
But who ſhall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh make thy ſelf with holy mourning black,
And red with bluſhing, as thou art with ſin;

Or waſh thee in Chriſt's bloud, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red ſouls to white.

V.

I Am a little world, made cunningly
Of Elements and an angelick ſpright;
But black ſin hath betray'd to endleſs night
My world's both parts, and (oh) both parts muſt die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was moſt high,
Have found new ſphears, and of new land can write,
Pour new ſeas in mine eyes, that ſo I might
Drown my world with my weeping earneſtly;
Or waſh it, if it muſt be drown'd no more:
But oh it muſt be burnt; alas! the fire
Of luſt and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: Let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fierie zeal
Of thee 'and thy houſe, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

THIS is my play's laſt ſcene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's laſt mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpan's laſt inch, my minute's lateſt point;
And gluttonous death will inſtantly unjoynt
My body and ſoul, and I ſhall ſleep a ſpace;
But my 'ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face,
Whoſe fear already ſhakes my every joynt:
Then as my ſoul to heav'n, her firſt ſeat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth ſhall dwell,
So fall my ſins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would preſs me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil;
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh, the devil.

VII.

AT the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and ariſe, ariſe
From death, you numberleſs infinities
Of ſouls, and to your ſcattered bodies go,
All, whom th' flood did, and fire ſhall overthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Deſpair, law, chance hath ſlain; and you, whoſe eyes
Shall behold God, and never taſte death's woe.
But let them ſleep, Lord, and me mourn a ſpace;
For, if above all theſe my ſins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good,
As if thou 'had'ſt ſeal'd my pardon with thy bloud.

VIII.

IF faithful ſouls be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my father's ſoul doth ſee,
And adds this ev'n to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erſtride:
But if our minds to theſe ſouls be deſcry'd
By circumſtances and by ſigns, that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How ſhall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They ſee idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And ſtile blaſphemous Conjurers to call
On Jeſus' name, and Phariſaical
Diſſemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O penſive ſoul, to God; for he knows beſt
Thy grief, for he put it into my breaſt.

IX.

IF poyſonous Minerals, and if that tree,
Whoſe Fruit threw death on (elſe immortal) us,

If lecherous Goats, if Serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why ſhould I be?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, born in me,
Make ſins, elſe equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being eaſie and glorious
To God, in his ſtern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare diſpute with thee!
O God, oh! of thine only worthy bloud,
And my tears, make a heav'nly *Lethean* flood,
And drown in it my ſin's black memory:
That thou remember them, ſome claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEATH, be not proud, tho' ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not ſo;
For thoſe, whom thou think'ſt thou doſt overthrow,
Die not, poor death; nor yet canſt thou kill me.
From reſt and ſleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleaſure; then from thee much more muſt flow:
And ſooneſt our beſt men with thee do go,
Reſt of their bones, and ſoul's delivery. [men,
Thou'rt ſlave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and deſperate
And doſt with poyſon, war and ſickneſs dwell,
And poppy 'or charms can make us ſleep as well,
And better than thy ſtroke. Why ſwell'ſt thou then?
One ſhort ſleep paſt, we wake eternally;
And death ſhall be no more, death, thou ſhalt die.

XI.

SPIT in my face, you Jews, and pierce my ſide,
Buffet and ſcoff, ſcourge and crucifie me:
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd; and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
But by my death cannot be ſatisfi'd
My ſins, which paſs the Jew's impietie:

They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorifi'd.
O let me then his ſtrange love ſtill admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment;
And *Jacob* came, cloth'd in vile harſh attire,
But to ſupplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himſelf in vile man's fleſh, that ſo
He might be weak enough to ſuffer woe.

XII.

WHY are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements ſupply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou, ignorant horſe, ſubjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, ſo ſillily
Diſſemble weakneſs, and by one man's ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kind you might ſwallow 'and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me! and worſe than you;
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue;
But their Creator, 'whom ſin, nor nature ty'd,
For us, his Creatures, and his Foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

WHAT if this preſent were the world's laſt night?
Mark in my heart, O ſoul, where thou doſt dwell,
The Picture of Chriſt crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Bloud fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveneſs for his foe's fierce ſpight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I ſaid to all my profane Miſtreſſes,

Beauty of pity, foulneſs only is
A ſign of rigour: ſo I ſay to thee;
To wicked ſpirits are horrid ſhapes aſſign'd,
This beauteous form aſſumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

BAtter my heart, three-perſon'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breath, ſhine, and ſeek to mend;
That I may riſe and ſtand, o'erthrow me, 'and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an uſurpt Town to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reaſon, your Viceroy 'in me, we ſhould defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly' I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, 'untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, impriſon me; for I,
Except you 'enthrall me, never ſhall be free;
Nor ever chaſte, except you raviſh me.

XV.

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digeſt,
My Soul, this wholeſome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breaſt;
The Father having begot a Son moſt bleſt,
And ſtill begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to chooſe thee by adoption,
Coheir to 'his glory, 'and Sabbath's endleſs reſt.
And as a robb'd man, which by ſearch doth find
His ſtoln ſtuff ſold, muſt loſe or buy't again:
The Sun of glory came down, and was ſlain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan ſtole, t' unbind.
'Twas much, that Man was made like God before;
But, that God ſhould be made like Man, much more.

XVI.

FAther, part of his double intereſt
Unto thy Kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His joynture in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conqueſt.
This Lamb, whoſe death with life the world hath bleſt,
Was from the world's beginning ſlain; and he
Hath made two Wills, which, with the Legacie
Of his and thy Kingdom, thy Sons inveſt:
Yet ſuch are theſe laws, that men argue yet,
Whether a man thoſe ſtatutes can fulfill;
None doth; but thy all-healing Grace and Spirit
Revive again, what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and thy laſt command
Is all but love; O let this laſt Will ſtand!

On the bleſſed Virgin Mary.

IN that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
From that, which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb they life receive,
God, as his ſole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
He thee his Spirit for his ſpouſe did leave,
By whom thou didſt his only Son conceive,
And ſo waſt link'd to all the Trinity.

Ceaſe then, O Queens, that earthly Crowns do wear,
To glory in the Pomp of earthly things;
If men ſuch high reſpects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
What honour can unto that Queen be done,
Who had your God for Father, Spouſe and Son?

The CROSS.

Since Chriſt embrac'd the Croſs it ſelf, dare I,
His image, th'image of his Croſs deny?
Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
And dare the choſen Altar to deſpiſe?
It bore all other ſins, but is it fit
That it ſhould bear the ſin of ſcorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flie his pains, who there did die?
From me no Pulpit, nor miſgrounded law,
Nor ſcandal taken ſhall this Croſs with-draw;
It ſhall not, for it cannot; for the loſs
Of this Croſs were to me another Croſs;
Better were worſe, for no affliction,
No Croſs is ſo extream, as to have none.
Who can blot out the Croſs, which th' inſtrumen
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To ſtretch mine arms, and mine own Croſs to be?
Swim, and at every ſtroke thou art thy Croſs:
The maſt and yard make one, where ſeas do toſs.
Look down, thou ſpy'ſt our croſſes in ſmall things;
Look up, thou ſeeſt birds rais'd on croſſed wings.
All the Globe's frame, and ſphears, is nothing elſe
But the Meridian's croſſing Parallels.
Material croſſes then good phyſick be;
But yet ſpiritual have chief dignity.
Theſe for extracted Chymique medicine ſerve,
And cure much better, and as well preſerve;
Then are you your own Phyſick, or need none,
When ſtill'd or purg'd by tribulation:
For, when that croſs ungrudg'd unto you ſticks,
Then are you to your ſelf a Crucifix.
As perchance Carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take:
Let Croſſes ſo take what hid Chriſt in thee,
And be his Image, or not his, but he.

But as oft Alchymists do Coyners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love.
And then as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility;
For 'tis no child, but monster: therefore cross
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss;
And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sow'r, stinking cross the rest,
Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome
And move: To th'others objects must come home,
And cross thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those detorsions, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain though bony walls doth vent
By Sutures, which a Crosse's form present:
So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of crosses, let none fall:
Cross no man else, but cross thy self in all.
Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
The Crosse's pictures much, and with more care
That Crosse's children, which our crosses are.

PSALM 137.

I.

BY *Euphrates'* flow'ry side
We did bide,
From dear *Juda* far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

When poor *Sion*'s doleful ſtate,
Deſolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd;
And the Temple ſpoil'd, which we
Ne'er ſhould ſee,
To our mirthleſs minds we call'd:

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unſtrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beſide us;
Where we ſitting all forlorn,
Thus in ſcorn
Our proud Spoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, ſad captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under *Sion*'s ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and ſing us lays
In the praiſe
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans?
And our groans
Under *Sion*'s ruins bury?
Can we in this Land ſing Lays
In the praiſe
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; dear *Sion*, if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miſerable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue loſe ſinging skill,
Let it ſtill

To my parched roof be glew'd;
If in either harp or voice
I rejoyce,
Till thy joys ſhall be renew'd.

VIII.

Lord, curſe *Edom*'s trait'rous kind,
Bear in mind,
In our ruins how they revell'd:
Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out ſtill,
Sack, burn, kill,
Down with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou *Babel*, when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a flowing, grows to turning;
Victor now, ſhall then be thrall,
And ſhall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

Happy he, who ſhall thee waſte,
As thou haſt
Us without all mercy waſted,
And ſhall make thee taſte and ſee,
What poor we
By thy means have ſeen and taſted.

XI.

Happy, who thy tender barns
From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainſt the walls ſhall daſh their bones,
Ruthleſs ſtones
With their brains and bloud beſmearing.

Reſurrection, Imperfect.

SLeep, ſleep, old Sun, thou canſt not have repa
As yet the wound, thou took'ſt on *Friday* laſt

Sleep then, and reſt: the world may bear thy ſtay,
A better Sun roſe before thee to day;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou, enlightned hell;
And made the dark fires languiſh in that vale,
As at thy preſence here our fires grow pale:
Whoſe body having walk'd on earth, and now
Haſtning to Heav'n, would, that he might allow
Himſelf unto all ſtations, and fill all,
For theſe three days become a mineral.
He was all gold, when he lay down, but roſe
All tincture; and doth not alone diſpoſe
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of pow'r to make ev'n ſinful fleſh like his.
Had one of thoſe, whoſe credulous piety
Thought, that a Soul one might diſcern and ſee
Go from a body, 'at this ſepulcher been,
And iſſuing from the ſheet this body ſeen,
He would have juſtly thought this body a ſoul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Deſunt cætera.

To Sir Robert CARR.

SIR,

I *Preſume you rather trie what you can do in me, than what I can do in verſe; you know my uttermoſt when it was beſt, and even then I did beſt, when I had leaſt truth for my ſubjects. In this preſent caſe there is ſo much truth, as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, ſmother it, and be that the ſacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to* Scotland *and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; But I thank you, that you would command me*

that, which I was loth to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend

and ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus

J. DONNE.

An Hymn to the Saints, and to Marqueſs HAMILTON.

WHether that ſoul, which now comes up to you,
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it ſelf, and order more
Than was in heav'n till now; (for may not he
Be ſo, if every ſeveral Angel be
A kind alone) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heav'n, we do not ſo.
One of your orders grows by his acceſs;
But by his loſs grow all our orders leſs:
The name of Father, Maſter, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is dampt, and converſation black,
The *Houſhold* widow'd, and the *Garter* ſlack;
The *Chappel* wants an ear, *Council* a tongue;
Story a theam, and *Muſick* lacks a ſong.
Bleſt order, that hath him! the loſs of him
Gangreen'd all Orders here; all loſt a limb!
Never made body ſuch haſte to confeſs
What a ſoul was; all former comelineſs
Fled in a minute, when the ſoul was gone,
And, having loſt that beauty, would have none:
So fell our *Monaſteries*, in an inſtant grown,
Not to leſs houſes, but to heaps of ſtone;

So ſent his body, that fair form it wore,
Unto the ſphear of forms, and doth (before
His ſoul ſhall fill up his ſepulchral ſtone)
Anticipate a Reſurrection;
For as it is his fame, now his ſoul's here,
So in the form thereof his body's there.
And if, fair ſoul, not with firſt *Innocents*
Thy ſtation be, but with the *Penitents*;
(And who ſhall dare to ask then, when I am
Dy'd ſcarlet in the bloud of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour, which is ſcarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou remembreſt what ſins thou didſt find
Amongſt thoſe many friends now left behind,
And ſeeſt ſuch ſinners, as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wiſh to wiſh all there, to wiſh them clean;
Wiſh *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

The Annunciation and Paſſion.

TAmely, frail fleſh, abſtain to day; to day
My ſoul eats twice, Chriſt hither and away;
She ſees him man, ſo like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whoſe firſt and laſt concurr; this doubtful day
Of feaſt or faſt Chriſt came, and went away.
She ſees him nothing twice at once, who's all;
She ſees a Cedar plant it ſelf, and fall:
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
She ſees at once the Virgin mother ſtay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at *Golgotha*.
Sad and rejoyc'd ſhe's ſeen at once, and ſeen
At almoſt fifty and at ſcarce fifteen:
At once a ſon is promis'd her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Chriſt to her, He her to *John*:

Not fully a mother, She's in Orbitie,
At once Receiver and the Legacie.
All this, and all between, this day hath ſhown,
Th' Abridgment of Chriſt's ſtory, which makes one
(As in plain Maps the furtheſt Weſt is Eaſt)
Of th' Angel's *Ave*, and *conſummatum eſt.*
How well the Church, God's *Court of Faculties*,
Deals in ſometimes and ſeldom joyning theſe!
As by the ſelf-fix'd Pole we never do
Direct our courſe, but the next ſtar thereto,
Which ſhews where th' other is, and which we ſay
(Becauſe it ſtrays not far) doth never ſtray:
So God by his Church, neareſt to him, we know,
And ſtand firm, if we by her motion go;
His Spirit as his fiery Pillar doth
Lead, and his Church as Cloud; to one end both.
This Church, by letting thoſe feaſts joyn, hath ſhown
Death and conception in mankind are one;
Or 'twas in him the ſame humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be.
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the laſt judgment but one period;
His imitating Spouſe would joyn in one
Manhood's extreams: *he ſhall come, he is gone.*
Or as though one bloud drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have ſerv'd, he yet ſhed all;
So though the leaſt of his pains, deeds, or word
Would buſie a life, ſhe all this day affords.
This treaſure then in groſs, my ſoul, up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

GOODFRIDAY, 1613. *riding Weſtward.*

LEt man's Soul be a Sphear, and then in this
Th' intelligence, that moves, devotion is;
And as the other Sphears, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, loſe their own;

And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleaſure or buſineſs ſo our ſouls admit
For their firſt mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried t'wards the Weſt
This day, when my ſoul's form bends to the Eaſt;
There I ſhould ſee a Sun by riſing ſet,
And by that ſetting endleſs day beget.
But that Chriſt on his Croſs did riſe and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I 'almoſt be glad, I do not ſee
That ſpectacle of too much weight for me.
Who ſees God's face, that is ſelf-life, muſt die;
What a death were it then to ſee God die?
It made his own *Lieutenant*, Nature, ſhrink;
It made his footſtool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold thoſe hands, which ſpan the Poles,
And tune all ſphears at once, pierc'd with thoſe holes?
Could I behold that endleſs heighth, which is
Zenith to us and our *Antipodes*,
Humbled below us? or that bloud, which is
The ſeat of all our ſouls, if not of his,
Made dirt of duſt? or that fleſh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on theſe things I durſt not look, durſt I
On his diſtreſſed Mother caſt mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furniſh'd thus
Half of that ſacrifice, which ranſom'd us?
Though theſe things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They're preſent yet unto my memory, [me,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'ſt towards
O Saviour, as thou hang'ſt upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, puniſh me,
Turn off my ruſt, and my deformity;
Reſtore thine Image ſo much by thy grace,
That thou may'ſt know me, and I'll turn my face.

The LITANIE.

I. *The Father.*

FAther of Heav'n, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all elſe for us
Thou mad'ſt and govern'ſt ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by ſelf-murder red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new faſhioned
I may riſe up from death, before I'm dead.

II. *The Son.*

O Son of God, who ſeeing two things,
Sin and Death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dſt with what ſtings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again;
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by 'applying ſo thy pain,
Drown'd in thy bloud, and in thy paſſion ſlain.

III. *The Holy Ghoſt.*

O Holy Ghoſt, whoſe temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condenſed duſt,
And being ſacrilegiouſly
Half waſted with youth's fires, of pride and luſt,
Muſt with new ſtorms be weather-beat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout ſad tears intend; and let
(Though this glaſs Lanthorn, fleſh, do ſuffer maim)
Fire, Sacrifice, Prieſt, Altar be the ſame.

IV. *The Trinity.*

O Bleſſed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philoſophy, but milk to faith,
Which, as wiſe ſerpents diverſly
Moſt ſlipperineſs, yet moſt entanglings hath,

As you diſtinguiſh'd (undiſtinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge be;
Give me ſuch ſelf diff'rent inſtinct,
Of theſe let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you 'unnumbred three.

V. *The Virgin Mary.*

For that fair bleſſed Mother-maid,
Whoſe fleſh redeem'd us (That ſhe Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradiſe, and made
One claim for innocence, and diſſeiz'd ſin;
Whoſe womb was a ſtrange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himſelf, and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, ſo are her prayers; nor can ſhe ſue
In vain, who hath ſuch titles unto you.

VI. *The Angels.*

And ſince this life our nonage is,
And we in Wardſhip to thine Angels be,
Native in heav'n's fair Palaces,
Where we ſhall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' earth, conceiving by the Sun,
Yields fair diverſity,
Yet never knows what courſe that light doth run:
So let me ſtudy, that mine actions be
Worthy their ſight, though blind in how they ſee.

VII. *The Patriarchs.*

And let thy Patriarch's Deſire
(Thoſe great Grandfathers of thy Church, which ſaw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, than us Grace and Law,
And now in heav'n ſtill pray, that we
May uſe our new helps right)
Be ſatisfy'd, and fructifie in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor Faith, by Reaſon added, loſe her ſight.

VIII. *The Prophets.*

Thy Eagle-ſighted Prophets too,
(Which were thy Churche's Organs, and did ſound

That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Thoſe heav'nly Poets, which did ſee
Thy will, and it expreſs
In rythmique feet) in common pray for me;
That I by them excuſe not my exceſs
In ſeeking Secrets, or Poetiqueneſs.

IX. *The Apoſtles.*

And thy illuſtrious Zodiack
Of twelve Apoſtles, which ingirt this All,
(From whom whoſoe'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou 'haſt let me know,
That their books are divine;
May they pray ſtill, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X. *The Martyrs.*

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly
Didſt long to die, that long before thou could'ſt,
And long ſince thou no more could'ſt dye,
Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body would'ſt
In *Abel* dye, and ever ſince
In thine; let their bloud come
To beg for us a diſcreet patience
Of death, or of worſe life; for, oh! to ſome
Not to be Martyrs is a Martyrdom.

XI. *The Confeſſors.*

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confeſſors,
Whoſe blouds betroth'd, not married were;
Tender'd, not taken by thoſe Raviſhers:
They know, and pray, that we may know;
In every Chriſtian
Hourly tempeſtuous perſecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himſelf a *Dioclesian*.

XII. *The Virgins.*

The cold white-ſnowy Nunnery,
(Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbeſs, ſent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadſt lent them, clean and innocent)
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church or I
Should keep, as they, our firſt integritie;
Divorce thou ſin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaſte widowhood Virginity.

XIII. *The Doctors.*

The ſacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whoſe pains have unclaſp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us, we are wrote
In thy 'other book) pray for us there,
That what they have miſdone,
Or miſ-ſaid, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our ſin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them Stars, but not the Sun.

XIV.

And whil'ſt this univerſal Choir,
(That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be loſt, which coſt thee dear)
Prays ceaſeleſsly, 'and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer, Lord; O Lord, deliver us
From truſting in thoſe prayers, tho' pour'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or ſecure,
Dead clouds of ſadneſs, or light ſquibs of mirth;
From thinking, that great courts immure
All or no happineſs; or that this earth
Is only for our priſon fram'd,
Or that thou'rt covetous
To them thou lov'ſt, or that they are maim'd,

From reaching this world's ſweets; who ſeek thee thus
With all their might, Good Lord, deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yeſterday's tears to-day,
From truſting ſo much to thy bloud,
That in that hope we wound our ſouls away;
From bribing thee with Alms, t' excuſe
Some ſin more burdenous;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all ſoul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance, or ſlack company;
From meaſuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choak ſin's ſpawn, Vanity;
From indiſcreet humility,
Which might be ſcandalous,
And caſt reproach on Chriſtianity;
From being ſpies, or to ſpies pervious;
From thirſt or ſcorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy deſcent
Into the Virgin, whoſe womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being ſent
T' ungracious us, ſtay'd'ſt at her full Grace;
And through thy poor birth, where firſt thou
Glorified'ſt Poverty,
And yet ſoon after riches didſt allow,
By 'accepting King's gifts in *th' Epiphany*,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which ſtill is th' agony of pious wits,
Diſputing what diſtorted thee,
And interrupted evenneſs with fits;

And through thy free confeſſion,
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, ſo that thou might'ſt from them have gone,
Good Lord, deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may blind unjuſt men.

XX.

Through thy ſubmitting all, to blows
Thy face, thy robes to ſpoil, thy fame to ſcorn;
All ways, which Rage or Juſtice knows,
And by which thou could'ſt ſhew, that thou waſt born;
And through thy gallant humbleneſs,
Which thou in death didſt ſhew,
Dying before thy ſoul they could expreſs;
Deliver us from death, by dying ſo
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When ſenſes, which thy ſoldiers are,
We arm againſt thee, and they fight for ſin;
When want, ſent but to tame, doth war,
And work deſpair a breach to enter in;
When plenty, God's Image and Seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it ſhould reveal;
When we are mov'd to ſeem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord, deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches when th' infirmity
Of him, which ſpeaks, diminiſhes the Word;
When Magiſtrates do miſ-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghoſtly ſword;
When plague, which is thine Angel, reigns,
Or wars, thy Champions, ſway;
When Hereſie, thy ſecond Deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, th' Eve of laſt judgment-day,
Deliver us from the finiſter way.

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord: to thee
A ſinner is more muſick, when he prays,

Than Sphears, or Angel's praiſes be
In Panegyrick *Alleluja's*;
Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to ſay:
Thine ear to' ourſighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word.
O thou, who Satan heard'ſt in *Job*'s ſick day,
Hear thy ſelf now, for thou in us doſt pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenneſs
This intermitting aguiſh Pietie;
That ſnatching cramps of wickedneſs,
And Apoplexies of faſt ſin may die;
That Muſick of thy promiſes,
Not threats in Thunder, may
Awaken us to our juſt offices;
What in thy book thou doſt, or creatures ſay,
That we may hear, Lord, hear us, when we pray.

XXV.

That our ear's ſickneſs we may cure,
And rectifie thoſe Labyrinths aright;
That we by heark'ning not procure
Our praiſe, nor other's diſpraiſe ſo invite;
That we get not a ſlipperineſs,
And ſenſleſly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeſt at King's exceſs,
T' admit the like of Majeſtie divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord, open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magiſtrate,
Which, to give us and make us phyſick, doth
Our vices often aggravate;
That Preachers, taxing ſin before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men,
Which will, if we ſtarve, dine,
When they do moſt accuſe us, may ſee then
Us to amendment hear them; thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord, lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Embaſſadour,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradiſe's flow'r,
For phyſick made, from poyſon be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die;
Hear us, weak Echo's, O thou ear, and crie.

XXVIII.

Son of God, hear us; and ſince thou,
By taking our bloud, ow'ſt it us again,
Gain to thy ſelf and us allow;
And let not both us and thy ſelf be ſlain:
O Lamb of God, which took'ſt our ſin,
Which could not ſtick to thee,
O let it not return to us again;
But Patient and Phyſician being free,
As ſin is nothing, let it no where be.

Upon the tranſlation of the Pſalms by Sir Philip Sydney, *and the Counteſs of* Pembrook *his Siſter.*

ETernal God, (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expreſſions, do the Circle ſquare,
And thruſt into ſtrait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerleſs and infinite)
I would but bleſs thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praiſes therefore on this one,
That as thy bleſſed Spirit fell upon
Theſe Pſalm's firſt Author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he ſung,

The higheſt matter in the nobleſt form;)
So thou haſt cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, and ſhed it here upon
Two by their Blouds, and by thy Spirit one;
A Brother and a Siſter, made by thee
The Organ, where thou art the Harmony;
Two, that make one *John Baptiſt*'s holy voice;
And who that Pſalm, *Now let the Iſles rejoyce*,
Have both tranſlated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us *what*, and taught us *how* to do.
They ſhew us Iſlanders our Joy, our King,
They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to ſing.
Make all this All, three Choirs, heav'n, earth, and ſphears;
The firſt, Heav'n, hath a ſong, but no man hears;
The ſphears have Muſick, but they have no Tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than ſung;
But our third Choir, to which the firſt gives ear,
(For Angels learn by what the Church does here)
This Choir hath all. The Organiſt is he,
Who hath tun'd God and Man; the Organ we:
The ſongs are theſe, which heav'n's high holy Muſe
Whiſper'd to *David*, *David* to the *Jews*,
And *David*'s Succeſſors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us ſo ſweetly and ſincerely too,
That I muſt not rejoyce as I would do,
When I behold, that theſe Pſalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, ſo ill at home;
So well in Chambers, in thy Church ſo ill,
As I can ſcarce call that reform'd, until
This be reform'd. Would a whole State preſent
A leſſer gift than ſome one man hath ſent?
And ſhall our Church unto our Spouſe and King
More hoarſe, more harſh than any other, ſing?
For *that* we pray, we praiſe thy name for *this*,
Which by this *Moſes* and this *Miriam* is
Already done; and as thoſe Pſalms we call
(Though ſome have other Authors) *David*'s, all:

So though ſome have, ſome may ſome Pſalms tran-
We thy *Sydnean* Pſalms ſhall celebrate; [ſlate,
And, till we come th' extemporal ſong to ſing,
(Learn'd the firſt hour, that we ſee the King,
Who hath tranſlated thoſe tranſlators) may
Theſe, their ſweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and ſing our part.

O D E.

I.

VEngeance will ſit above our faults; but till
She there do ſit,
We ſee her not, nor *them*. Thus blind, yet ſtill
We lead her way; and thus, whilſt we do ill,
We ſuffer it.

II.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care;
In number th' errors of the laſt place are
The greateſt ſtill.

III.

Yet we, that ſhould the ill, we now begin,
As ſoon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not [ſeen,
But paſt us; neither felt, but only in
The puniſhment.

IV.

But we know our ſelves leaſt; Mere outward ſhews
Our minds ſo ſtore,
That our ſouls, no more than our eyes, diſcloſe
But form and colour. Only he, who knows
Himſelf, knows more.

J. D.

To Mr. Tilman, *after he had taken Orders.*

THOU, whoſe diviner ſoul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
Making Lay-ſcornings of the Miniſtry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'ſt thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected ſince the vintage? Doſt thou find
New thoughts and ſtirrings in thee? and, as Steel
Toucht with a Load-ſtone, doſt new motions feel?
Or as a Ship, after much pain and care,
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich *Indian* ware,
Haſt thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with leſs time and pain?
Thou art the ſame materials as before,
Only the ſtamp is changed, but no more.
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the Money's ſubſtance; ſo hath Grace
Chang'd only God's old Image by Creation,
To Chriſt's new ſtamp, at this thy Coronation;
Or as we paint Angels with wings, becauſe
They bear God's meſſage, and proclaim his laws;
Since thou muſt do the like, and ſo muſt move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celeſtial love?
Dear, tell me where thy purchaſe lies, and ſhew
What thy advantage is above, below;
But if thy gainings do ſurmount expreſſion,
Why doth the fooliſh world ſcorn that profeſſion,
Whoſe joys paſs ſpeech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry ſhould joyn families with it?
As if their day were only to be ſpent
In dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and compliment.
Alas poor joys, but poorer men, whoſe truſt
Seems richly placed in ſublimed duſt!
(For ſuch are cloaths and beauty, which, tho' gay,
Are, at the beſt, but of ſublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling diſreſpect;
But go thou on, and pity their neglect,

What function is ſo noble, as to be
Embaſſadour to God and Deſtiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keep heav'n's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Chriſt, ſo
'Tis Preacher's to convey him; for they do,
As Angels out of Clouds, from Pulpits ſpeak;
And bleſs the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' Aſtronomers, whereas they ſpy
A new-found Star, their opticks magnifie;
How brave are thoſe, who with their Engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
Theſe are thy titles and pre-eminences,
Inwhom muſt meet God's graces, Men's offences;
And ſo the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which theſe things doth bear,
Both theſe in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a bleſt Hermaphrodite.

A Hymn to Chriſt, at the Author's laſt going into Germany.

IN what torn ſhip ſoever I embark,
That ſhip ſhall be my emblem of thy Ark;
What ſea ſoever ſwallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy bloud.
Though thou with clouds of anger do diſguiſe
Thy face, yet through that mask I know thoſe eyes,
Which, though they turn away ſometimes,
They never will deſpiſe.

I ſacrifice this Iſland unto thee,
And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy bloud betwixt my ſins and thee,
As the tree's ſap doth ſeek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,

Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, doſt controll
The amorouſneſs of an harmonious Soul;
But thou would'ſt have that love thy ſelf: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, ſo I am jealous now.
Thou lov'ſt not, till from loving more thou free
My ſoul: Who ever gives, takes liberty:
O, if thou car'ſt not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'ſt not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom thoſe fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry thoſe loves, which in youth ſcatter'd be
On Face, Wit, Hopes (falſe miſtreſſes) to thee.
Churches are beſt for Prayer, that have leaſt light;
To ſee God only, I go out of ſight:
And to 'ſcape ſtormy days, I chooſe,
An everlaſting night.

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word, that ſpake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

The Lamentations of Jeremy, *for the moſt part according to* Tremellius.

CHAP. I.

1. HOW ſits this City, late moſt populous,
Thus ſolitary, 'and like a widow thus?
Ampleſt of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is,

2. Still in the night ſhe weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiouſly
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led; thoſe Nations,
With whom ſhe dwells, no place of reſt afford;
In ſtraights ſhe meets her Perſecutor's ſword.

4. Emptie are th' gates of *Sion*, and her ways
Mourn, becauſe none come to her ſolemn days:
Her Prieſts do groan, her maids are comfortleſs;
And ſhe's unto her ſelf a bitterneſs.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at Peace;
Becauſe, when her tranſgreſſions did encreaſe,
The Lord ſtrook her with ſadneſs: Th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6. From *Sion*'s daughter is all beauty gone;
Like harts, which ſeek for Paſture, and find none,
Her Princes are: and now before the foe,
Which ſtill purſues them, without ſtrength they go.

7. Now in their days of Tears, *Jeruſalem*
(Her men ſlain by the foe, none ſuccouring them)
Remembers what of old ſh' eſteemed moſt,
Whilſt her foes laugh at her, for which ſhe 'hath loſt.

8. *Jeruſalem* hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhe
Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſs be:
Who honour'd, ſcorn her; for her foulneſs they
Have ſeen; her ſelf doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulneſs in her skirts was ſeen, yet ſhe
Remembred not her end; miraculouſly

Therefore she fell, none comforting: Behold,
O Lord, my 'affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand; for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou command'st should not do so,
Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord, behold and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me;
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which *Jehovah* hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath?

13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He 'hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown;
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength: The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trod upon *Juda*'s daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; for he, which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, tho' *Sion* do ſtretch out her hand,
To comfort her; it is the Lord's command,
That *Jacob*'s foes girt him: *Jeruſalem*
Is as an unclean woman amongſt them.

18. But yet the Lord is juſt, and righteous ſtill,
I have rebell'd againſt his holy will;
O hear, all people, and my ſorrow ſee,
My maids, my young men in captivity.

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Prieſts and Elders lay
Dead in the City; for they ſought for meat,
Which ſhould refreſh their ſouls, and none could get.

20. Becauſe I am in ſtraits, *Jehovah*, ſee
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Becauſe I have rebell'd ſo much, as faſt
The ſword without, as death within doth waſte.

21. Of all, which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
That thou haſt done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I ſuffer, ſo ſhall they.

22. Let all their wickedneſs appear to thee,
Do unto them, as thou haſt done to me
For all my ſins: The ſighs, which I have had,
Are very many, and my heart is ſad.

CHAP. II.

1. HOW over *Sion*'s daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty 'of *Iſrael*, and hath
Forgot his foot-ſtool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unſparingly hath ſwallowed
All *Jacob*'s dwellings, and demoliſhed
To ground the ſtrength of *Juda*, and prophan'd
The Princes of the Kingdom and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of *Iſrael* he
Hath clean cut off, and, leſt the enemy
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire;
But is t'wards *Jacob* all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right-hand was in poſture of a foe;
To kill what *Sion*'s daughter did deſire,
'Gainſt whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy *Jehovah* is,
Devouring *Iſrael*, and his Palaces;
Deſtroying holds, giving additions
To *Juda*'s daughter's lamentations.

6. Like to a Garden hedge he hath caſt down
The place, where was his Congregation,
And *Sion*'s Feaſts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Prieſt, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forſakes his Altar, and deteſts
His Sanctuary; 'and in the foe's hands reſts
His Palace, and the Walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true ſolemnities.

8. The Lord hath caſt a line, ſo to confound
And level *Sion*'s walls unto the ground;
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The Wall and Rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are ſunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their Kings and Princes be

Amongſt the Heathen, without law, nor there
Unto the Prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There *Sion*'s Elders on the ground are plac'd,
And ſilence keep; Duſt on their heads they caſt,
In ſackcloth have they girt themſelves, and low
The Virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for miſery,
That ſucking children in the ſtreets do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread and drink? they fainted there;
And in the ſtreet like wounded perſons lay,
Till 'twixt their mother's breaſts they went away.

13. Daughter *Jeruſalem*, oh! what may be
A witneſs, or compariſon for thee?
Sion, to eaſe thee, what ſhall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the Sea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain fooliſh things thy Prophets ſought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might diſturn thy bondage: but for thee
Falſe burthens and falſe cauſes they would ſee.

15. The paſſengers do clap their hands, and hiſs,
And wag their head at thee, and ſay, Is this
That city, which ſo many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfecteſt of all?

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiſs,
And gnaſh their teeth, and ſay, Devour we this;
For this is certainly the day, which we
Expected, and which now we find and ſee.

17. The Lord hath done that, which he purpoſed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not ſpar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him ſo.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No reſt, but let thine eye inceſſant be.

19. Ariſe, cry in the night, pour out thy ſins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, leſt children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the ſtreets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, conſider unto whom
Thou haſt done this; what ſhall the women come
To eat their children of a ſpan? ſhall thy
Prophet and Prieſt be ſlain in Sanctuary?

21. On ground in ſtreets the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by ſword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou haſt ſlain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a ſolemn feaſt, all, whom I fear'd,
Thou call'ſt about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'ſcape; for thoſe, which I
Brought up, did periſh by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

1. I Am the man, which have affliction ſeen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkneſs, not to light:
3. And againſt me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He 'hath broke my bones, worn out my fleſh and
5. Built up againſt me; and hath girt me in [skin;
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. and ſet me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He 'hath hedg'd me, leſt I 'ſcape, and added more
To my ſteel fetters, heavier than before.
8. When I cry out, he 'outſhuts my prayer; 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hew'n ſtone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a Lion hid in ſecrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He ſtops my way, tears me, made deſolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he ſhooteth at.

13. He made the children of his Quiver paſs
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long a ſong and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterneſs, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burſt
My teeth with ſtones, and covered me with duſt.
17. And thus my Soul far off from peace was ſet,
And my proſperity I did forget.

18. My ſtrength, my hope, (unto my ſelf I ſaid)
Which from the Lord ſhould come, is periſhed.
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction;

20. My ſoul is humbled in remembring this;
21. My heart conſiders; therefore hope there is,
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Conſum'd, for his compaſſions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.

24. The Lord is, ſaith my Soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who 'on him rely,
And to the Soul, that ſeeks him earneſtly.
26. It is both good to truſt, and to attend
The Lord's ſalvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear.
28. He ſits alone, and doth all ſpeech forbear,
Becauſe he 'hath born it: 29. And his mouth he lays
Deep in the duſt, yet then in hope he ſtays.

33. He gives his cheeks to who ſo ever will
Strike him, and ſo he is reproached ſtill.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forſake;
32. But when he 'hath ſtruck with ſadneſs, he doth take

Compaſſion, as his mercy's infinite.
33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth ſmite,
34. That under foot the priſoners ſtamped be;
35. That a man's right the Judge himſelf doth ſee

To be wrung from him; 36. That he ſubverted is
In his juſt cauſe, the Lord allows not this.
37. Who then will ſay, that ought doth come to paſs,
But that, which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his miſdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts upraiſe.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'ſt not; 43. Uſeſt no clemency;
Purſu'ſt us, kill'ſt us, cover'ſt us with wrath;
44. Cover'ſt thy ſelf with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to paſs: 45. And thou haſt made us fall,
As refuſe, and off-ſcouring, to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a ſnare,
With ruin and with waſte, upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters ſo;
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears inceſſantly;
50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to ſee.

51. And for my city, daughter's ſake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Cauſeleſs mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've ſhut my life, and caſt me on a ſtone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I 'am
Deſtroy'd: 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. And thou my voice didſt hear:
Oh! from my ſight and cry ſtop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ſt near
Into me, 'and ſaidſt unto me, Do not fear.
58. Thou, Lord, my ſoul's cauſe handled haſt, and thou
Reſcu'ſt my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

Thou heard'ſt my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they 've wrought; [thought;
61. How they reproach'd, thou'ſt heard, and what they
62. What their lips utter'd, which againſt me roſe,
And what was ever whiſper'd by my foes.

63. I am their ſong, whether they riſe or ſit.
Give them rewards, Lord, for their working fit,
Sorrow of heart, thy curſe: 66. And with thy might
Follow, 'and from under heav'n deſtroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

HOW is the gold become ſo dim! How is
Pureſt and fineſt gold thus chang'd to this!
The ſtones, which were ſtones of the Sanctu'ry,
Scatter'd in corners of each ſtreet do lie.

2. The precious Sons of *Sion*, which ſhould be
Valu'd as pureſt Gold, how do we ſee
Low-rated now, as earthern Fitchers, ſtand,
Which are the work of a poor Potter's hand!

3. Even the Sea-calfs draw their breaſts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughters live,
By reaſon of the foe's great cruelneſs,
As do the Owls in the vaſt wilderneſs.

4. And when the ſucking child doth ſtrive to draw,
His tongue for thirſt cleaves to his upper jaw:
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man, that doth them ſatisfie.

5. They, which before were delicately fed,
Now in the ſtreets forlorn have periſhed:
And they, which ever were in ſcarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills, which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have ſinn'd more,
Than did the town of *Sodom* ſin before;
Which being at once deſtroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongſt them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her *Nazarite*
Was than the ſnow, and milk was not ſo white:
As carbuncles, did their pure bodies ſhine;
And all their poliſh'dneſs was Saphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackneſs; none can know
Them by the face, as through the ſtreet they go:
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by ſword than famine 'tis to dye;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.
10. Women, by nature pitiful, have eat
Their Children (dreſt with their own hand) for meat.

11. *Jehovah* here fully accompliſh'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the Kings of th' earth, nor all, which
In the inhabitable world, believe, [live
That any adverſary, any foe
Into *Jeruſalem* ſhould enter ſo.

13. For the Prieſt's ſins, and Propher's, which have
Bloud in the ſtreets, and the juſt murthered: [ſhed
14. Which, when thoſe men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the ſtreets, defiled by the way [did ſtray

With bloud, the which impoſſible it was
Their Garment ſhould 'ſcape torching, as they paſs;
15. Would cry aloud, Depart, defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then

They fled, and ſtray'd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they ſhould not long dwell there.
16. For this they're ſcatter'd by *Jehovah*'s face,
Who never will regard them more; No grace

Unto the old men ſhall their foe afford; [ſword:
Nor, that they're Prieſts, redeem them from the

17. And we as yet, for all theſe miſeries
Deſiring our vain help, conſume our eyes:

And ſuch a nation, as cannot ſave,
We in deſire and ſpeculation have.
18. They hunt our ſteps, that in the ſtreets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accompliſht are, this is the laſt day;
Eagles of heav'n are not ſo ſwift as they,
19. Which follow us; o'er mountain's tops they flie
At us, and for us in the deſart lie.

20. Th' anointed Lord, breath of our noſtrils, he,
Of whom we ſaid, under his ſhadow we
Shall with more eaſe under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which theſe men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce, O *Edom*'s daughter; joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'ſt *Uz*; for unto thee
This cup ſhall paſs, and thou with drunkenneſs
Shalt fill thy ſelf, and ſhew thy nakedneſs.

22. And then thy ſins, O *Sion*, ſhall be ſpent;
The Lord will not leave thee in baniſhment:
Thy ſins, O *Edom*'s daughter, he will ſee,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. REmember, O Lord, what is faſl'n on us;
See and mark, how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto ſtrangers our poſſeſſion
Is turn'd, our houſes unto Aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be.

4. Waters, which are our own, we drink, and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our perſecutors on our necks do ſit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.
6. We ſtretch our hands unto th' *Egyptians*
To get us bread; and to th' *Aſſyrians*.

7. Our Fathers did theſe ſins, and are no more;
But we do bear the ſins they did before.
8. They are but ſervants, which do rule us thus;
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderneſs the ſword did wait.
10. The tempeſts of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an Oven colour'd had our Skin.

11. In *Juda*'s cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and ſo women in *Sion* us'd.
12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare:
14. Elders the gates, youth did their ſongs forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head; and wo
Be unto us, becauſe we've ſinned ſo.
16. For this our hearts do languiſh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneſs is:

17 Becauſe Mount *Sion* deſolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.
18. But thou, O Lord, art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why ſhould'ſt thou forget us eternally;
Or leave us thus long in this miſery?
20. Reſtore us, Lord, to thee; that ſo we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughteſt thou, O Lord, deſpiſe us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

Hymn to God, my God, in my ſickneſs.

SInce I am coming to that Holy room,
Where with the Choir of Saints for evermore
I ſhall be made thy Muſique, as I come,
I tune the Inſtrument here at the door;
And, what I muſt do then, think here before.

Whilſt my Phyſicians by their love are grown
Coſmographers, and I their Map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be ſhown
That this is my South-Weſt diſcovery
Per fretum febris, by theſe ſtraights to dye.

I joy, that in theſe ſtraights I ſee my Weſt;
For though thoſe currants yield return to none,
What ſhall my Weſt hurt me? As Weſt and Eaſt
In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Reſurrection.

Is the *Pacifique Sea*, my home? Or are
The Eaſtern riches? Is *Jeruſalem*,
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltar?* [them,
All ſtraights, and none but ſtraights are ways to
Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*.

We think that *Paradiſe* and *Calvarie*,
Chriſt's Croſs and *Adam*'s tree, ſtood in one place;

Look, Lord, and find both *Adams* met in me;
As the firſt *Adam*'s ſweat ſurrounds my face,
May the laſt *Adam*'s bloud my ſoul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,
By theſe his thorns give me his other Crown;
And as to other's ſouls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raiſe, the Lord throws down,

A Hymn to God the Father.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin, where I begun,
Which was my ſin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin, through which I run,
And do run ſtill, though ſtill I do deplore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done;
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin, which I have won
Others to ſin, and made my ſins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin, which I did ſhun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a ſcore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done;
For I have more.

III.

I have a ſin of fear, that when I've ſpun
My laſt thread, I ſhall periſh on the ſhore;
But ſwear by thy ſelf, that at my death thy Son
Shall ſhine, as he ſhines now and heretofore:
And having done That, thou haſt done;
I fear no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.

To the Memory of my ever deſired Friend Dr. DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, *that is*, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not ſafe;
For ſuch exceſſes find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes,
Can melt themſelves in eaſie Elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearſe:
But at Thine, Poem or Inſcription
(Rich ſoul of wit and language) we have none.
Indeed a ſilence does that tomb beſit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention juſtly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whoſe Prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her ſo, as none alive
Muſt now preſume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the *Indies* for her dowry'eſtate.
Or elſe that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy Urn,
Lives there to fright rude Empyricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of thee, and in a ſtyle
Unworthy ſuch a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Duſt, and wake a learned Spirit,
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For all, a low-pitcht fancie can deviſe,
Will prove at beſt but Hallow'd Injuries.

Thou, like the dying Swan, * didſt lately ſing
Thy mournful Dirge in audience of the King;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Preſented ſo to life *that piece of death*,
That it was fear'd and propheſi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funeral.
O! hadſt Thou in an Elegiack Knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beat
The ſolemn meaſure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'ſt the Poet's ſervice now have miſt,
As well as then thou didſt prevent the Prieſt;
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an Epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didſt lend our Age ſuch ſums of wit,
Should'ſt not re-borrow from her bankrupt Myne
That Ore to Bury thee, which once was Thine:
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; And know,
(Exalted Soul) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearſe, what we can never pay,
Than with embaſed Coyn thoſe Rites defray.

Commit me then Thee to thy ſelf: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own Fame
Leave Thee Executor; Since, but thy own,
No pen could do Thee juſtice, nor Bays crown
Thy vaſt deſert: Save that we nothing can
Depute, to be thy aſhes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art or Metal truſt
To form the Diamond, but the Diamond's duſt.

H. K.

* *His laſt Sermon at Court.*

In obitum venerabilis viri JOHANNIS DONNE, ſacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Eccleſiæ Cathedralis D. *Pauli* nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multùm mihi colende Vir) obſervantiæ ergo Hæc ego.

COnquerar? ignavoque ſequar tua funera planctu?
Sed, lacryma, clauſiſtis iter; nec muta querelas
Lingua poteſt proferre pias: ignoſcite, manes
Defuncti, & tacito ſinite indulgere dolori.
Sed ſcelus eſt tacuiſſe: cadant in mœſta litura
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe juſſis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora noſtri
Averſare tuâ non dignum laude Poetam.
O ſi Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuiſſet,
Inque meum à veſtro migraret pectore pectus
Muſa; repentinos tua noſceret urna furores.
Sed fruſtra, heu! fruſtra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, ſummoque ſedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnaſſi & culmina vates
Deſperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (O ſoli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina ſomnus
Clauſit? & immerito merguntur funere virtus
Et pietas, &, quæ poterant feciſſe beatum.
Cætera? ſed nec te poterant ſervare beatum.
Quo mihi doctrinam? quorſum impalleſcere chartis
Nocturnis juvat, & totidem olfeciſſe lucernas?
Decolor & longos ſtudiis deperdere Soles,
Ut priùs, aggredior, longamque acceſſere famam.
Omnia ſed fruſtra: mihi dum cunctiſque minatur
Exitium crudele & inexorabile fatum.
Nam poſt te ſperare nihil decet: hoc mihi reſtat,
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obſcurus in auras
Spiritus: O doctis ſaltem ſi cognitus umbris

Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo;
Et dulces audire ſonos, & verba diſerti
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces:
Queis ferus infernæ tacuiſſet Janitor aulæ
Auditis, Niluſque minùs ſtrepuiſſet; Arion
Ederet, &, ſylvas qui poſt ſe traxerat, Orpheus.
Eloquio ſic ille viros, ſic ille movere
Voceferos potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infeſtus, non motus ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus ſermone ſileret?
Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat;
Singula ſic decuêre ſenem, ſic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi, & ſtupui, quoties orator in Æde
Paulinâ *ſtetit, & mirâ gravitate levantes*
Corda oculoſque viros tenuit: dum Neſtoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc halet attonitos, pandit myſteria plebi
Non conceſſa priùs, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus aſtant.
Mutatis mox ille modo formâque loquendi
Triſtia pertractat: fatumque & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quòd corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres;
Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum ſtillat rorem: ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit ſuccumbere turbam,
Affectuſque ciere ſuos, & ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium; divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, roſtriſque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci & forſan pietate nocenti
In nimiâ ignoſcas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus,
Omnibus inferior quanto eſt & peſſimus, impar
Laudibus hiſce, tibi qui nunc facit iſta, Poeta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi ſacra? Poetæ,
Deſinite: en fati certus ſibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmiſit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem & Cygnæâ voce loquentem)

Nuper cum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuêre Leones
Sic olim; sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est, quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.
At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde.
Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos
Adsumus; & post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti æternùm requiescere turbæ.
Ipsa satis properat, qua nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te,
Quo Deus & quo dura volet natura, sequemur.
Depositum interea, lapides, servate fideles.
Fœlices! illâ queis Ædis parte locari,
Quâ jacet iste, datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba; & carminibus, quæ Donni *suggeret illi*
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)
Mole sub hac tegitur, quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi hinc,
Formosi pecoris pastor formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et, qua demuntur vita, date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

On the Death of Dr. Donne.

I Cannot blame thoſe men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tuneful *Elegies*; there's not language known
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas firſt thy own.
The *Epitaphs*, thou writ'ſt, have ſo bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we ſee
Of Art or Nature, muſt reſult from thee.
There may perchance ſome buſie gathering friend
Steal from thy own works, and that varied lend,
Which thou beſtow'dſt on others, to thy Hearſe;
And ſo thou ſhalt live ſtill in thine own verſe:
He, that ſhall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error; ſhew his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong; virtue may aim
Reward of conſcience, never can of fame:
Since her great trumpet's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.
He then muſt write, that would define thy parts,
Here lies the beſt Divinity, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On Doctor Donne, *by Doctor* C. B. *of* O.

HE, that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo:
He muſt have wit to ſpare and to hurl down,
Enough, to keep the Gallants of the town.
He muſt have learning plenty; both the Laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any Cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore above the reſt;
Not of the laſt Edition, but the beſt.

He muſt have Language, Travail, all the Arts;
Judgment to uſe; or elſe he wants thy parts.
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do,
Such as *Mæcenas*, and *Auguſtus* too:
He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſs, ſuch a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an Epitaph for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt; let it alone for me.

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr. Donne.

ALL is not well, when ſuch a one as I
Dare peep abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
When ſmaller *Stars* appear, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: were it not night,
And the world witleſs now that *Donne* is dead,
You ſooner ſhould have broke than ſeen my head.
Dead, did I ſay? forgive this *Injurie*
I do him, and his worth's *Infinitie*,
To ſay he is but dead; I dare averr,
It better may be term'd a *Maſſacre*,
Than *Sleep* or *Death*. See how the *Muſes* mourn
Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Urn*
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
They ſhall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

Language lies ſpeechleſs; and *Divinitie*
Loſt ſuch a *Trump*, as ev'n to *Extaſie*
Could charm the Soul, and had an *Influence*
To teach beſt *Judgments*, and pleaſe dulleſt *Senſe*.
The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Univerſitie*,
Loſt *Chaplain*, *Dean*, and *Doctor*, all theſe Three.
It was his *Merit*, that his *Funeral*
Could cauſe a loſs ſo *great* and *general*.

If there be any Spirit can anſwer give
Of ſuch as hence depart to ſuch as live;

Speak, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to Duſt, and feel the laws of Fate?
Methinks *Corruption*, *Worms*, what elſe is foul,
Should ſpare the *Temple* of ſo fair a *Soul*.
I could believe they do, but that I know,
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, ſo his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philoſopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, were living now,
He would affirm that th' *Atomes* of his mould,
Were they in ſeveral bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguiſts*, *Poets*; ſith theſe ſeveral *lines*
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the world's *Circumference*.
I could believe this too; and yet my faith
Not want a Precedent: The *Phœnix* hath
(And ſuch was he) a power to animate
Her aſhes, and her ſelf perpetuate.
But, buſy Soul, thou doſt not well to pry
Into theſe Secrets; *Grief* and *Jealouſie*,
The more they know, the further ſtill advance:
And find no way ſo ſafe as *Ignorance*.
Let this ſuffice thee, that his *Soul* which flew
A pitch, of all admir'd, known but of few,
(Save thoſe of purer mould) is now tranſlated
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Conſtellated*.
For if each *Prieſt* of God ſhine as a *Star*,
His *Glory*'s as his *Gifts*, 'bove others far.

Hen. Valentine.

An Elegie upon Dr. Donne.

OUR *Donne* is dead; *England* ſhould mourn, may ſtay
We had a man, where language choſe to ſtay,

And ſhew her graceful pow'r. I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vain days
Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd t' unlock
That Cabinet, his mind; where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this general cauſe of diſcontent.
And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his deceaſe; Such ſad extremities
May make ſuch men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not; for when a general loſs
Falls on a Nation, and they ſlight the croſs,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From ſtupefaction; witneſs my mild pen,
Not us'd t' upbraid the world; though now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for the cauſe is juſt.
Dull age! Oh, I would ſpare thee, but th'art worſe,
Thou art not only dull, but haſt a curſe
Of black ingratitude; if not, could'ſt thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow,
For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth ſcatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all Philoſophy? was every ſin,
Character'd in his *Satyrs*, made ſo foul
That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their
Safer by reading verſe? did he give *days*
Paſt Marble Monuments to thoſe, whoſe praiſe
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd, did his full ſoul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A * *Crown of ſacred Sonets*, fit to adorn
A dying Martyr's brow; or to be worn
On that bleſt head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After ſhe wip'd Chriſt's feet, but not till then?

* *La Corona.*

Did he (fit for ſuch penitents as ſhe,
And he to uſe) leave us a *Litany*,
Which all devout men love? and ſure it ſhall,
As times grow better, grow more claſſical.
Did he write *Hymns*, for piety, for wit,
Equal to thoſe, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Laws*?
The grounds and uſe of *Phyſick*? (but becauſe
'Twas mercenary, wav'd it) Went to ſee
The bleſſed place of *Chriſt's Nativitie*?
Did he return and preach him? preach him ſo,
As ſince St. *Paul* none did, none could? Thoſe know
(Such as were bleſt to hear him) this is truth.
Did he confirm th' aged? convert the youth?
Did he theſe wonders? And is this dear loſs
Mourn'd by ſo few? (few, for ſo great a croſs.)
But ſure the ſilent are ambitious all
To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funeral:
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or knowing, Grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, conſumes
Man irreparably, (as poyſon'd fumes
Do waſte the brain) make ſilence a ſafe way
T' inlarge the Soul from theſe walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remain
With *Donne* in heav'n; where no promiſcuous pain
Leſſens the joy we have: for with *him* all
Are ſatisfi'd with *joys eſſential*.
Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call
Grief back, by thinking of his Funeral.
Forget he lov'd me; waſte not my ſad years,
(Which haſte to *David's* ſeventy) fill'd with fears
And ſorrow for his death; Forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good mens hearts.
And (for my firſt is daily paid for ſin)
Forget to pay my ſecond ſigh for him:
Forget his powerful Preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailty! let

My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This Lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude should so be broke:
Which can no more be, than *Donne*'s virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause I
Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*;
Which, as a free-will off'ring, I here give
Fame and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, great as *Donne*'s matchless worth.

Elegie on Dr. Donne.

NOW, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessen'd our first confusion, since the Grave
Clos'd thy dear Ashes, and the tears, which flow,
In these have no springs, but of solid wo:
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose.
All streams of verse, which shall lament that day,
Do truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
In recompence of wit, strives to reply.
Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were;
Thou mad'st our sorrows, which before had been,
Only for the success, sorrows for sin;
We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for our selves we shed.
Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears;
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladness separate offence.
All minds at once suckt grace from thee, as when
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious dissector, they one hour did treat
The thousand mazes of the heart's deceit;

Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtile ſin,
Through all the foldings we have wrapt it in;
And in thine own large mind finding the way,
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth, which none can paſs.
He that writes beſt, can only hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me muſt confeſs,
That fancy finds ſome check, from an exceſs
Of merit moſt, of nothing, it hath ſpun;
And truth, as reaſon's task and theme, doth ſhun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſs,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſs.
Reaſon again denys her ſcales, becauſe
Hers are but ſcales, ſhe judges by the laws
Of weak compariſon; thy virtue ſlights
Her feeble Beam, and her unequal Weights.
What prodigie of wit and piety
Hath ſhe elſe known, by which to meaſure thee?
Great ſoul! we can no more the worthineſs
Of what you were, than what you are, expreſs.

Sidney Godolphin.

On Dr. John Donne, *late Dean of St.* Paul's, London.

LONG ſince this task of tears from you was due,
Long ſince, O Poets, he did die to you;
Or left you dead, when wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and ſoar'd out of your ſight.
Preachers, 'tis you muſt weep; The wit, he taught,
You do enjoy; the Rebels, which he brought
From ancient diſcord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies;

Honeſt to knowing, unto virtuous ſweet,
Witty to good, and learned to diſcreet
He reconcil'd, and bid th' Uſurper go;
Dulneſs to vice, religion ought to ſlow.
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not baniſh, but tranſplanted it;
Taught it his place and uſe, and brought it home
To Piety, which it doth beſt become.
He ſhew'd us how for ſins we ought to ſigh,
And how to ſing Chriſt's *Epithalamy*.
The Altars had his fires, and there he ſpoke
Incenſe of loves, and fancy's holy ſmoak.
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the faſhion gain'd,
The firſt effects ſprung in the giddy mind
Of raſhy youth, and thirſt of woman-kind,
By colours lead, and drawn to a purſuit
Now once again by beauty of the fruit;
As if their longings too muſt ſet us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleaſure ſuch a dreſs?
Have you known crimes ſo ſhap'd? or lovelineſs,
Such as his lips did cloath religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty paſſing ſin?
Corrupted nature ſorrow'd, when ſhe ſtood
So near the danger of becoming good;
And wiſh'd our ſo inconſtant ears exempt
From piety, that had ſuch pow'r to tempt.
Did not his ſacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to ſmile,
Penſion'd our vanity; and man grew well
Through the ſame frailty, by the which he fell.
O the ſick ſtate of man! health doth not pleaſe
Our taſtes, but in the ſhape of the diſeaſe.
Thriftleſs is charity, coward patience,
Juſtice is cruel, mercy want of ſenſe.
What means our Nature to bar virtue place,
If ſhe do come in her own cloaths and face?

Is Good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?
Senſe, the ſoul's ſervant, doth it keep us ſo,
As we might ſtarve for good, unleſs it firſt
Do leave a pawn of reliſh in the guſt?
Or have we to ſalvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us, muſt our affections move
To th' good we flie, by thoſe ſweets which we love;
Muſt ſeek our palats; and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite.
Theſe trains he knew, and, laying nets to ſave,
Temptingly ſugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud Organ may
Appear, the better voyce is fled to have
A thouſand times the ſweetneſs which it gave.
I cannot ſay how many thouſand ſpirits
The ſingle happineſs, this ſoul inherits,
Damns in the other World; ſouls, whom no croſs
O'th' ſenſe afflicts, but only of the loſs;
Whom ignorance would half ſave, all whoſe pain
Is not in what they feel, but other's gain;
Self-executing wretched ſpirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, tranſport their envy too.
But thoſe high joys, which his wit's youngeſt flame
Would hurt to chooſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?
Verſe-ſtatues are all robbers; all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give, but take.
As Sails, which Seamen to a forewind fit,
By a reſiſtance go along with it;
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left:
A weak aſſiſtance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon,
Muſt weep here, if he have ambition.

J. Chudleigh.

An Elegie upon the Dean of St. Paul's, *Dr.* John Donne, *by Mr.* Thomas Cary.

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead (great *Donne*) an Elegy,
To crown thy Hearſe? Why yet dare we not truſt,
Tho' with unkneaded dough bak'd proſe, thy duſt?
Such as the unſizar'd Churchman from the flow'r
Of fading Rhetorique, ſhort-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the ſand, that meaſures it, ſhould lay
Upon thy Aſhes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? Didſt thou diſpenſe
Thro' all our language both the words and ſenſe?
'Tis a ſad truth; The Pulpit may her plain
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retain;
Doctrines it may and wholſome uſes frame,
Grave Homilies and Lectures; But the flame
Of thy brave ſoul (that ſhot ſuch heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſs bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart diſtill,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judge, what fancy could not reach)
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with ſpirit and heat the *Delphique* Choir,
Which, kindled firſt by the *Promethean* breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death.
The Muſe's garden, with Pedantique weeds
O'erſpread, was purg'd by thee; The lazy ſeeds
Of ſervile imitation thrown away,
And freſh invention planted. Thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious theſts, that make Poetique rage
A mimique fury, when our ſouls muſt be
Poſſeſt, or with *Anacreon*'s Extaſie,
Or *Pindar*'s, not their own; The ſubtile cheat
Of She-Exchanges, and the jugling feat

Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the *Greek* or *Latin* tongue,
Thou hadſt redeem'd, and open'd us a Myne
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of maſculine expreſſion; which had good
Old *Orpheus* ſeen, or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fools admire, and hold
Their Lead more precious than thy burniſh'd Gold,
Thou hadſt been their Exchequer, and no more
They in each other's duſt had rak'd for Ore.
Thou ſhalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charms the outward ſenſe; yet thou may'ſt claim
From ſo great diſadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our ſtubborn language bends; made only fit
With her tough thick-ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy Giant-fancy, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting Phraſes. As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year;
And left the rifled fields, beſides the fear
To touch their Harveſt: yet from theſe bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy ſmalleſt work) have gleaned more,
Than all thoſe times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt reign
Were baniſh'd nobler Poems; now with theſe
The ſilenc'd tales to'th' *Metamorphoſes*
Shall ſtuff their lines, and ſwell the windy page,
Till Verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt Age,
Turn ballad-rhyme; Or thoſe old Idols be
Ador'd again, with new Apoſtaſie.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verſe
The reverend ſilence, that attends thy herſe,

Whoſe awful ſolemn murmurs were to thee,
More than theſe faint lines, a loud Elegie,
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts; whoſe influence,
Grown feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies
Gaſping ſhort-winded Accents, and ſo dies.
So doth the ſwiftly turning wheel not ſtand
In th' inſtant we withdraw the moving hand;
But ſome ſmall time maintains a faint weak courſe,
By virtue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo whilſt I caſt on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of Bays, oh, let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdain; till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moiſture up, then turn to aſhes.
I will not draw the envy to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſs;
Thoſe are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great to be expreſt by me.
Though every pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to trie all Art.
Let others carve the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy Tomb this Epitaph inciſe.

Here lies a King, that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerſal Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, *and both thoſe, the beſt;*
Apollo's *firſt, at laſt, the true God's Prieſt.*

An Elegie on Dr. Donne, *by Sir* Lucius Cary.

POets, attend; the Elegie I ſing
Both of a double named Prieſt and King:
Inſtead of Coats and Pendants bring your verſe,
For you muſt be Chief mourners at his Herſe:
A Tomb your Muſe muſt to his Fame ſupply,
No other Monuments can never die.

And

And as he was a twofold Prieſt; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards the voice of Truth;
God's Conduit-pipe for Grace, who choſe him for
His extraordinary Embaſſadour:
So let his Leigers with the Poets joyn;
Both having ſhares, both muſt in grief combine:
Whilſt *Johnſon* forceth with his Elegie
Tears from a grief-unknowing *Scythian*'s eye,
(Like *Moſes*, at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht
From forth the Rock, and like a torrent ruſht.)
Let *Lawd* his Funeral Sermon preach, and ſhew
Thoſe virtues, dull eyes were not apt to know;
Nor leave that piercing Theme, till it appears
To be *Good-friday* by the Church's Tears:
Yet make not grief too long oppreſs our Powers,
Leſt that his Funeral Sermon ſhould prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life diſpenſe;
Preacher and Orator diſcharg'd both parts,
With pleaſure for our ſenſe, health for our hearts:
And the firſt ſuch (though a long ſtudied Art
Tell us, our ſoul is all in every part)
None was ſo marble, but, whilſt him he hears,
His Soul ſo long dwelt only in his ears;
And from thence (with the fierceneſs of a flood
Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts: His ſeed in none could fail to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them ſo:
No Druggiſt of the Soul beſtow'd on all
So Catholiquely a curing Cordial.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more;
That preach'd on worky-days his Poetry,
It ſelf was oftentimes Divinity;
Thoſe Anthems (almoſt ſecond Pſalms) he writ,
To make us know the Croſs, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name,
We ſhould not need warmth from an under-flame.)

Creates a fire in us ſo near extream,
That we would dye for, and upon this theme.
Next, his ſo pious Litany, which none can
But count divine, except a Puritan;
And that, but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe
Want any thing of Sermons, but the Proſe.
Experience makes us ſee that many a one
Owes to his Country his Religion;
And in another would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his nurſe and mother taught him ſo:
Not he the ballaſt on his judgment hung;
Nor did his preconceit do either wrong.
He labour'd to exclude whatever ſin,
By time or careleſneſs, had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loth
A too hot zeal ſhould force him, burn them both;
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall,
Which, to ſave blotting, often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions own,
To think the Organs ſin, and Faction none.
Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his Face;
So primitive a look, ſuch gravity
With humbleneſs, and both with Piety.
So mild was *Moſes'* count'nance, when he pray'd
For them, whoſe Sataniſm his power gainſay'd;
And ſuch his gravity, when all God's band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at ſecond hand;
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move,
Than ever *Argive Helen*'s could of love.
Now, to conclude, I muſt my reaſon bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King;
That Kingdom, the Philoſophers believ'd
To excell *Alexander*'s, nor were griev'd
By fear of loſs (that being ſuch a Prey
No ſtronger than one's ſelf can force away)
The Kingdom of one's ſelf, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority ſo well employ'd,

That never any could before become
So great a Monarch in ſo ſmall a room.
He conquer'd rebel paſſions, rul'd them ſo,
As under-ſphears by the firſt Mover go;
Baniſht ſo far their working, that we can
But know he had ſome; for we knew him man.
Then let his laſt excuſe his firſt extreams:
His age ſaw viſions, tho' his youth dream'd dreams.

On Dr. Donne's *death; by Mr.* Mayne *of* Chriſt-Church *in* Oxford.

WHO ſhall preſume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unleſs
He could his tears in thy expreſſions dreſs,
And teach his grief that reverence of thy Herſe,
To weep lines learned, as thy *Anniverſe*;
A Poem of that worth, whoſe every tear
Deſerves the title of a ſeveral year?
Indeed ſo far above it's Reader good,
That we are thought wits, when 'tis underſtood.
There that bleſt maid to dye who now ſhould grieve?
After thy ſorrow, 'twere her loſs to live;
And her fair virtues in another's line
Would faintly dawn, which are made ſaints in thine.
Hadſt thou been ſhallower, and not writ ſo high,
Or left ſome new way for our pen or eye
To ſhed a funeral tear, perchance thy Tomb
Had not been ſpeechleſs, or our Muſes dumb;
But now we dare not write, but muſt conceal
Thy Epitaph, leſt we be thought to ſteal.
For who hath read thee, and diſcerns thy worth,
That will not ſay, thy careleſs hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our ſtudies, and thy play
Was happier than our ſerious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haſte had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd raſhly fit.

What was thy recreation, turns our brain;
Our rack and paleneſs is thy weakeſt ſtrain:
And when we moſt come near thee, 'tis our bliſs
To imitate thee, where thou doſt amiſs.
Here light your Muſe, you, that do only think,
And write, and are juſt Poets, as you drink;
In whoſe weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow,
Juſt as your reckonings riſe, that we may know
In your whole carriage of your work, that here
This flaſh you wrote in Wine, and that in Beer:
This is to tap your Muſe, which, running long,
Writes flat, and takes our ear not half ſo ſtrong;
Poor ſuburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blown up. [need
Could you but reach this heighth, you ſhould not
To make each meal a project, e'er you feed;
Nor walk in reliques cloaths, ſo old and bare,
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were;
Nor ſhould your love in verſe call Miſtreſs thoſe,
Who are mine hoſteſs, or your whores, in proſe.
From this Muſe learn to court, whoſe power could
A Cloyſter'd coldneſs, or a Veſtal love; [more
And would convey ſuch errants to their ear,
That Ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praiſe
Is written only for thy younger days.
I am not grown up for thy riper parts, [Arts,
Then ſhould I praiſe thee through the Tongues and
And have that deep Divinity to know,
What myſteries did from thy preaching flow;
Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
That at thy Sermons ear was all our ſenſe.
Yet I have ſeen thee in the Pulpit ſtand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
And from thy ſpeaking action bear away
More Sermon, than ſome teachers uſe to ſay.
Such was thy carriage, and thy geſture ſuch,
As could divide the heart, and conſcience touch.

Thy motion did confute, and we might ſee
An errour vanquiſh'd by delivery:
Not like our Sons of Zeal, who, to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit ſtorm,
And beat the Cuſhion into worſe eſtate,
Than if they did conclude it reprobate;
Who can out-pray the glaſs, then lay about,
Till all predeſtination be run out;
And from the point ſuch tedious uſes draw,
Their repetitions would make Goſpel Law.
No, in ſuch temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine and thy language ſhew;
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Chriſtian be.
And Ladies, though unhandſome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine Urn;
We cannot hope the like, till thou return.

Upon Mr. J. Donne, *and his Poems.*

WHO dares ſay thou art dead, when he doth ſee
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives freſh flame,
And, though thou'rt *Donne*, yet will preſerve thy name?
Thy fleſh (whoſe channels left their crimſon hue,
And whey-like ran at laſt in a pale blue)
May ſhew thee mortal, a dead Palſy may
Seiſe on't, and quickly turn it into clay;
Which, like the *Indian* earth, ſhall riſe refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou haſt left behind,
This Soul of Verſe in its firſt pure eſtate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate;
But not come near: for in thy phancy's flight
Thou doſt not ſtoop unto the vulgar ſight,
But hovering highly in the air of Wit
Hold'ſt ſuch a pitch, that few can follow it;

Admire they may. Each object, that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn Earth's face, thou ſweetly didſt contrive
To beauty's elements, and thence derive
Unſpotted Lilly's white; which thou didſt ſet
Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,
Making them ſoft and warm, and by thy power
Could'ſt give both life and ſenſe unto a flower.
The Cherries, thou haſt made to ſpeak, will be
Sweeter unto the taſte than from the tree;
And (ſpight of winter ſtorms) amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft haſt made the bluſhing Roſe to grow.
The Sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have ſent their Pearls and Rubies from the deep,
To deck thy love; and plac'd by thee they drew
More luſtre to them, than where firſt they grew.
All minerals (that earth's full womb doth hold
Promiſcuouſly) thou could'ſt convert to gold;
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure than in the Myne.
The lights, that gild the night, if thou didſt ſay,
They look like eyes, thoſe did out-ſhine the day;
For there would be more virtue in ſuch ſpells,
Than in Meridians or croſs Parallels.
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theme for Beauty; Thou didſt ſee
Woman was this fair world's Epitome.
Thy nimble *ſatyrs* too, and every ſtrain,
(With nervy ſtrength) that iſſued from thy brain,
Will loſe the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praiſe.
But thy diviner Poems (whoſe clear fire
Purges all droſs away) ſhall by a Choir
Of Cherubims with heavenly Notes be ſet
(Where fleſh and bloud could ne'er attain to yet)
There pureſt Spirits ſing ſuch ſacred Lays,
In Panegyrique *Hallelujah's*.

Arth. Wilſon.

Epitaph upon Dr. Donne, *by* Endy. Porter.

THIS decent Urn a ſad inſcription wears,
Of *Donne*'s departure from us to the ſphears;
And the dumb ſtone with ſilence ſeems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreſt a cauſe to make all joy to ceaſe,
And never let our ſorrows more take eaſe:
For now it is impoſſible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
But why ſhould death with a promiſcuous hand
At one rude ſtroke impoveriſh a land?
Thou ſtrict Attorney unto ſtricter Fate,
Didſt thou confiſcate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didſt thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at ſome Plebeian heart;
And he with pious virtue ſtept between
To ſave that ſtroke, and ſo was kill'd unſeen
By thee? O 'twas his goodneſs ſo to do,
Which human kindneſs never reach'd unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were ſatisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends and dy'd.
Now from the Pulpit to the People's ears
Whoſe ſpeech ſhall ſend repentant ſighs and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die.
Who ſhall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets, be ſilent, let your numbers ſleep;
For he is gone, that did all fancy keep:
Time hath no Soul, but his exalted verſe;
Which with amazements we may now rehearſe.

In Memory of Dr. Donne, *by Mr.* R. B.

DONNE dead! 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'er yet ſo much deſir'd to hear a lye;

'Tis too too true, for ſo we find it ſtill,
Good news are often falſe, but ſeldom Ill.
But muſt poor fame tell us his fatal day,
And ſhall we know his death the common way?
Methinks ſome Comet bright ſhould have foretold
The death of ſuch a man; for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Prince's deaths foretell,
Why ſhould not his have needed one as well;
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongſt whom he reign'd
High as a Prince, and as great ſtate maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his ſign, for we have ſeen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been
Treading on harveſt heels; which doth preſage
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
Much grain in ſhew, none brought it forth as he.
Or men are miſers, or, if true want raiſes
The dearth, then more that dearth *Donne*'s plenty
Of learning, languages, of eloquence, [praiſes.
And poeſie, (paſt raviſhing of ſenſe)
He had a magazine, wherein ſuch ſtore
Was laid up, as might hundreds ſerve of poor.
But he is gone! O how will his deſire
Torture all thoſe, that warm'd them by his fire?
Methinks I ſee him in the Pulpit ſtanding,
Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
Where we, that heard him, to our ſelves did feign,
Golden *Chryſoſtome* was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we ſaw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he ſhame the doctrine-men, and uſe,
With helps to boot, for men to bear th' abuſe
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expence
Of time, O ſpent in heark'ning to nonſenſe;
With marks alſo enough, whereby to know,
The ſpeaker is a zealous dunce, or ſo!
'Tis true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r,
They humm'd againſt him; and with face moſt ſow'r

Call'd him a ſtrong-lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to ſpeak to clouted ſhoon.
As fine words [*truly*] *as you would deſire,*
But [*verily*] *but a bad edifier.*
Thus did theſe beetles ſlight in him that good
They could not ſee, and much leſs underſtood.
But we may ſay, when we compare the ſtuff
Both wrought, He was a candle, they the ſnuff.
Well, Wiſdom's of her children juſtifi'd,
Let therefore theſe poor fellows ſtand aſide;
Nor, though of learning he deſerv'd ſo highly,
Would I his book ſhould ſave him; rather ſlily
I ſhould adviſe his Clergy not to pray;
Though of the learned'ſt ſort, methinks that they
Of the ſame trade are judges not ſo fit;
There's no ſuch emulation as of wit.
Of ſuch the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' other's Ignorance.
It was his Fate, I know't, to be envy'd
As much by Clerks, as Lay-men magnifi'd.
And why? but 'cauſe he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, leſt ſome ſhould ſay that I
Am ſtray'd to Satyr, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Jury I would ſummon on his ſide,
That had no ſides, nor factions, paſt the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Paſſion, ſuch
As not to fear, nor flatter, e'er were bred;
Theſe would I bring, though called from the dead:
Southampton, *Hamilton*, *Pembrook*, *Dorſet*'s Earls,
Huntington, *Bedford*'s Counteſſes (the Pearls
Once of each ſex.) If theſe ſuffice not, I
Ten *Decem tales* have of ſtanders by;
All which for *Donne* would ſuch a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what do I? A diminution 'tis
To ſpeak of him in verſe, ſo ſhort of his,

Whereof he was the maſter; All indeed,
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten reed.
O that you had but one, 'mongſt all your brothers,
Could write for him, as he hath done for others!
(Poets I ſpeak to:) When I ſee't, I'll ſay,
My eye-ſight betters, as my years decay.
Mean time a quarrel I ſhall ever have
Againſt theſe doughty keepers from the grave,
Who uſe, it ſeems, their old Authority,
When *verſes men immortal make* they cry:
Which had it been a *Recipe* true try'd,
Probatum eſſet, *DONNE* had never dy'd.
For me, if e'er I had leaſt ſpark at all
Of that, which they Poetique fire do call,
Here I confeſs it fetched from his hearth;
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poor flaſh, a lightning is
Before my Muſe's death, as after his.
Farewell (fair ſoul) and deign receive from me
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and pen
I learned more, than from a thouſand men;
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

EPITAPH.

HERE *lies Dean* DONNE: Enough; Thoſe words alone
Shew him as fully, as if all the ſtone,
His Church of *Paul*'s contains, were thro' inſcrib'd;
Or all the walkers there, to ſpeak him, brib'd.
None can miſtake him, for one ſuch as he,
Donne, Dean, or Man, more none ſhall ever ſee.
Not man? No, though unto a Sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth ſo to over-ſpy.
A bold brave word; Yet ſuch brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will ſay, it is leſs bold than true.

News from the very Countrey.

THAT it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants and others, which have been in faſhion, and are very near worn out. That Juſtices of Peace have the ſelling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jeſuits are like Apricocks, heretofore here and there one ſuccour'd in a great man's houſe, and coſt dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours virtues and leſs vices. That it is wholeſomeſt getting a ſtomach by walking on your own ground; and the thriftieſt laying of it at another's Table. That debtors are in *London* cloſe priſoners, and here have the liberty of the houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blind beggars, are forced to ask, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter-hall*. That only *Chriſtmas* Lords know their ends. That women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they do as well, and bear as well upon beds, as plaſhed againſt walls. That our Carts are never worſe employed, than when they are waited upon by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haurs in horſe tails, concurr in one root of beauty and ſtrength; but, being pluckt out one by one, ſerve only for ſprings and ſnares. That both want and abundance equally advance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawk. That, I am ſure, there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we do not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pil'd miſchief comes from beyond

the Sea, and rides poſt through the Countrey; but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children your own are the beſt paſtime; another's wife and your children worſe; your wife and another's children worſt. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favourites courſe her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not ſo unwholeſome here; for none ever ſaw Sparrow ſick of the Pox. That here is no treachery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are up and down, ours circular: theirs, like ſquibs, cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor return to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and wear out in the way; ours, like Mill-wheels, buſie without changing place: they have peremptory fortunes, we viciſſitudes.

J. D.

Amiciſſimo & meritiſſimo *Benj. Johnſon.* In VOLPONEM.

QUOD arte auſus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Conſulti veteres ſequi æmularierque,
O omnes ſaperemus ad ſalutem.
His ſed ſunt veteres araneoſi;
Tam nemo veterum eſt ſequutor, ut tu,
Illos quòd ſequeris, novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis puerilia eſt neganda;
Naſcanturque ſenes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priſcis ingenium facit laborque
Te parem; hos ſuperes, ut & futuros:
Ex noſtrâ vitioſitate ſumas,
Qua priſcos ſuperamus & futuros.

J. D.

ÆVUM sortiti sumus, quo planè indoctis nihil turpius, plenè doctis nihil rarius; tam omnes in literis aliquid sciunt, tam nemo omnia. Mediâ igitur plerumque itur viâ, & ad evitandum ignorantiæ turpitudinem & legendi fastidium ars una est omnibus, ut reliquas scire videri possint. Inde Epitomis, paradoxis, & pruritibus exorbitantium ingeniorum delectantur. Hinc tam sunt in pretio, Lullius, Gemma, Sebundus, Empiricus, Trithemius, Agrippa, Erasmus, Ramus, & Hæretici. *Satis enim sibi videntur scire ignava ingenia, si aliorum scientiam imperfectam esse probabiliter possint demonstrare. Sed nimis invidiæ subest, & se prodit aerea hæc, procax, & tuberosa scientia. Tibi generosior, celerior, candidior, & minùs speculatoribus literarum obnoxia via subeunda est. Et quia per occupationes, Aulæ, quæ degis, naturales, tibi vacare literis non licet (nam post somnum non nisi post decimam ex more excutiendum, post vestes diei, loco, affectibus proprias indutas, post faciem speculo compositam, & quo quis cachinno superciliove excipiendus sit resolutionem, post epulas lususque, quota pars vitæ literis, animoque excolendo relinquitur?) & tamen doctus videri non dedignaris, ut aliquando habeas quo eleganter & appositè canes Regios, conservos tuos, possis laudare; & quamvis scire, quæ alii sciunt, non poteris, saltem scire valeas, quæ illi nesciunt; hac ex consilio meo viâ progredieris.*

Relictis authoribus, quos vocant Classicos, Academicis & Pædagogis terendis, enitere per omnes, quibus ignorantiam fateri securè poteris, libros aliis inventu difficiles exquirere. Nec in colloquiis quid ex autoribus vulgò notis asseras, sed ex istis; ut ita, quæ dicis, aut tua videri possint, si nomina taceas, aut, si minùs digna sint, & authoritate egeant, novos authores cum reverentiâ tui audiant illi, qui omnia scire sibi ante visi sunt. Hunc ergo catalogum ad usum tuum exaravi, ut his paratis libris, in omni pene scientiâ, si non magis, saltem aliter doctus, quàm cæteri, subitò prosilias.

Catalogus Librorum.

1. Nicolai Hill *Angli, de ſexu & Hermaphroditate dignoſcendâ in Atomis; idem de eorum Anatomiâ, & obſtetricatione in partubus humatis; cui annectitur ars conficiendorum ignis vaſorum, & inſtrumentorum ad hæc omnia propriorum, per conterraneum & ſynchronon ſuum Magiſtrum* Plat.

2. *Æmulus Moyſis. Ars conſervandi veſtimenta ultra quadraginta annos, autore* Topcliffo *Anglic: poſtillata per* Jac. Stonehouſe, *Anglic: qui eodem idiomate edidit tractatum,* To keep cloaths near the faſhion.

3. *Ars exſcribendi omnia ea, quæ verò ad idem dicuntur in* Joanne Foxe *in ambitu denarii, autore* P. Bale.

4. *Chimaram prædicari de Antichriſto, autore Sorboniſtâ Anonymo.*

5. Galatinus, *Judæos ubiquitarios eſſe, quia nuſquam ſunt.*

6. *Librum* Tobiæ *eſſe canonicum. Ubi ex Rabbinis & ſecretioribus Theologis numerantur pili caudæ ejus canis, ex quorum variâ retortione, & invicem conjunctione, conficiuntur literæ, ex quibus mirifica verba conſiſtunt. Autore* Franciſco Georgio *Veneto.*

7. *Pax in Hieruſalem; ſive conciliatio flagrantiſſimi diſſidii inter* Rabbi Simeon Kimchi, & Onkelos, *utrùm caro humana, ex carne ſuillâ comeſtâ (quod avertat Deus) concreta, in reſurrectione removebitur, annihilabitur, aut purificabitur, per illuminatiſſimum Doctorem* Reuchlinum.

8. *Pythagoras Judæo-Chriſtianus, Numerum 99 & 66 verſo folio eſſe eundem, per ſuper-ſeraphicum* Jo. Picum.

9. *Quidlibet ex quolibet;* Or the art of decyphering and finding ſome treaſon in any intercepted letter, by *Philips.*

10. Joh. Harringtoni *Hercules; ſive de modo, quo evacuabatur à fœcibus Arca Noa.*

11. *Crede quòd habes, & habes. Criterium Antiquitatum, lib. magnus de minimis à* Walt. Copo *dictatus, & ab uxore exſcriptus, & ab amanuenſi ſuo* Johan. Povy *latinitate donatus.*

12. *Subſalvator; in quo illuminatus, ſed parùm illuminans,* Hugo Broughton *incredibiliter docet linguam Hebraicam eſſe de eſſentiâ ſalutis, & ſua præcepta de eſſentiâ.*

13. M. Lutherus *de abbreviatione orationis Dominicæ.*

14. *Manipulus quæſtuum; ſive ars comprehendendi tranſcendentia. Autore* Raim. Sebundo.

15. *Oceanus Aulicus; ſive Pyramis, ſive Coloſſus, ſive Abyſſus ingeniorum: ubi per* 60000 *literas à* Milordis *omnium nationum, ad evitandam oſtentationem vulgaribus ſemper linguis datas & acceptas, traditur, quicquid tradi poteſt, de Dentiſcalpiis & unguium reduviis. Collecta ſunt & in unum corpus reducta, ſinguliſque autoribus dedicata per* Jo. Florio Stalo, *Anglum; eorum, quæ in hoc libro continentur, capita habentur primis* 70 *paginis; Diplomata regum cum eorum titulis, & approbationes inquiſitorum* 107 *ſequentibus; poemata in laudes Autorum* 97 *libro proximo.*

16. *Juſtitia Angliæ vacationis,* Io. Davis. *De Arte Anagrammatum veriſimiliter conficiendorum, & ſententiolis annulis inſcribendis.*

17. *Tractatuli aliquot adjectitii libris* Pancirolli; *libro de rebus perditis additur de virtute, & de libertate populi, quod à Capellano quodam* Io. Cado *inchoatum, à* Buchanano *perfectum eſt; libro de rebus inventis additur de morbo multinomino per* Tho. Thorney *Anglicè: & poſt latinè per* Tho Campianum, *& de uxoratione poſt vota per* Caroloſtadium.

18. Bonaventura, *de particula* Non *à decalogo adimendo, & Symbolo Apoſtolorum adjiciendo.*

19. *De militibus Apocryphis per* Edw. Prinne *lib. unus, per* Edw. Chute *paulò amplior factus.*

20. *De ndvigabilitate aquarum ſupercœleſtium, & utrùm ibi an apud nos navis in firmamento in judicio ſit appulſura,* Io. Dee *Autore.*

21. *Manuale juſticiariorum, continens plurimas confeſſiones veneficarum* Manwoddo *judici exhibitas, & ab illo abſtergendis poſtea natibus & evacuationibus adhibitas; nunc à ſervulis ſuis redemptæ, & in uſum ſuum collectæ ſunt à* Io. Helo.

22. *Æquilibrium. Tom. 2. Sive ars acquieſcendi in Controverſiis. Primus modus dicitur ſimplex, quia datâ controverſiâ (utpote eſtne tranſubſtantiatio?) ſcribitur ſic, & non variis ſed æqualibus chartulis, & trutinæ imponuntur, & ponderoſiori adhærendum. Alius modus eſt compoſitus, quia datâ theſi ex unâ parte, datur etiam altera ex alterâ: ut* Petrus *ſedet* Romæ, *&* Joannes *ſedet* Romæ, *&, etiam ſi æqualibus literis ſcribuntur, &c. ponderoſiori adhærendum; autore* Eraſmo Retorad.

23. Cardanus *de nullibietate excepitûs.*

24. Edmundi Hobæi *eructationes pomeridianæ; ſive de univocis, utpote de prærogativâ Regum, & chimæris, morbo Regio, & morbo Gallico, &c.*

25. *Ars Spiritualis ineſcandi mulieres, ſive conciones ſubcingulares* Egertoni.

26. *De* Peſſario *animato, & omni morbio fœminis dando, per* Magiſtrum Butler Cantabr.

27. *Caput æneum* Fran. Baconi: *de* Roberto primo Angliæ *rege.*

28. *Cæpe advocatorum; ſive ars plorandi in Judiciis, per eundem. Seſqui-barbarus; ſive de medietate linguæ.*

29. *De Gurgite diametrali à Polo ad Polum, per centrum navigabile ſine pyxide per* Andr. Thevet.

30. *Quinteſſentia inferni; ſive camera privata infernalis, ubi tractatur de loco quinto ab* Homero, Virgilio, Dante, *cæteriſque papiſticis prætermiſſo, ubi Reges præter damni pœnas, & ſenſûs, recordatione præteritorum cruciantur.*

31. *Encomium* Doctoris Shaw *Capellani* Richardi 3. *per* Doct. Barlow.

32. *Quid non? ſive confutatio omnium errorum, tam in Theologiâ quàm in aliis ſcientiis artibuſque mechanicis, præteritorum, præſentium & futurorum, omnium hominum mortuorum, ſuperſtitum, naſcendorumque; unâ nocte poſt cœnam confecta, per* D. Sutcliffe.

33. *De Epiſcopabilitate Puritani.* Dr. Robinſon.

34. Tarltonus *de privilegiis* Parliamenti.

In Sacram Anchoram Piſcatoris G. *Herbert.*

QUOD Crux nequibat fixa, Clavique additi,
(Tenere Chriſtum ſcilicet, ne aſcenderet)
Tuive Chriſtum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abunde eſt tibi, niſi certæ Anchoræ
Addas ſigillum: nempe ſymbolum ſua
Tibi debet Unda & Terra certitudinis.

Quondam feſſus Amor loquens Amato,
Tot & tanta loquens amica, ſcripſit:
Tandem & feſſa manus dedit ſigillum.

Suavis erat, qui ſcripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in Regno Magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil eſt rumpi) donare ſigillum.

Munde, ſinas fugiaſque licet, nos noſtraque fixi;
Deridet motus ſancta catena tuos.

ALthough the Croſs could not Chriſt here detain,
Though nail'd unto't, but he aſcends again;
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him ſtill,
But only while thou ſpeak'ſt; This *Anchor* will:
Nor canſt thou be content, unleſs thou to
This certain *Anchor* add a Seal: and ſo
The Water and the Earth both unto thee
Do owe the ſymbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind Expreſſions to his friend,
He writ; when's hand could write no more,
He gave the Seal, and ſo left o'er.

How ſweet a friend was he, who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more ſecure in great Love's Common-weal
(Where nothing ſhould be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours ſtand ſure;
This holy Cable's of all ſtorms ſecure.

To Mr. *George Herbert*, ſent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Chriſt.

QVI priùs aſſuetus Serpentum faſce Tabellas
Signare (hæc noſtræ ſymbola parva Domûs)
Adſcitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciſcor ſtemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impreſſa lavacro,
Finibus extenſis, anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem deſinit ipſam,
Anchora ſit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Chriſto vegetatur ab ipſo
Crux, & ab affixo eſt Anchora facta Jeſu.
Nec Natalitiis penitus ſerpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quà ſapiens, Dos eſt; Quà terram lambit & ambit,
Peſtis; At in noſtrâ ſit Medicina Cruce
Serpens; fixa Cruci ſi ſit Natura; Crucique
A fixo nobis Gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux ſint, Crux Anchora fixa, ſigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm Catechiſmus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ ſub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, & munera, Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet ſanctus cognominis Ille,
Regia qui flavo Dona ſigillat Equo.

J. D.

A ſheaf of Snakes uſed heretofore to be my Seal, The Creſt of our poor Family.

ADopted in God's Family, and ſo
Our old Coat loſt, unto new arms I go.
The Croſs (my ſeal at Baptiſm) ſpread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Croſſes grow Anchors; Bear, as thou ſhould'ſt do,
Thy Croſs; and that Croſs grows an Anchor too.
But he, that makes our Croſſes Anchors thus,
Is Chriſt, who there is crucifi'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my firſt Serpents hold;
God gives new bleſſings, and yet leaves the old.
The Serpent may, as wiſe, my pattern be;
My poyſon, as he feeds on duſt, *that*'s me.
And as he rounds the Earth to murther ſure,
My death he is; but on the Croſs, my cure.
Crucifie nature then, and then implore
All Grace from him, crucifi'd there before;
When all is Croſs, and that Croſs Anchor grown,
This Seal's a Catechiſm, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I ſend,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that Saint, which rides in our great Seal,
To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

UT primùm per literas, eo quo ſolent ordine, à vobis, Ampliſſime, eâque Amplitudine Digniſſime Antiſtes, Reverendiſſimique Patres, ad nos dimanantes, nobis innotuit ; Potentiſſimum, ſimul & conſultiſſimum Regem, etſi à Spiritu ſancto, ſpiritu conſilii, in ſemet abundè repletum, ſuorum tamen conſilio, in ſolenni Ordinum Conventu uti non dedignatum eſſe ; habui & ego, etſi in antro deliteſcens, nec in fulgore omnino, parùm in aprico verſatus, hujus tumen roris guttulas meas, & Gomerulum meum (ſi ita diminuere liceat) hujus Mannæ ; ſenſum partemque meam ejus, quâ univerſum regnum perfuſum eſt, lætitiæ. Verè enim mihi videre viſus ſum exemplar ipſum, quod vidit Patriarcha Jacob, Deum innixum ſcalæ & Angelos aſcendentes & deſcendentes ; cùm videam eum, qui inter eos ſummus eſt, de quibus Deus dixit, *Vos Dii eſtis*, non ita ſuî contentum eſſe, nec ita in ſemet acquieſcere (quo tamen uno contenti, & in quo ſolo acquieſcimus libenter omnes) quin & in hanc ſcalam innitatur ; in quâ illa, quæ à vobis Eccleſiæ proceribus in nos deſcendit, influentia, & is, qui a nobis ad vos aſcendit, Odor quietis, Deſcenſum Aſcenſumque Angelorum poſſit imitari. Quid enim non licet nobis nobis jam ſpondere, tam feliciter auſpicatis, ut non ex aliis, quàm ipsâ cœleſti Columbâ, avibus, divinationem ſtatuamus, omnia harmonice, ſummâque cum concordiâ tranſigenda, cum videamus Deum cœleſtem, terreſtremque Deum, ita in unum coaleſcere, ut, quemadmodum nec Deus ipſe ita Unus eſſe voluerit, ut non etiam ſit Trinus, ita nec Rex ſummus ſibi ita voluit inniti, ut non & tres ordines bonâ ſuâ cum veniâ accerſituque convenirent ? Vidit Deus opt. Max. in principio Lucem bonam, & bonam Terram, Solem bonum, & bonum Mare, ſingula bona ; ſed cùm uno intuitu omnia complexus eſt, vidit omnia valde bona. Vidit & ille, qui ejus apud nos vices gerit, quæ in

Corde ſuo diffuſa eſt, lucem bonam, quæ ab iis, qui ei à Conſiliis ſunt, & qui à Concionibus, inſeruntur, ſingula bona ; Et cùm jam per eum coadunata ſint omnia, cùm jam, ſicut de exercitibus Iſraeliticis ſæpe uſurpatum, Omnes ſicut unus vir exiverunt, ita & nos ſicut os unum, una anima, convenimus, viderit (precamur), videbit (ominamur), omnia valde bona. Hujus cùm ego benigni roris guttulas meas, & almæ hujus Mannæ Gomerulum meum mihimet pollicerer, ut aut in umbrâ familiari ea, quæ hoc in loco tranſigenda eſſent, precibus promovere, aut, quæ acta erant, præſentiâ meâ ſuffragioque teſtari poſſem, nec ampliùs memet ingerere, ingenuâ iſtâ ſpe & pollicitatione non injuſtâ dejectum me video. Oneri, viribus meis impari, & importuno, repente ſuppoſitum, & à litore, ubi omnibus adprecando, & ſanioribus annuendo, ſatis officio meo feciſſe putari poſſem, in arenam, in æſtum maris jam protruſum, Proloquendi & Præloquendi, Conciliandi & Conſulendi, Colligendi & Referendi, Argumentandi & Arguendi, aliaque peragendi, tot & tanta, ut ſepoſitis penituſque neglectis, quæ à corpore imbecilli, fractis viribus, & valetudine perquam incommodâ, etiam in oculos veſtros, catervatim ſe injiciunt, excuſationibus & argumentis, (libens enim ea prætereo, cùm miſera ſit eloquentia, quæ non ex aliis topicis, quam miſeriâ ipsâ hauriatur) cùm mihi ad eos, qui in animi dotibus poſiti ſunt, defectus propalandos neceſſariò deveniendum ſit, in congerendis, quæ in excuſationem conferri poſſent, non longiùs diſcurrendum, non ampliùs diſquirendum ſit, quàm candidè profiteri, me ab hoc munere rite præſtando tam longè abeſſe, ut, quantùm abfuerim, ipſe neſciam: Tam non valere hoc in munere aliis ſatisfacere, ut nec mihimet dicere ipſe valeam, in quibus verſetur, præſtarive poſſet hæc ſatisfactio : Tam non ſponde e, facturum me quod exigat, ut & ignorem planè, penitus, quid exigat. Canos iſtos

non dicent istæ excusationes? Sed & ipse *Moses*, dierum jam plenus, totoque, quod ipse in psalmo statuit, humanæ vitæ stadio, eoque longissimo, octoginta annorum, jam decurso, incircumcisa labia professus est, & ursit; nec infantilis ætatis erat, cùm se puerum & infantem profiteretur *Jeremias*. Ideò autem eorum excusationes non admisit Deus, quia, qui potis erat solus, omnia se resarturum in se sumpsit. Si nec meas admitti fas sit, nec patiatur mos, & consuetudinis improba tyrannis, ut id fiat, quod fecit erga *Mosen*, & *Jeremiam* Deus, faciatis, Oro, quo valetis modo, erga nos, R.R. R.R. ut id operetur in vobis patientia vestra, quod in illis operata est potentia Dei; ut benignitate vestrâ freti, ad omne opus quantumvis arduum, sanctâ fortitudine, & alacritate piâ nos accingamus. Etsi enim non egeant *Davide* tempora nostra, cùm in nos nullus exurgat *Goliah*, (nec enim hæreses à nobis debellandæ, nec schismata occurrunt resarcienda; quod vigilantiæ vestræ solicitudinique unicè debet Ecclesia) & quamvis in hoc me soler, Deum, qui numerosum *Gedeonis* exercitum domum remisit, ut in paucioribus Victoriam reportaret, posse etiam & in me, homine inexercitato, exercitatis tot Athletis strenuisque viris relictis, opus suum perficere. Tamen cùm satis sciam, sicut & libros à captu lectorum, ita & opera ab animis recipientium, sua fata habere, rogandæ sunt Reverendissimæ Paternitates vestræ, ut meminisse dignentur, imbecilliores stellas, à benigno fortiorum aspectu, reddi fortiores, molitionesque nostras à radiis vestris vegetari, & in sinu vestro animari Embryones nostros. Et si intempestivum sit jam orare, ut à me hoc eximatur Onus, oremus Patrem in filio Jesu, ut per Spiritum sanctum Onus commune leve faciat, ut singulis nostrûm panem suum quotidianum impertiatur, ita ut nec officiosè nimis maturando, nec nimis scrupulosè retardando, ad gloriam Dei, ad Ecclesiæ bonum, ad utilitatem

Reip.

Reip. ad ſolamen pientiſſimi principis, opus dies ſemper in die ſuo peragatur. Amen.

Tranſlated out of Gazæus, Vota Amico facta. fol. 160.

GOD grant theè thine own wiſh, and grant thee [mine,
Thou, who doſt, beſt friend, in beſt things out-
May thy ſoul, ever chearful, ne'er know cares; [ſhine;
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs.
Nor thy hand, ever open, know baſe holds;
Nor thy purſe, ever plump, know plaits or folds.
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a falſe thing;
Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling.
Nor thy works, ever equal, know diſguiſe;
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers know low objects, ſtill Divine;
God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine.

To LUCY *Counteſs of* BEDFORD, *with Mr.* Donne's *Satires.*

LUCY, you brightneſs of our Sphear, who are
Life of the *Muſe*'s day, their morning Star,
If works (not th' Authors) their own grace ſhould look,
Whoſe poems would not wiſh to be your book?
But theſe, deſir'd by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare Friends.
Yet *Satires*, ſince the moſt of mankind be
Their unavoided ſubject, feweſt ſee:
For none e'er took that pleaſure in ſin's ſenſe;
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.

They then, that living where the matter's bred,
Dare for theſe Poems yet both ask and read,
And like them too, muſt needfully, though few,
Be of the beſt: and 'mongſt thoſe beſt are you,
Lucy, you brightneſs of our Sphear, who are
The *Muſe*'s evening, as their morning-ſtar.

Ben. Johnſon.

To JOHN DONNE.

WHO ſhall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* be,
When I dare ſend my *Epigrams* to thee?
That ſo alone canſt judge, ſo alone make:
And in thy cenſures evenly doſt take.
As free ſimplicity to diſavow,
As thou haſt beſt authority t' allow.
Read all I ſend: and, if I find but one.
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone,
My title's ſeal'd. Thoſe, that for claps do write,
Let puny's, porter's, player's praiſe delight,
And, till they burſt, their backs like aſſes load:
A man ſhould ſeek great glory, and not broad.

Ben. Johnſon.

THE heavn's rejoyce in motion; why ſhould I
Abjure my ſo much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth, and lov'd, divide?
Pleaſure is none, if not diverſifi'd.
The ſun, that ſitting in the chair of light,
Sheds flame into what elſe ſoever doth ſeem bright,
Is not contented at one Sign to inn,
But ends his year, and with a new begins.
All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite:

Rivers the clearer and more pleaſing are,
Where their fair-ſpreading ſtreams run wide and clear;
And a dead lake, that no ſtrange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it ſelf, and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me ſuch a one is fair,
And worthy all alone my love to ſhare.
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind miſtreſs, and employ'd her art
To make her loveable; and I aver
Him not humane, that would turn back from her;
I love her well; and would, if need were, dye
To do her ſervice. But follows it that I
Muſt ſerve her only, when I may have choice?
The law is hard, and ſhall not have my voice.
The laſt I ſaw in all extreams is fair,
And holds me in the ſun-beams of her hair;
Her nymph-like features ſuch agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave:
Another's brown, I like her not the worſe;
Her tongue is ſoft, and takes me with diſcourſe:
Others, for that they well deſcended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a ſhare:
And though they be not fair, 'tis much with me
To win their love only for their degree;
And though I fail of my required ends,
Th' attempt is glorious, and it ſelf commends.
How happy were our Sires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime?
With them it was accounted charity
To ſtir up race of all indifferently;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
Which with the *Perſians* ſtill in uſage ſtands.
Women were then no ſooner ask'd than won;
And what they did was honeſt, and well done.
But ſince this little honour hath been us'd,
Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of nature are repeal'd,
Which our firſt Fathers in ſuch reverence held;

Our liberty's revers'd, and Charter's gone,
And we made ſervants to *Opinion*;
A monſter in no certain ſhape attir'd,
And whoſe original is much deſir'd;
Formleſs at firſt, but growing on its faſhions,
And doth preſcribe manners and laws to nations.
Here love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was deſpoiled of his daring arms;
A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He loſt thoſe awful wings with which he flies;
His ſinewy bow, and thoſe immortal darts,
Wherewith he's wont to bruiſe reſiſting hearts.
Only ſome few, ſtrong in themſelves, and free,
Retain the ſeeds of ancient liberty;
Following that part of love, although depreſt,
And make a throne for him within their breaſt;
In ſpight of modern cenſures him avowing
Their Sovereign, all ſervice him allowing.
Amongſt which troop, although I am the leaſt,
Yet equal in perfection with the beſt:
I glory in ſubjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his leaſt command;
For in whatever form the meſſage came,
My heart did open, and receive the ſame.
But time will in its courſe a point deſcry,
When I this loved ſervice muſt deny:
For our allegiance temporary is;
With firmer age return our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
Shall not ſo eas'ly be to change diſpos'd;
Nor to the art of ſeveral eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth ſecurely weighing;
Which being found aſſembled in ſome one,
We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

HE, that cannot chooſe but love,
And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,
Never ſhall my fancy move,
For he loves againſt his will.
Nor he, which is all his own,
And cannot pleaſure chooſe;
When I am caught, he can be gone,
And, when he liſt, refuſe.
Nor he, that loves none but fair,
For ſuch by all are ſought;
Nor he, that can for foul ones care,
For his judgment then is naught.
Nor he, that hath wit, for he
Will make me 'his jeſt or ſlave;
Nor a fool, for when others ----
He can neither ----
Nor he, that ſtill his Miſtreſs prays,
For ſhe is thrall'd therefore;
Nor he, that pays not, for he ſays
Within ſhe's worth no more.
Is there then no kind of men,
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In this mine own ſelf-love.

THE END.

BOOKS Printed for Jacob Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head *over-againſt* Katharine-Street *in the* Strand.

FOLIO's.

MR. *Echard's* Hiſtory of *England*, from the firſt Entrance of *Julius Cæſar* and the *Romans*, to the Concluſion of the Reign of King *James* the Second, and Eſtabliſhment of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, containing the Space of 1742 Years; In 3 Volumes, with compleat Indexes.

A general Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory from the Nativity of our Bleſſed Saviour to the firſt Eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity by Human Laws, under the Emperor *Conſtantine the Great*. Containing the Space of about 313 Years. With ſo much of the *Jewiſh* and *Roman* Hiſtory, as is neceſſary and convenient to illuſtrate the Work. To which is added, a large Chronological Table of all the *Roman* and Eccleſiaſtical Affairs included in the ſame Period of Time. By *Laurence Echard*, A. M. Arch-Deacon of *Stowe*.

The Old and New Teſtament connected in the Hiſtory of the Jews, and Neighbouring Nations, from the Declenſion of the Kingdoms of *Iſrael* and *Judah*, to the time of Chriſt. By *Humphrey Prideaux*, D. D. Dean of *Norwich*. In Two Parts.

Lucan's Pharſalia in Ten Books, Tranſlated by *N. Rowe*, Eſq;

The whole Works of Arch-Biſhop *Tillotſon*, containing thoſe printed in his Life time, and all his Poſthumous ſince publiſh'd by Dr. *Barker*, in three Vols.

The Works of the Learned *Iſaac Barrow*, D. D. late Maſter of *Trinity College* in *Cambridge* (being all his *Engliſh* Works) in three Volumes. Publiſhed by his Grace Dr. *John Tillotſon*, late Lord Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*.

Poems

Books printed for J. Tonſon.

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, by Mr. *Prior.*

Ovid's *Metamorphoſes* in fifteen Books, tranſlated by the moſt Eminent Hands. Adorn'd with Sculptures.

An Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary by Monſieur *Bayle*, tranſlated into *Engliſh* with many Additions and Corrections, made by the Author himſelf, that are not in the *French* Editions; in four Volumes.

C. Julii Cæſaris quæ extant. Accuratiſſimè cum Libris Editis & MSS optimis collata, recognita & correcta. Acceſſerunt Annotationes *Samuelis Clarke*. S. T. P. Item Indices Locorum, Rerumque & Verborum Utiliſſimi. Tabulis Æneis Ornata.

Opera & Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum Latinorum, Profanorum & Eccleſiaſticorum, Duobus Voluminibus comprehenſa.

Octavo & Duodecimo.

A General Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory from the Nativity of our Bleſſed Saviour to the firſt Eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity by Human Laws, under the Emperor *Conſtantine the Great*. Containing the Space of about 313 Years. With ſo much of the *Jewiſh* and *Roman* Hiſtory as is neceſſary and convenient to illuſtrate the Work. To which is added a large Chronological Table of all the *Roman* and Eccleſiaſtical Affairs included in the ſame Period of Time. By *Laurence Echard*, A. M. Arch-Deacon of *Stowe*.

The Old and New Teſtament connected in the Hiſtory of the *Jews* and neigbouring Nations, from the Declenſion of the Kingdoms of *Iſrael* and *Judah* to the Time of Chriſt. By *Humphrey Prideaux*, D. D. Dean of *Norwich*. In Two Parts.

Maxims and Diſcourſes Moral and Divine: Taken from the Works of Arch-Biſhop *Tillotſon*, and methodiz'd and Connected by Mr. *Echard*.

Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to purge Melancholy, 5 Vols.

Tatlers, Four Vol. *Spectators*, Eight Vol. *Guardians*, Two Vol. *Engliſhman*, and *Lovers*, in Royal Paper or Demy.

Dry-

Dryden's *Virgil* with Cuts, 3 Vol.

——— *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, with Cuts.

——— Fables.

——— Comedies, Tragedies, and Opera's.

The Satires of *Decimus Junius Juvenalis*, and of *Aulus Perſius Flaccus*; tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe by Mr. *Dryden*, and ſeveral other eminent Hands; to which is prefix'd a Diſcourſe concerning the Original and Progreſs of Satyr. The Fourth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures.

The Poetical Works of Mr. *John Milton*, containtaining Paradiſe Loſt, Paradiſe Regain'd, *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, and his Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, in two Vols.

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, by Mr. *Prior*.

Creation, a Philoſophical Poem in ſeven Books, by Sir *Richard Blackmore*.

The Works of Mr. *William Congreve*, in Three Vol. containing his Plays and Poems, ſome of which were never before publiſh'd.

The Works of Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, in Two Vol. conſiſting of thoſe, which were formerly printed, and thoſe, which he deſign'd for the Preſs; publiſh'd out of the Author's Original Copies, with the Cutter of *Coleman-ſtreet*. The Eleventh Edition, adorn'd with Cuts.

The Works of Mr. *Francis Beaumont*, and Mr. *John Fletcher*, in Seven Vol. adorn'd with Cuts; revis'd and corrected; with ſome Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors.

The Works of Sir *George Etherege*, containing his Plays and Poems.

Plutarch's Lives, tranſlated from the *Greek* by ſeveral Hands, in 5 Vol. to which is prefix'd the Life of *Plutarch*.

Seneca's Morals by way of Abſtract; to which is added, a Diſcourſe under the Title of an After-Thought, by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*.

Echard's *Roman* Hiſtory, 5 Vol.

Fontanelle's Dialogues of the Dead.

Ovid's Epiſtles, tranſlated by ſeveral Hands. The Eighth Edition; with a new Tranſlation of three Epiſtles, and ſeveral Cuts never before publiſh'd.